# MCCALLS

FEBRUARY, 1926

TEN CENTS





SABATINI'S

NEW NOVEL BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE







"YES, I WANT YOU," SHE WHISPERED. "NEED YOU BE SO CRUEL?" A SCENE FROM "TOMORROW'S TANGLE" PAINTED BY FREDERIC ANDERSON

#### Are our IDEAS OF MARRIAGE changing?

AND if the old-fashioned ideals of wifehood and motherhood that have survived for centuries should be suddenly swept away overnight by the so called "new freedom" between the sexes, as it seems they might be, what will take their place?

THIS is the vital issue which all the world is facing today, and it is a moving presentation of this which

#### MARGARET PEDLER

brilliant author of "Red Ashes," "The Barbarian Lover," and other famous fiction successes, has chosen for the theme of her absorbing new novel

#### "TOMORROW'S TANGLE"

THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF WHICH WILL APPEAR IN THE MARCH McCALL'S

FOR in the adventures of fascinating, talented Jill Wedderburn, who is finally forced to a choice between her career as an artist and her position as the wife of one of London's most brilliant playwrights, Miss Pedler stages a drama of poignant appeal to all women today, a drama of modern marriage in the purlieus of London's ultra fashionable Mayfair.

#### 

Copyright, 1926, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

#### TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

#### McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Volume LIII, Number 5

\$1.00 Per Year

Canadian postage, none; Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferron St., Chicago, Ill.; 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 30 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 32 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London, W. I. England WILLIAM S. WARNES President World Treasurer President and Treasurer President and Treasurer President and Treasurer President Months of the President Months of the Part of the President Months of the President Months of the Part of the President Months of the Part of the President Months of the Preside



#### CONTENTS

FOR & FEBRUARY & 1926

COVER DESIGN: HELEN OF TROY

The second of a series of portraits of the Heroines of the great love-stories of the world.

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

#### FICTION

BELLARION	5
ISABEL MAYSJOSEPH HERGESHEIMER	
THE BATTLE OF THE FUR COATS	
MARGARET CULKIN BANNING	10
DESERT BOUNDZANE GREY	12
THE LITTLE FOOL'S WISDOM MARGARET PEDLER	18
A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY FTHEI M DELL	22

SPECIAL ARTICLES	
FOR THE NEWLYWEDSGENE STRATTON-PORTER 2 CAN WE EVER HAVE RELIGIOUS UNITY?	
HELEN OF TROY	
NUMBER EIGHTYIRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN 16	
MOTHER AND CHILD DOING WELL	
THROUGH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES 20 MAJOR FRANK E. VERNEY, M.C.	
THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN	
FRENCH FILLINGS FOR AMERICAN PIES	
It Is Easier to Prevent Than to Cure	
THE MOTHER WHO LEARNED TO HAVE LEISURE 34 GLADYS BECKETT JONES	
EASY WAYS FOR PARTY DAYS SARAH FIELD SPLINT 39	
THE NEW-BORN BABY'S BEST ALLY	
No One in Paris Has Long Hair	
AGE CANNOT WITHER THE WOMAN OF CHARM 54 EMILY POST	
THE ENGLISH GEORGIAN HOUSE, A HOME OF FOR- MAL DIGNITY MARCIA MEAD AND DANIEL P. HIGGINS 58	
AN ENGLISH GEORGIAN HOUSE THAT IS THOROUGHLY AMERICAN	
ADVENTURING WITH ANNUALS, DOROTHY GILES 112	
Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women124	
FASHIONS	
E T A D	

FASHIONS
FASHION TALKS BY ANNE RITTENHOUSE 90
VIVID COLORS AND GRACEFUL LINES ADD TO THE CHARM OF THE STREET FROCK
SIMPLE FROCKS DEFTLY CUT AFFORD OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDIVIDUALITY
THE HIGH COLLAR AND JABOT STAND OUT AS THE SEASON'S SMARTEST INNOVATIONS
THE VOGUE FOR CHIC FINDS EXPRESSION IN TRIM LINES WHICH ACCENT SLIMNESS
PLEATS BECOME A SUBTLE DEVICE TO INTRODUCE FULNESS—KEEPING A SLIM APPEARANCE 95
DAY FROCKS IN PLAIN OR BORDERED SILK 98
THE TAILORED SILK FROCK IS ALWAYS GOOD 99
FEMININE ACCESSORIES TO COMPLETE THE EN- SEMBLE
COMFORTABLE AND PRACTICAL CLOTHES FOR SCHOOL AND THE PLAY HOUR
CROSS STITCH SILHOUETTES AND HOOKED RUGS104 ELIZABETH MAY BLONDEL

#### *쐉쐉왱왱왱왱왱왱왱왱왱왱왱*

ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES,"
your subscription expires with this copy. Use the
enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you
will not miss the next number. All subscriptions
are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.
Should you change your address, please give four
weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it
to us with your request. Give your old address as
well as your new address, and, if possible, the date
you subscribed.

# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



nothing more fas-cinating, and noth-ing dearer to my heart, than to watch a young couple planning and ar-ranging their first home. It matters not whether it be a two-room apart-ment, a flat, a bungalow, or a more pretentious house; the point is not in its location or its size; the only thing that counts is that it be made counts is that it be made a home and not just a house. Places to live are many and varied, but real homes, with a friendly atmosphere, it seems to me, are becoming more and more infrequent, and is a great pity.

Do not make the mistake of making your first home nor any home, formal, for formality is always cold and distant; it repels you with its indiference, and holds out no welcoming hand to greet you. Select the things for your home that you can afford, and place them where you first home nor that you can afford, and place them where you want them, always adding the little personal treasures that speak to you of your friends. Your personality must enter into your home, and whether it be good taste or bad, it must be you. The man or woman whom you hire to select your draperies, rugs, and furmiture, and arrange them, draperies, rugs, and furniture, and arrange them,
leaves your abidingplace a house only;
there is no home about
it, for its atmosphere is
positively chilling as soon
as you enter the door. It does
not speak to you of a family or
loving care and intimacy, and
these things are essential to
growth and development in a

these things are essentia growth and development

Haven't you been in homes where you felt as if you had to sit on the edge of the chair, and be very careful lest you leave a speck of dust on the floor? And if you have, don't you recall how uncomfortable you were, and how anxious you were to leave, and get into the warmth of the sunshine, outdoors? Money is no consideration — expensive things for your home, and costly clothes do not make happiness. All you need, to build your home on a solid, firm foundation, one that will endure as long as your life shall last, are love, ambition, a cheerful disposition, and a sense of humor. Having these, all the other requisites will follow.

and a sense of humor. Having these, all the other requisites will follow.

Do not forget the sense of humor. Most situations have some humor in them if you are clever enough to find it, and the ability to see and appreciate the funny side, has rescued us many times from disappointment, discouragement, and gloom. There is a deal of truth in the old saying, "things are never so bad that they might not be worse." If you think of this, and "count ten before you speak," and look for the humor in the situation, you will be saved many tears and hurt feelings.



REAL HOMES, WITH A FRIENDLY ATMOSPHERE, IT SEEMS TO ME, ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE INFREQUENT

## FOR the NEWLYWEDS

#### BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER

AUTHOR OF "FRECKLES" AND "THE KEEPER OF THE BEES"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR LITLE

Human beings thrive on love, and men especially require it. You can coax a man into almost anything, but you cannot drive him an inch; and if you do, it is under protest. What he does under protest is not from his heart.

AN EXCERPT FROM GENE STRATTON-PORTER'S ARTICLE FOR THE "NEWLYWEDS."



Independence is only dangerous when it tends to make us arbitrary, and I always hope and pray when I see a young couple starting out on life's greatest adventure, that they will not be arbitrary about anything. Always talk matters over very thoroughly, and try to decide sanely and reasonably what you will do, and then join hands and start out and do it whole-heartedly together. The biggest mistake that ever occurred in married life is for a man to undertake to go one way, and the woman the other. It always ends on the rocks, or in the divorce courts, which is worse. Stick



tight together; make it your daily business to see how much you can love each other, and how much you can make the other think of you. If both of you practise this doctrine, you will be convinced speedily that you have about the nicest thing on earth.

Making a success of matrimony is, really a business; it takes as much affection, enter-tainment, and personal charm to keep a husband or wife interested after or wife interested after marriage as it does be-fore. So many people "lay down on the job," but when the job is done successfully, it is a work of art. Personal work of art. Personal appearance means a great deal. Just because a man does a hard day's labor is no excuse for his not coming home and mak-ing himself presentable before he appears at the dinner table. Just because a woman has to stand over a hot stove and pre-pare a meal, and take care of the babies while she does it, is no reason why she has to greet her husband on his return from work with a frown, a dirty apron, and be-draggled hair. It takes draggled hair. It takes only a few minutes more to keep neat and clean, and the effort is well worth the result. And for goodness' sakes, get up five minutes earlier in the morning, and comb your hair the first thing a fter arising. The so-called "boudoir cap" is a curse to womanhood. Be patient, be gentle, be considerate, and be

be considerate, and be affectionate. Human beings thrive on love, and men especially require it. You can coax a man into almost anything, but you cannot drive him an inch, and if

into almost anything, but you cannot drive him an inch, and if you do, it is under protest, and what he does under protest is not from his heart. Remember the little things he likes, and pet him a lot. No doubt his mother spoiled him, and if you keep right on spoiling him, he will just goodnaturedly be forced to be nice to you; at least any man who is in the least responsive will respond to kindness and love better than any other treatment I know. And this works both ways. Let him smoke if he chooses; let him have a little den or study or some kind of a nook in the house that is all his own, where he may take his friend for an uninterrupted smoke and chat, or where he may read or write in peace. A man deserves a place in his home where he may have all his precious belongings, and where he may arrange then as he chooses. I mention this specifically, because I have been in such a vast number of homes where there was no such place—the women seem to have monopolized the whole house, and furnished it as they wanted it, forgetting that their husbands might like a place for a desk, a radio, pipes, to-bacco, books and magazines, with a good light for reading, and a comfortable couch, and pillows on which they are allowed to lay their heads. I have noticed [Turn to page 76]

trou

beer

1926

ss to u can d how ke the

ou. If se this ll be

that t the

ss of

rsonal sband

after

s bepeople job,"

t is a

great man

labor

ntable at the

stand

while

et her

return rown, d be-

takes

well

d for

e sop" is hood.

entle

y re-

you and if

t him

nt on

is in

spond than

. Let study

own, e and n dell his

as he en in place

lly

enter

## From SOUP to SOUFFLÉ—

# your gums get little stimulation from the food you eat!



## That's why you need massage and Ipana to keep gums healthy and teeth sound

YOUR dentist will vouch for this truth—that the food we eat is the cause of these modern troubles of the gums which are today so prevalent.

He will point out that these fricassees, these savory casserole dishes, these creamy sauces and these sweet and syrupy desserts fail completely to give the gums the normal mechanical stimulation they need in order to remain firm and healthy. He will tell you that this soft food causes many troubles.

As one famous writer says, "Civilization has been too quick for nature. Instead of eating our food hard we cook it until it is soft. We become

lazy in the matter of chewing and of course, our gums lose their tone and condition." Should you think that this is a lone opinion, read the newer dental textbooks, browse through the professional magazines, attend the frequent lectures! You cannot escape the conclusion that under this diet, the gum tissue is becoming soft, flaccid and tender.

Does your tooth brush ever "show pink"?

Sometimes a soft tissue bleeds. That does not mean necessarily that you have pyorrhea, but it does

mean that you should take proper measures to bring back your gums to a state of normal health. To do this the dentists very logically turn to massage, which restores stimulation to the tissue, and brings clean fresh blood to the weak and tender gum. And thousands of these dentists recommend that the massage be done with Ipana Tooth Paste after the ordinary cleaning of the teeth with Ipana and the brush.

For, in healing of the gum tissue Ipana has a direct and specific virtue. One of its constituent parts is ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic used by the dentists in their work at the chair, in healing wounds after extraction and restoring to the gum tissue a normal tonicity. Ask your dentist about Ipana, if you like. He knows it. In fact, it was the dentists who first perceived the value of Ipana and long before we began to advertise, started it on a rapid rise to favor.

### Change your tooth paste and your method!

Isn't it worth while to find out what Ipana can do for you and how pleasant it is to use? Isn't it worth while to find out why those who know Ipana, so steadily continue its use? Resolve to test Ipana yourself.

Use the coupon, if you will, but it would be easier and simpler by far for you to go to your nearest druggist and get a large fresh tube from his ready stock. Before the tube is out, you'll see what this tooth paste can do for the health of your mouth! You'll find out how fine it is for your teeth and for your gums!

Even if your gums bother you but seldom, start your use of this delicious dentifrice today, for it not only cleans teeth safely but, with its help, you can keep your gums as they were meant to be—firm, sound and in perfect health.

Hasty eating, too, is harming our gums. For hurried eating again deprives our gums of bealthy stimulation and exercise that slower mastication would give.



IPANA Tooth Paste

-made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. E26, 42 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH
PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover
partially the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

City...



# A clean frock and her best slippers every afternoon when Janet visits grandmother

WE first saw Janet by a garden gate. In her pink gingham she looked as fresh as the rambler roses which seemed to be everywhere in that little Pennsylvania town on that particular morning.

"Hullo," said she. "I'm visiting my grandmother's house. Do you like my new dress?"

A little later smiling grandmother herself appeared—and we heard then about the clean frocks that Janet wore every morning and every afternoon.

"You see, we're so proud of Janet, we just have to dress her up. Her grandfather is as bad as I am. She is dressed specially every afternoon so he can take her walking."

"But," we asked, our mind on laundry problems, "who washes all those little frocks?"

"I do," she replied. "They're so pretty, I really enjoy it. I just use P and G Naphtha Soap on them and before I know it, they are clean"

Janet's grandmother was enthusiastic about P and G. "It is so quick," she said.

"I hardly rub those romper suits at all and they get pretty dirty from trips down the cellar door. And they never fade. The little underclothes too come out beautifully white with P and G and I don't boil them either. As for dishes and cleaning, P and G is wonderful. Nothing takes little finger marks off paint more quickly or safely. I have used a great many soaps in my time, but now I use P and G for everything."

Everywhere, we hear things like this about P and G. Women say that P and G makes their clothes cleaner and whiter with less rubbing and less boiling. Water may be hard or soft, cold, hot or lukewarm—yet always the same fresh, gloriously clean clothes with P and G. There is no mystery about P and G—it is simply a better soap. No wonder it is the largest-selling laundry soap in America! Don't you think it should be doing your washing and cleaning, too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE



### A laundry hint from Janet's grandmother

"When I am ready to rinse, I always remove the clothes before emptying the water from my tub. Otherwise, the water, as it seeps through the clothes, deposits again much of the dirt that P and G has removed."



There is no mystery about P and G—it is simply a better soap.

Copyright, 1926, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Gr

knu

Sal

cor

qu



## McCALL'S

FOR FEBRUARY 🕏 MCMXXVI





So, When Presently I Found Myself Perched In Front Of Him. . . I Knew No Sense But One Of Entire Satisfaction

Greater than Ivanhoe? We do not know whether this newest novel of Sabatini's is or not, but what we do know is that generations to come probably will debate this question. . For it is certain that here begins a genuine mas-

ALF-GOD, half-beast," the Princess Valeria once described him, without suspecting that the phrase describes not merely Bellarion, but Man. The anonymous chronicler who has preserved it for us has a full perception of this; for he goes on to comment that the Princess said at once too much and too little.

From this, from the chronicler's general manner, from the fact that most of his illustrations are derived from Florentine sources, and from the austerely elegant Tuscan language in which he writes, a fairly definite conclusion is possible on the score of his identity. I am fully persuaded, and prepared at need to prove, that this study of Bellarion the Fortunate (Bellarione Fortunato) belongs to that series of historical

## BELLARION

表 BY RAFAEL SABATINI 美 AUTHOR OF "SCARAMOUCHE," & "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

> ILLUSTRATED BY G. PATRICK NELSON



portraits from the pen of Niccolo Macchiavelli, of which "The Life of Castruccio Castracane" is perhaps the most widely known.

At the very outset, on the score of his name, Macchiavelli

terpiece destined to rank with the great historical romances of all time. & You will not wish to miss a single installment of this thrilling drama by the author of "Scaramouche," "Captain Blood" and "The Carolinian."

(to cling to my assumption) tells us that he was called Bellarion not merely because he was a man of war, but because he was the very child of War. Continuing his comments upon the Princess Valeria's phrase, Macchiavelli states that Bellarion's is not a nature thus to be packed into a sentence. Because of his perception of this fact, he wrote his biographical sketch. Because of my perception of it, I have embarked upon this fuller narrative.

I choose to begin at a point where he also may be said to make a certain beginning. I select the moment when Bellarion is to be seen standing upon the threshold of the secular world, known to him until that moment only from the writings of other men, for Bellarion's reading had been

prodigious. There was no branch of learning to which he had not addressed his eager spirit. And his exhaustion of all immediately available material for study was one of the causes of his going forth from the peace of the convent of which he was a nursling, to seek in the world, and more particularly in Pavia, those deeper wells of learning at which he might slake his hot intellectual thirst.

He went on foot, as became a poor

He went on foot, as became a poor scholar. He was to depend for food and shelter mainly upon the charity of the religious houses that lay on his way berengious notes that any off his way between Cigliano and Pavia, and as a passport to these he bore in his script a letter from the Abbot of the Grazie. Beside it lay a purse, containing for emergencies five ducats,

a princely sum not only a princely sum not only in his own eyes, but in those of the abbot who at parting had bestowed it upon him. The tale of his worldly possessions is completed by the suit of coarse green cloth he wore and the knife at his girdle, which was to serve all purposes from nis girdie, which was to serve all purposes from the carving of his meat to affording him a means of defence from preda-tory men and beasts. To fortify him spiritually in this adventurous pilgrim-age through Lombardy he had the abbot's blessing and a memory of the fond tears in the eyes of that old man who loved him. who had reared

him from the age of six The mischief began— The mischief began—and you may account it symbolical—by his losing his way. This happened a mile or two beyond the township of Livorno. Because the peace of the riverside allured a mind that for fourteen years had been schooled in peace, because the emerald meadows promised to peace, because the emer-ald meadows promised to be soft and yielding to his feet, he left the road that led straight to Trino, for the grassy banks of Po. If had seemed to him that both stream and road fol-lowed the same direction, and so they did but only for a little way beyond the point at which he quitted the latter. Thence, screened from his view by a double row of pop-lars, it continued eastward, whilst the river turned almost impercep-tibly to the south.

It was a warm day of mid-August—of the year of grace 1407—and the air along the 1407—and the air along the river was fragrant with autumnal perfumes. The screen of trees on his left was no longer a mere double line of poplars. He was walking, although he scarcely realized it yet, along the edge of an ever deepening forest. His eyes were on the swirling gurgling waters of the river, swollen and clouded from the melting snows on distant Monte Rosa. His senses took their pleasure in his surroundings, unheeded almost by his mind which was brooding and dreaming as its habit was. He awoke from his musings when the sunlight passed with

pleasure in his surroundings, unheeded almost by his mind which was brooding and dreaming as its habit was.

He awoke from his musings when the sunlight passed with the sinking of the sun behind the wooded heights across the river and a breeze came whispering through the trees on his own bank to meet him. He checked, his dark eyes alert, a frown of thought rumpling the fair smoothness of his lofty brow. He looked about, bethought him of the road, remembered where the sun had set, realized hence that for some time he had been going South, and consequently in the wrong direction. He computed from the time he had taken and the pace at which he had come, the extent to which he had wandered from the road. It must lie too far beyond this forest to leave him any hope of lying that night with the Augustinian fathers at their house on the Sesia, on the frontiers of the State of Milan.

He entered the wood, and resolutely went forward in the direction in which he knew the road to lie. For a half mile or more he penetrated by a path growing less visible at every step, until darkness and the forest swallowed him. To go on would certainly be to lose himself completely in this maze. Better far to lie down and sleep where he was, and wait for the morning sun to give him his orientation.

So he spread his cloak upon the ground, and this, proving

no harder as a couch than the pallet to which he was accustomed, he slept soundly and peacefully. When he awakened he found the sunlight in the forest and something else of almost more immediate interest; a man in the grey habit of a minor friar. This man, tall and lean, was standing beside



AN INSTANT LATER HE FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A WOMAN



him, yet half-turned from him in a curious attitude of ar-rested movement, almost as if the abrupt suddenness with which Bellarion had sat up—a single heart beat after his eyes had opened—had checked the man's intention to depart. Thus an instant, then the friar was facing him again, his hands folded within the loose sleeves of his robe, a smile distending his countenance. He uttered a benedictory greet-ing. "Pax tecum."

distending his countenance. He uttered a beneatory getering. "Pax tecum."

"Et tecum, frater, pax," was Bellarion's mechanical answer, what time he studied and disliked this stranger.

A villainous countenance, he thought at first, noting the animal looseness of the mouth and the craft peering from the little eyes that were like black beads thrust into a face of clay. A closer scrutiny softened his judgment. The man's face was disfigured, ridged, scarred and pitted from the smallpox. These scars had contracted the skin about the eyes, thus altering their expression, and to the ravages of the disease was also due the sickly pallor overspreading cheek disease was also due the sickly pallor overspreading cheek

Considering this and the habit which the man wore, Bellarion disposed himself to make amends for the hastiness of his first assumptions. "Benedictus sis," he murmured, and with that abandoned Latin for the vulgar tongue. "I bless the Providence that sent you to the rescue of a poor traveller who has lost his way."

The friar laughed aloud at that, and the lingering apprehension left his eyes, which thus relieved grew pleasanter to look upon. "A traveller? And I like a fool and coward, hav-

hension left his eyes, which thus relieved grew preasanter to look upon. "A traveller? And I like a fool and coward, having almost trod upon you, was for creeping off in haste, supposing you a sleeping robber. These woods are a very sanctuary of thieves. They infest it, thick as rabbits in a warren."

"Why, then, do you adventure in it?"

"Why? Ohé! And what shall they steal from a poor friar-mendicant? My beads?

My girdle?" He laughed again. A humorous fellow, clearly, taking a proper saintly joy in his indigent condition. "No, no, my brother. I have no cause to be in fear of thieves."

"Yet supposing me a thief, you were in fear of me?"

The man's smile froze.

This stripling's simple.

This stripling's simple Inis striping's simple logic was disconcerting.
"I feared," he said at last, slowly and solemnly, "your fear of me. It is a hideous passion, fear, in man or beast. It makes men murderers at times. Beware of fear, my brother. Had you been the robber I sup-posed you, and, waking suddenly, found me beside you, you might have suspected some intent to harm you. It is easily guessed what would have followed then." Bellarion nodded

Bellarion nodded thoughtfully. No explanation could have been more complete. The man was not only virtuous but wise. "Whither do you journey, brother?" "To Pavia," Bellarion answered him, "by way of Santa Tenda! Why, that is my way too; at

that is my way too; at least as far as the Augustinian Monastery on the Sesia. Wait here, my son, and we will go to-gether. It is good to have a comrade on a journey. Wait but some few mowait but some tew mo-ments, to give me time to bathe, which is the purpose for which I came. I will not keep you long."

He went striding off through the trees. Bel-larion called after him: "Where would you bathe?

Over his shoulder the friar answered him: "There is rivulet down yonder. But a little way. Do not stray from that spot, so that I may find

you again, my son. Bellarion thought the of address an odd one. or address an odd one. A minorite is brother, not father, to all humanity. But it was no suspicion based on this that brought him to his feet. He was a youth of cleanly habits, and if there was water at hand, he to would provide her it. So

was a youth of cleanly habits, and if there was water at hand, he too would profit by it. So he rose, picked up his cloak, folded and tossed it over his left shoulder, and went off in the wake of the swiftly-moving friar.

When, presently, he overtook him, Bellarion made him a present of a proverb. "Who goes slowly, goes soundly."

"But never gets there," was the slightly breathless answer. "And it's still some way to the water."

"Some way? But you said—"

"Ay, ay. I was mistaken. One place is like another in this labyrinth. I am none so sure that I am not as lost as you are."

It must have been so, for they trudged a full mile before they came to a brook that flowed westwards towards the river. It lay in a dell amid mossy boulders and spreading fronds of ferns all dappled now with the golden light that came splashing through the trees. They found a pool of moderate dimensions in a bowl of grey stone fashioned by the ceaseless sculpture of the water. It was too shallow to afford a bath. But the friar's ablutionary dispositions scarce seemed to demand so much. He rinsed his face and hands perfunctorily, whilst Bellarion stripped to the waist, and, displaying a white torso of much beauty and more vigour, did what was possible in that cramped space.

After that the friar produced from one of the sack-like pockets of his habits an enormous piece of sausage and a loaf of rve bread.

pockets of his habits an enormous piece of sausage and a loaf of rye bread.

To Bellarion who had gone supperless to bed this was as

the sight of manna in the desert.
"Little brother!" he cooed in sheer delight. "Little brother!"

asst T was it, I cerr thes slep Rer mis aba phil it? fier pio

Frai "We T Bell

ang ness too the fing "Ti we to unt tra

> tim the wo "I cor he of

the for a pyo

see Be

me

ea the ha na th

"Ay, ay. We have our uses, we little brothers of Saint Francis." The minorite sliced the sausage in two equal halves. "We know how to provide ourselves upon a journey." They fell to eating, and, with the stilling of his hunger, Bellarion experienced an increasing kindliness to this Good Samaritan. At the friar's suggestion that they should be moving so as to cover the



1926

appre-nter to d, hav-e, sup-r sanc-nick as

it?"
y steal
beads?

hum-saintly o, no, thief, me?" froze. simple rting. aid at emnly, It is

t. ers at fear, you aking have ent to easily have odded planbeen man uous. er ?"

way Why, o; at

have rney. motime the keep off him: you the im: lown way. that find form mi-

that He and,

went friar. m a an-

this

fore

the that of v to

did

d a as r!"

DIONARA

they should be moving so as to cover the greater part of the road to Casale before the heat of noon should be upon them, Bellarion stood up, brushing the crumbs from his lap. In doing so his hand came in contact with the scrip that dangled from his girdle. His eyes dilated as suddenly he clutched it. "Saints of Heaven," he ejaculated, and tightened his clutch to that bag of green cloth.

assure himself of the emptiness of that bag of green cloth. The beady eyes of the minorite were upon him, and there was blank inquiry in that ashen, corrugated face. "What is it, brother?"

"I have been robbed!"

"Robbed?" the other echoed, then smiled a pitying concern. "My surprise is less than yours, my son. Did I not say these woods are infested by thieves and robbers? Had you slept less soundly you might have been robbed of life as well. Render thanks to God, Whose grace is discernible even in misfortune."

"Ay, ay!" Bellarion displayed ill-humour, whilst his eyes abated nothing of their suspicious glance. "It is easy to make philosophy upon the woes of others."

"Child, child! What is your woe? What is the full sum of it? What have you lost, when all is said?"

"Five ducats and a letter." Bellarion flung the answer fiercely.

fiercely "Five ducats!" The friar shrugged and spread his hands in pious remonstrance. "And will you blaspheme God for five

"Five ducats!" The friar shrugged and spread his hands in pious remonstrance. "And will you blaspheme God for five ducats?"

"Blaspheme!" echoed the youth bewildered.

"Is not your furious frame of mind a blasphemy, your anger at your loss where there should be a devout thankfulness for all that you retain? And you should be thankfulness for all that you retain? And you should be thankfulness for all that you retain? And you should be thankfulness for all that you retain? And you should be thankfulness for all that you read." He laid a hand, lean and long in the fingers as an eagle's claw upon the young man's shoulder. "Think no more of your loss. I am here to repair it. Together we will journey. The habit of Saint Francis is wide enough to cover both of us, and you shall not want for anything until you reach Pavia."

They made their way towards the road, not directly but by a course with which Fra Sulpizio—as the friar announced himself named—seemed singularly well-acquainted. It led transversely across the forest. And as they went, Bellarion answered the friar's questions. "There was a letter, you said, that was stolen with your gold?"

"Ay," Bellarion's tone was bitter. "A letter worth many times five ducats."

"Worth many times....? A letter?" The incredulity on the friar's face was ludicrous. "Why, what manner of letter was that?"

Bellarion, who knew the contents by heart, recited them word for word. Fra Sulpizio scratched his head in perplexity. "I have Latin enough for my office, but not for that," he confessed, and finding Bellarion's searching glance upon him, he softened his voice to add, truly enough: "We little brothers of Saint Francis are not famed for learning. Learning disturbs humility."

Bellarion sighed. "So I know to my cost," said he, and thereafter translated the lost letter: "This is our dearly beloved son, Bellarion, who goes hence to Pavia to increase his knowledge of the humanities. We commend him first to God and then to the houses of our own and other brethren orders for shelter and

"And is your name Bellarion, then? An odd name that!"
"It is, indeed. But there's a story to it; my story,"
Bellarion answered him and, upon slight encouragement,

Bellarion answered him and, upon slight encouragement, proceeded to relate it.

He was born, he told the friar, as nearly as he could guess, some six years after the outbreak of the Great Schism, that is to say somewhere about the year 1384, in a village on the banks of a broad river, which he thought must be the Tanaro. "Of my father and my mother," he continued, "all that I remember is that I lived with both these parents. Of my father my only positive knowledge is that he existed. Of my mother I know that she was a termagant of whom the family, my father included, stood in awe. Amongst my earliest impressions is the sense of fear that invaded us at the sound of her scolding voice. I can hear it to this day harshly raised to call my sister. Leocadia was that sister's name, the only name of all my family that I remember, and this because I must often have heard it called in that dread voice.



FROM THE GATEWAY. . . THEY EMERGED INTO ONE OF THE STREETS

I was in the grasp of a big, bearded man who from his cap to his spurs was all steel and leather. Beside him stood the great bay horse from which he had just leaped, and behind him, filling the road in a staring, grinning, noisy cluster, was ranged a troop of fully fifty men with lances reared above

Bellarion and his chance companion—emerged from the forest on to the open road. A little way along this they came upon a homestead set amid rice fields, now denuded, and vineyards where men and women were at the labours of the vintage. At sight of the friar's grey frock, one [Turn to page 78]

"He soothed my terrors with a voice incredibly gentle and to increase my confidence, perhaps, he gave me food, some fruit and bread—such bread as I had never tasted.

"We cannot leave you here, baby,' he said. 'And since you don't know where you belong, I will take charge of you.'

"I no longer feared him or those with him. What cause had I to fear them? This man had stroked and petted and fed me. He had used me more kindly than I could remember ever to have been used before. So when, presently, I found myself perched in front of him on the withers of his great horse, I knew no sense but one of entire satisfaction.

"Later that day we came to a town, whose inhabitants regarded us in cringing awe. But, perhaps, because its numbers were small, the troop bore itself with circumspection, careful to give no provocation. The man-at-arms who had befriended me kept me in his train for a month or more, moving with him wherever he went and absorbing a precocious knowledge of the ways of men and the world. When the exigencies of the campaign against Morea demanded it, he placed me with the Augustinian fathers at the Grazie near Cigliano. They cared for me as if I had been a prince's child instead of a stray waif picked up by the roadside. Thereafter at intervals he would come to visit me, and these visits, although the intervals between them grew ever longer, continued for some three or four years, down to 1394, after which we never saw or heard of him again."

It still wanted an hour or so to noon when the twain—

Will our religious sects ever unite? From long ago men have dreamed dreams of a time when the differences which have separated followers of Christ will be swept away—when all men, everywhere, will worship together in comity and fellowship.

A Now, at last, is this on the way to becoming a reality? At the great Christian World Conference held in Stockholm last August, thirty-eight religious bodies from as many nations came together at least to discuss—for the first time in centuries—the question of religious unity. Here, in this vivid, illuminating article by one of America's foremost leaders in religious thought—and who was also McCall's special representative at that Conference—you will find a Christian minister's view of one of the great theological problems of all time.

# CAN WE EVER HAVE RELIGIOUS UNITY?

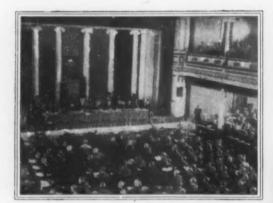
BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA





KING GUSTAV AND HIS OUEEN RECEIVING THE DELEGATES



tent on a new-world order of security and good will, had been planning to convene a Conference upon applied Christianity at Stockholm.

It was by no means an easy task to bring together the representatives of every Christian group and communion on earth with the exception of the Roman Catholic Church. But the leaders guided by Dr. Soederblom, the revered and beloved Archbishop of Upsala, went forward, undismayed by difficulties. Unless I am mistaken, the Archbishop has gained a permanent place in Christian annals for his services in this connection. Thirty-eight nations, and as many Churches, including the various Protestant denominations of the United States, were its constituents, and to Dr. Soederblom, more

MERICANS who regard continental Europe as little else than a vast cauldron in which the grievances of centuries are boiling should always separate Scandinavia and Holland from this idea. The individualism of the Vikings, who owned no master and feared no adventure on land or sea, has been modified and adapted to modern conditions in their enterprising descendants. Norwegians, Swedes and Danes alike thoroughly understand and practice co-operation among themselves, if not always with one another. The first nation is a great maritime power; the second sets the pace for culture and art in northern Europe; the third has attained an agricultural efficiency which commands the admiration of the world. Stockholm is appropriately called the Venice of the North. For seven hundred years it has been the capital of Sweden, during which prolonged period it was for a time the hope and defense of Western Christianity. During my ten days' stay there I saw no tramps, beggars, drunkards; no half clad, hungry looking children, nor downfallen men and women, such as haunt the cities of other and more assertive nations. It was at this city, in preference to any other place, that the Universal Christian Conference on Life and Work met during eleven epoch-making days from August 19th to August 30th 1925.

August 19th to August 30th 1925.

Readers of McCall's may want to know why and for what the Conference was convened there. The principal reason for selecting Stockholm as the meeting place of the most important Church Council of modern times was that Sweden had been free from bloodshed during the World War. Our Swedish hosts had no apologies to make, no charges to prefer, no offences to condone, no accusations to repel. They gave us a nobly hospitable reception. From the monarch and his household to the poorest peasant in the land, their welcome was the acme of heartfelt courtesy. Their outstretched hands were unstained by blood; their minds were uncorrupted by battle's fatal bequests of hate and vengeance. This is why for some years past eager and brave spirits, in-



ABOVE—CHURCHMEN FROM EVERY LAND, KINGS, DIPLOMATS AND WARRIORS LIFTED THEIR VOICES IN ONE GLORIOUS AMEN.

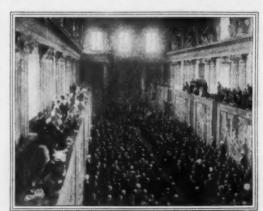
LEFT—HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN FROM WIDELY DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS AND LANDS TOOK COUNSEL TOGETHER.

RIGHT—A GREAT ROYAL RECEPTION WAS HELD IN THE HALL OF THE LOVELY 17th CENTURY PALACE.

than to any other single individual, they looked for inspiration and direction, and did not look in vain. The robed and mitred dignitaries of the Eastern Orthodox Church were present, and mingled freely with members of all sections of the Lutheran, Anglican and Reformed Churches. In the gorgeous and multi-colored procession which, to the solemn strains of an old Swedish hymn, passed slowly up the long drawn aisles of Stockholm's chief church, were the Patriarchs of Alexandria, the Metropolitans of Constantinople and Bulgaria, the Bishops of Winchester and Litchfield, the Dean of Worcester, the Bishops of the Swedish, Danish and Norwegian Lutheran Churches, and our own American representatives. Frenchmen and Germans, Czecho-Slovakians and Roumanians, Britons and Americans, Australians and Swiss, were at last face to face with God in His House, shut in from the world, penitent, confessing, believing, awaiting His Will. Mystics and saints, theologians and doctors, discreet and learned guides of public opinion, and genuine advocates of real religion were to be seen in that worshipping assembly. Many eyes were filled with tears as they gazed upon it, and surely some memories of Pentecost were revived by the sight of the venerable prelate of Jerusalem itself! Some of these prelates had known persecution, witnessed the martyrdom of their flocks. Many had left behind them faithful followers of Christ encircled by fierce Moslem tribes, or heathen of the baser sort. They would return to their sees to assume again heavy burdens of which we have no conception. Among them walked the Bishop of Motoda in Japan, a slightly built and modest figure, in contrast to the stalwart and red-robed form of the Bishop of Winchester.

them walked the Bishop of Motoda in Japan, a slightly built and modest figure, in contrast to the stalwart and red-robed form of the Bishop of Winchester.

It was this Bishop's opening sermon that struck the keynote of the Conference. "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand," was the text which rang out clear and resonant across the densely crowded, pillared spaces. It was the word of the Master Himself finding its echo and its devout response in expectant souls. For the Conference had not set out to go beyond its [Turn to page 84]



ever that is t war Isab had Lake for whill fish, part

ness rally since a gr boat cam bet the were cam—th rust place had by doubrec provarti:

those tute in ad spectheir in commin in proving irls and abase train the imirmin the interest of the commin the interest of the commin the comming t

wer

short fish on a hour time great or a frog cush Econs reflet towarthe dula W

ary
me,
mos
ciga
man
raw
May
I v.
Mir
agec
and
evid
Mrs
dres
ner

of h
Ti
plain
to
quer
cloth
abst



THE meaning of the word charming is, of course, clear to everyone, but charm—that is different. Charm is the quality of vital warmth, perhaps. . . . . Isabel Mays had it. I had gone to the Miroir Lakes, in Maine, fishing for black bass; and, while I found almost no fish, I did discover a particular elusive loveliness. There were, naturally, hardly any fish since there were hotels a great number of hotels boarding places and camps. The first were set where the dust of the white roads powdered the grass by the edge of the lakes, the second were anywhere, but the camps were very special —they were groups of rustic cabins, really—and placed on islands that had once been isolated, by waters where, un-doubtedly, black bass had bred. In addition to these provisions for the art and artifices of fishing there were summer schools— those convenient substi-tutes for parents either inadequate, weary, or in special relationships to their children—and I saw in and on the water companies of small boys; in modern canoes, with provision gagainst sinking, girls passed me vigorous and bare-armed with un-

and bare-armed with unabashed knees.

The lakes themselves,
as a spectacle, were entrancing; they were, all
the time that I was there,
mirrors...of the sky, the few white clouds
in the zenith, and of the wooded or farmed
shores. I didn't, as I should have preferred,
fish from a canoe—the distances, for guides
on a strict arrangement of payments and
hours that took into consideration the
times of their meals at home—were too
great for paddling: and so I went about

times of their meals at home—were too great for paddling; and so I went about or stopped, casting unhappy and gasping frogs, from a combination of boards and cushions propelled by a staccato engine. Early, but not too early for the Maine constitution, we went out shattering the reflections, the sylvan aqueous silences, and toward dusk we returned tearing to shreds the tender veils of color on the faintly undulating water.

We were, at the hotel where a temporary indifference to surroundings had placed me, all devoted to fishing; our clothes, mostly brown canvas, proclaimed that; the cigars smoked in the hall after dinner dependent of space for their manded all the freedom of space for their raw fumes; and when I saw Mr. and Mrs. Mays, almost immediately on their arrival, I vondered what had brought them to the Miroir House. He was a small man, middleaged, in nice and excessively neat clothes and a formal grey felt hat, with no evidence of rods or leather reel cases; and Mrs. Mays, no longer entirely young, was dressed so darkly and quietly, in the manner of the city, that I almost missed the beautiful texture, the simple perfection, of her suit. wondered what had brought them to the of her suit.

of her suit.

That evening Mays had spoken to me; his wife, he explained, had seen my name on the hotel book and wanted to know...what interested her was a specially pleasant query about a book I had written. He was as nice as his clothes: he said very little, his eyes were serious and often abstracted from the material and immediate scene, and he had the security of bearing—it couldn't be mistaken—of a very successful man. They had come to Miroir Lakes, he



"I WENT UPSTAIRS AND LOOKED AT WALKER MAYS. HIS HANDS WERE SO THIN THEY WERE JUST NOTHING."

## ISABEL MAYS

BY JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

AUTHOR OF "CYTHEREA" AND "JAVA HEAD"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAFFS

Always interesting, it is, to be vouchsafed a glimpse behind the scenes anywhere—and in this instance we are given a peep into the workshop of an author-his mind. A If you have ever paused in your reading to wonder "what makes the wheels go round," you surely have asked yourself if story-makers' plots come out of the ether and if the characters are mere brain-children or real flesh-and-blood people whom he has somewhere met. \ In this delineation of one of his "dream ladies," Mr. Hergesheimer lets us glance into his imagination, crowded with the figures that have never quite come to life in his fiction-"sketches," he is pleased to call them. Well, perhaps but in themselves they seem to us rare bits of character study etched against vivid backgrounds, and assembled with all the nice selection of the born artist.



told me after a little, to see their son, who was at one of the summer camps. He, their boy, was partly a cripple. They lived at Darien, a little city in the southern part of Ohio. Those simple facts explained all that had mildly puzzled me—why the Mays were where they were, at that particular



kind of hotel for fishing; and—the camp last summer had proved a great physical benefit — w h y they had sent a boy, an only child, so far from home and them. They both hated it, he added, speaking for Mrs. Mays and himself. But they made this trip to see him. They had engaged the hotel launch for tomorrow and they would spend the day at the camp. He asked me, with a slight decent masculine awkwardness, if I minded meeting his wife. He meeting his wife. He thought she had read more than one of my books:

We moved out to the porch, where she was sit-ting, gazing quietly at the evening darkening in the evening darkening in the elms, and she turned to me with a smile warm and delightful. It was all so unexpected, she said; and then she was kind again, flattering, about what I had written. Immediately, but not because of the flattery, I was touched with a sense of hannings of sense of happiness, of good fortune not wait-ing an invitation I dragged a chair to the porch railing beside her. She hadn't changed for dinhadn't changed for din-ner, but instead of her jacket she had on a wrap of spun coffee-colored wool so soft that it might have been silk, and her hair—even in It could see streaks of grey—she had becomingly rearranged for the

absence of a hat.

grey—she had becomingly rearranged for the absence of a hat.

If we didn't mind, Mr. Mays put in, he'd go up to their room and see if he could find a cap that, he was certain, he had put in his bag. "No, Walker," Mrs. Mays corrected him, "your cap is in my bag. Don't you remember—you took yours to the office, early the day we left, and I found the cap afterwards and brought it."

He touched her affectionately, affectionately and impatiently, on the shoulder, and went into the hotel. "You're wrong," she told me, "if you think I am going to say something about men never finding things."

I replied that I hadn't thought about what she might say. That was an ambiguous phrase, but I realized that there was no need to explain my meaning to Mrs. Mays. Either she understood it completely or, in the serenity of her being, she accepted my stupidity in its best possible interpretation. I could still see her face, study her expressions, but I couldn't find there the secret of her attractiveness. Her smile, certainly, almost gave her a sudden loveliness, her eyes were more than understanding, but the loss of youth had marked her, there were traces of struggle, not, obviously, of the present, and, like her figure, her face was very full.

That, in her, didn't matter, though it did enormously in other women; when I looked at her I saw an illumination of what I was forced to call the spirit, I was conscious of an extraordinary sympathy; and at once I told her quite all that was in my mind. I thought of the Miroir House, of the waitress, a Gorgan from Vermont, I suffered from, the men who fished and of their cigars. And to this I put a very special opinion of the local fishing and of the guide to whom, an insignificant trifle, I was appended. Mr. Mays, who had returned, in his cap, and who was sitting in the background, informed me that he had never fished:

[Turn to page 72]

spira-d and were e gor-olemn long Bul an of orwe-erman

atives.

1926

Rou-Will and tes of mbly. sight these om of of the again built

keyr and t was nd its erence e 84]

robed

# The BATTLE of the FUR COATS



AGNES bought hers in August on those strange and coaxing terms by which a

on those strange and coaxing terms by which a wish is father to a purchase. Then she went back to the office, and in the first lapse in the afternoon's work, mentioned it to Sheila casually.

"Fur coat?" asked Sheila.

"What did you get? Muskrat?"

Agnes drew herself up in exaggerated dignity.

"Hudson seal," she said and looked at herself in the mirrored cover of her compact as if to better visualize herself in Hudson seal. Sheila put a fresh sheet of paper in her typewriter very evenly, very deliberately "Aren't you flying pretty high?" she suggested. "What'd you pay for it?"

"It's the best time to buy," answered Agnes wisely, ignoring the direct question. "And it's simply stunning. Not one of these grandmother effects, you know. And soft! That seal must have had hot oil shampoos and violet ray treatments all his life, judging from the fur of him."

"Hudson seal isn't seal."

"I know that," said Agnes. "But can't I be funny at my own expense? You know, you ought to get a fur coat, Sheila."

"I'll be lucky if I get a new slab of nutria on the old

"I'll be lucky if I get a new slab of nutria on the old

cloth one."

"Oh well," said Agnes, "that's your fault! There's no use being tight. You make good money. If you don't get things you don't have them," she added, reasonably, "and I don't see what's the use of working like a slave to buy your own coffin. I simply can't bear to be dowdy!"

She did not look dowdy in her office dress of black and white with its dashing flowered pattern. Sheila thought the sleeves were too short, but then, she often thought Agnes went farther than was necessary in many ways. And all her thought did not alter the fact that even men who came to see her own employer, Mr. Rice, often found excuses for dawdling in the anteroom of Mr. Grantland's office because Agnes was the stenographer in there. There was something Agnes was the stenographer in there. There was something

If clothes make the man, do they also make the woman? Do they, perhaps, affect her destiny even more than his, inasmuch as a woman is always as old as she looks? \* Such is the problem threshed out in the tremendous drama of jealousy that caused the battle of the fur coats.



about the glossy back of Agnes' head that drew them even before she spoke, something in those rounded free arms that made her approachable. Men, even important ones, talked to Agnes as they never talked to Sheila. But Sheila had no jealousies. She did not want them to talk to her. She wanted to get her work done and her salary raised and finally move into an office of her own with "Public Stenographer" on the door. That ambition glimmered in the distance and grew a little more visible whenever she saved any money.

It was on the afternoon of the fur coat purchase that Jack Holmes came into the office for the first time, and having a message for Mr. Rice, came straight to Sheila's desk.

ing a message for Mr. Rice, came straight to Sheila's desk.

"I'm from Mr. Stearn's office," he said. "Will you tell Mr. Rice please? He's expecting me." Sheila looked up into what she thought was the friendliest man's face she had ever seen. It was young and not too handsome young and not too handsome with a nose which had been broken at least once and eager gray eyes. His hair was roughened a little as if he had been out in a wind—it always was like that—and he had a steady mouth always shaped for smiling, as if he was enjoying what he did as he went along. Sheila took his message in to Mr. Rice and

did as he went along. Sheila took his message in to Mr. Rice and Mr. Rice said most casually—
"Who did you say? The young fellow from Stearns and Hunt? Send him in, Miss Hesper."

So Sheila sent him in and he carried the smile he had given her with him and used it just as cordially on Mr. Rice. Sheila hated office flirtations. She hated the left-over compliments and the chaff of men's gallantry which they used in outer offices, and it showed so plainly in her manner that men seldom got to the point of thinking her pretty. Jack Holmes knew it when he left the office because she had met his friendly gray eyes with her deep blue ones and because he had caught that swift, sudden, lifted look on her face which came over it when she liked something or someone. After his back was turned Sheila noticed two things; first, that his dark blue suit was well cut but shiny, and secondly, that it never occurred to him to look twice into the door of Mr. Grantland's office though Agnes' firm white arms and sleek black head were in full view.

"Who was that?" asked Agnes strolling in a little later. Agnes was a complete directory of all the lawyers in town. She knew them all, knew about their businesses and their wives. And she knew the full history of every stenographer in town who had married well and successfully, even far back into the annals, studying the history of women, many of whom were old enough to be her mother, and who had long ago made a point of forgetting that they ever earned their living.

McCA "It' knew other isn't l voung omet with him to She which use it now.
"I tand it

Shei and s last fe gave as if exercison he out the which most of was A ternoc It of streets ed. Sh she al her se which The

shops fection alive ment displa her the windo "Fu though like th But again.
The rather

cane these one w grey a soft ri sugges "Th herself coats! eyes a ambit vistfu charm at the

simply

time dently the sh them THE office Sheila about ruptcy lawye arate tereste could

busine to has came had co stoppe for sh self us It v turn a impre

the w many she a stenog "He

he lef "Oh "I l

"I don't know his name. He's from Stearns and Hunt."
"It's a young fellow called Holmes, then," said Agnes. "I
knew I'd seen him before. He was at the Atlas for lunch the
other day and Fanny Borden pointed him out. Nice looking,
jen't he? Looks like a good, expensive cigarette ad. All the
young men should be like that. He came from Boston or
something like that. Lofty but poor. He goes around though
with the country club lot, I guess. You might introduce
him to me."

Sheila slaughed. She had a funny little chuckling laugh which broke into fragments like a baby's. But she didn't use it very often and she didn't quite know why she used it

"I think I'll go home," said Agnes, "The boss has gone and it isn't every day I buy a fur coat. I'm tired out, between briefs and seals. That was a pretty good one, wasn't it?" Sheila laughed again. She was feeling ridiculously happy and she ticked off the last few letters Mr. Rice gave her before he left

as if they were piano exercises. Then she put on her hat and went out through the building which was quiet and al-most deserted, because it was August and late af-

1926

It was hot. Even the It was hot. Even the streets were being avoid. Sheila walked because she always walked seven or eight blocks to insure her seat in the street-car which took her home. The windows of the shops looked hot—confectioners and milliners, alive with colors, department stores, a chaos of displays. A furrier's made her think of Agnes and her think of Agnes and she looked in a deep window, half amused. "Fur coats," she thought, "and on a day like this!"

But then she looked

again.

The furrier's window did not look hot for some reason. It was rather dark and very simply displayed. A dull, thick rug, a chair and a cane bench and over these were laid two coats, one white and soft, one grey as a cloud, both of soft rich fur whose depth suggested no weight.

"Those," said Sheila to herself, "are real fur coats!" And into her eyes again came that expression which was half

pression which was half ambition and half desire, wistfulness edged with charm. She stood staring at the coats for a long time until a clerk, evi-dently eager to shut up the shop, came and took them out of the window.

HE next time that Jack THE next time that Jack Holmes came to the office to see Mr. Rice, Sheila knew what it was about. He was working

about. He was working on an involved bank-ruptcy proceeding which was dragging, and the lawyers represented separate interests, all interested in what salvage could be found in the business wreck. Young Holmes had evidently been allowed to handle it from what Sheila saw in the letters. When he came out from his second conference with Mr. Rice, Agnes had come in to talk to Sheila and there was the usual frank and casual invitation to conversation in Agnes' face. Holmes stopped to say something; Sheila never knew clearly what, for she was somehow furious that Agnes should force herself upon him. self upon him.

self upon him.

It was all so casual with Agnes. She knew exactly how to turn a comment on the weather into a joke, exactly how to impress herself on a man so that he remembered her out of the welter of pretty girls typing letters. Agnes was a kind of an institution, "the pretty girl in Grantland's office" to many of the lawyers, and to Mr. Grantland himself, to whom she also endeared herself by being an exceptionally good stenographer.

"He's easy to look at" said Agnes of Jack Helmon after.

stenographer.
"He's easy to look at," said Agnes of Jack Holmes after he left, reminiscently. "Don't you think so, Sheila?" "Oh, sort of," answered Sheila indifferently. "I like his looks," repeated Agnes. "He has the kind of face that. gets there. That's the way Mr. Mallard looked three years ago and watch him now. Rolling in it. This

fellow looks a bit hungry now but he's going to get there. I don't know, Sheila, sometimes I think a girl's wise to go after that kind of a fellow instead of trying to find a rich one. The rich young ones are so sun-spoiled and the rich old ones all need so much re-vamping that it isn't worth the

trouble."

"I'm not going after any of them," said Sheila, "so you can spare me the advice to the love-lorn."

"You're a lot too good looking to stay at a temperature of thirty below—that's my final advice," said Agnes and went into her own office to see who had just come in. From the open doorway of the other side of the suite, Sheila could hear some man's voice, low and jocular, and Agnes in quick return. For the first time she reflected that it would be rather fun to be like Agnes and not be afraid to go after what you liked and wanted—fur coats and expensive dresses and even men. She wondered if Agnes meant that about

was as ready as ever, it seemed a little pathetic over his fatigue. Sheila gathered that they were working him pretty hard in the office, for both partners had gone on extended vacations. Mr. Rice had gone when he came in and Holmes

vacations. Mr. Rice had gone when he came in and Holmes looked worried and disappointed.

"You look as if it was time for your vacation," said Sheila suddenly.

It was quite the most personal remark she had ever made to any man and she wondered at herself as she made it. But he did not seem to mind.

"Unfortunately Lyo had mine I went off in June to see

to any man and she wondered to the did not seem to mind.

"Unfortunately, I've had mine. I went off in June to see my sister get married, and now it's all used up."

"But don't you get week-ends—and golf?"

He grinned down at her.

"Between us," he said, "I find that week-ends are more expensive than I ever knew before I had to pay for my share in them. Much more expensive than a movie with a temperature of twenty degrees cooler than the street guaranteed. Besides, it's rather fun to be busy,

guaranteed. Besides, it's rather fun to be busy, you know."

"I know. I hate the dead weeks when there's not much to do."

"Do you get a vacation?"

"I had mine early too."

"So we both miss out.

"So we both miss out.
Well, it's five o'clock
again and since Mr. Rice
isn't coming back, how
about something cool to
drink in the drug store
downstairs?"

Sheila put on her hat in ridiculous excitement. The lucky thing was that Agnes had gone on her vacation the day before. If Agnes had been around and yet it was all very easy and natural to sit there in the quiet drug store and laugh and talk, and find out a little more about Jack Holmes, and hate herself for having worn that old linen dress

worn that old linen dress and love herself for talking to a really nice man who didn't seem to have the faintest idea of getting fresh.

He was really lonely, the gathered. It might be true, as Agnes had told her, that he was welcome in the country club crowd, but he didn't join them. He kept making semi-jocular references to his poverty, so she gathered it was more or less of a novelty. Evior less of a novelty. Evidently there had been money until he left college and then it had gone. That didn't seem to bother him at all. He was interested in what he was doing, and when she most unprofession-ally hinted at the kind

ally hinted at the kind things the older men said of his work he laughed aloud like a pleased boy. "Did they really think that was good stuff? I thought it might get by but I still feel so ama-teur—"

He did not offer to go

and held out his hand very cordially to take hers.

"That was fine," he said. "That was a real slice of vacation. We'll just have to do it again. Maybe a movie some night?"

Sheila thought irrelevantly—"I will buy that pink dress and the rose pink hat."

THERE was a movie. There was a second movie. There was a dinner one night at one of those Chinese restaurants where, by some anachronism, you can be sure of getting a good steak. It was not an elaborate dinner and it had no slightest hint of secrecy or intrigue about it, for they had an obvious table in the middle of the room and the room was full of other people. But each occasion was pleasanter than the one before, which was working them up to considerable heights for Sheila. She had bought the pink dress and though its sleeves were long and it was plain, it was also smart from its deep hem to the place where it gave way to the soft felt hat with the rose crushed on its brim. And though Sheila was determined not for a minute to exaggerate this friendship, though indeed they both guarded the casual nature of it very carefully, still she laughed very often, [Turn to page 110]



"LOOK HERE, LADY-THIS IS THE CHECK YOU JUST GAVE ME. THIS IS THE COAT."



Jack Holmes, and somehow Sheila's spirits went lower and lower. It was all ridiculous, that about Agnes marrying a poor man and helping him up. Agnes couldn't help anyone up. She was amusing and she was fun but she was desire and debt incarnate. Sheila knew about Agnes' finances because every now and then when installments got too pressing Sheila helped her out. Agnes always paid the money back when she got "straightened out," as she put it, but there were long periods when she was very much involved. Sheila had all these things in mind, and others too, a week later when she next saw Jack Holmes. He was looking a little white and worn with the heat, and while the smile

office,"
r. Rice

man's It was dsome been eager rough-l been s was steady miling, nat he a took e and

e had Rice. they nanner pretty. ne had s and on her hings;

s and

, and e into white later. town. I their rapher en far many o had



If by any chance you missed the first installment, begin here and today this powerful novel by America's most popular author of Western tales-for it is Zane Grey's masterpiece, setting a new standard for the author of "Riders of the Purple Sage."





"GABBY MRS. MACDONALD SPREAD THE NEWS"



"HERE AT TAHO, IF POSSIBLE. IF NOT, FLAGGERSTON"





"Wilbur Was Gone Almost Two Weeks And He Bought The SCANTIEST AND POOREST ASSORTMENT OF STUFF YOU EVER SAW"

# DESERT BOUND

#### 表表 BY ZANE GREY 表表

AUTHOR OF "THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS," "RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE," "THE CALL OF THE CANYON."

LINE DRAWINGS BY

PAINTINGS BY

ETCHING BY



ILBUR NEWTON first risks his wife's life by compelling her to ride a vicious bronco, and then becomes angry with her because of the undignified position in which her because of the undignified position in which he is placed when the horse bolts and John Curry, a cowboy, saves Mary Newton's life at the risk of his own. The Newtons, together with Katharine Winfield, Mary's friend, have been visiting Oraibi in the Arizona Desert to watch the Indian Snake Dance. They return to Taho. Wilbur is so jealous of his wife that he sends for his sister to be with her while he is away from home in the Black Mesa country. Wilbur is extremely friendly with Hanley, who, John Curry knows, has brought liquor into the state. Wilbur comes to the Black Mesa post where Curry, the foreman, has as his particular chum a cowboy familiarly called "High-Lo."

AT dinner High-Lo resumed his place opposite John, and Newton fell heir to Stuffy's va-cancy. Guests, host and hostess, and the cowboys,

thirty-two people in all, ate at one long table, so it was simple for Mrs. Weston to separate Newton far from the boys, and thus maintain peace.

John gave himself over to speculation during the meal. He did not like it that Hanley was camped at the Pass when Newton arrived at the pass when Newton camped through this after. Black Mesa. If Newton came through this after-

noon he could not have missed Hanley. It looked prearranged. Hanley purposely left Black Mesa before Newton arrived. He met him at the Pass where no one but a chance Indian might see them. And Hanley would linger there until his friend's return. John felt sure of these conjectures. There was a reason why, at present, these men did not want to be seen in each other's company. Hanley had more important interests on hand then rustling a couple of outlaw mules. He found it less dangerous and more honest to cheat Indians in buying and selling sheep. His crooked deals with Hopis in the Taho country were well known. Newton, to all appearances a friend to the Indians, would win for Hanley the Navajos' confidence, and prepare the way for him to operate in new territory.

The next day John's worry about High-Lo became a thing of the past. Before breakfast the boy apologized for yesterday's outbreak. "I'll take Stufig's place on the trail," he agreed. "And you needn't to worry about the Blakely girls. Mrs. Weston says they're leavin' to-day. And I'm shootin' straight, John, when I tell you if they stayed a year, I'd never be seen with them again."

John felt a rush of pride in his cowboy. "Well, I'm glad to hear that, old man," he said. "You won't have to take Stuffy's place. He's better."

"Send me out with him."

"No need of that," John returned emphatically.

"Well, I know you better think over sendin' me out," High-Lo persisted.

Newton made ready to leave the post immediately after

breakfast. High-Lo, observing his preparations from the tool-shed, youchsafed to John that Newton's departure would be good riddance. "Magdaline will be lone-some now," pursued the

'Magdaline!" repeated

"Magdaline!" repeated
John above the clink of
the horseshoes he was
tossing from a box.
"Yep, our little Indian
friend Magdaline. Newton was walkin' an' talkin' with her last night."

Libba mag thoughtful

John was thoughtful for a moment before he spoke. "I'm afraid for

John was thoughtful for a moment before he spoke. "I'm afraid for her. She's too pretty for an Indian and too well versed in the ways of a white girl, and, to add to the pathos of her situation, she has keen intellect. Her education has made her suffer."

"What you're sayin' don't mean much to me," concluded High-Lo, a bit perplexed. "An Indian's an Indian. They're square shooters, an' I like them."

Boss and cowboy repaired to the corral collecting other hands to join them. John's attention was divided all through the day. He lost track of High-Lo. Indeed, he was grateful for his absence when the Blakely sisters left.

High-Lo was not on time for supper. "Anybody seen High-Lo?" John asked.

Stub spoke up at once. "Last I saw him was about midafternoon when he jumped the corral fence and went racin' down the hill yellin' that blame song about the sow whose pig was dead."

John tried to hide his annoyance. "Beany, you're through with your dessert," he said to the lanky youth next to him.

prear-

ewton hance

tures

want e im-utlaw

cheat

with

to all

anley m to thing

girls ootin'

glad take

out," after

John tried to hide his annoyance. "Beany, you're through with your dessert," he said to the lanky youth next to him. "See if High-Lo is up at the corral."

To John's consternation, Beany's mission was unfruitful. He, accordingly, instituted a search for High-Lo in which the boys resentfully joined. Hicks, the oldest and most reliable cowboy, ended the quest by pursuing certain deductions he had made. "High-Lo's horse is missin," he reported to John, "an' his saddle is nowhere around. Guess he's rarin' off somewhere's."

"Thank you, Hicks," said John. He strode off, prey to conflicting sensations. There was deviltry astir. High-Lo had left. What bothered John most was that High-Lo had bluffed him to cover his intentions.

Next morning the cowboys rose early to round up the



"THE INDIGNITIES I SUFFERED BE-FORE THAT GIRL LEFT! WILBUR SAYS I DROVE HER OUT. THAT ISN'T





horses and mules that were going on the trail. No one mentioned High-Lo, at least not to John or in his hearing; whereas John, with High-Lo filling his thoughts, was conscious of everyone's consideration. As soon as the stock was brought down from the ridge, John assigned the boys tasks according to their efficiency. Unfortunately, the best packer had left. Fighting to forget this, John threw himself heartly into the work on hand.

Presently the foreground of the post became a place of color and action. Groups of horses and mules, neighing and hee-hawing, manifested rebellious spirits. The cowboys moved among them shouting, "Yo!...Hold 'em cowboy!...Kill that lop-eared mule!" These and like exclamations came to John above stamp of hoofs and clink of spurs. Suddenly he was conscious of watchful eyes. He looked up to see Magdaline standing near and caught her warm glance and the gleam of her perfect white teeth. "You, John Curry! You hide from me!"

John caught the coquetry in the lowered lashes she presented.

John caught the coquetry in the lowered lashes she presented. The whole charm of her was evident in that look, and in the fashionable cut of her cheap gingham dress.

"I've been busy," returned John in matter-of-fact manner.
"How are you, Magdaline?"
"Lonesome to see my friends," Magdaline replied, wooing his attention. "My friend High-Lo, no sooner I see him than he goes away," she persisted. "Why did he ride so fast?"

Her question startled John to immediate attention. "You saw him leave?"
"Yes But be didn't one of the start of

saw him leave?"

"Yes. But he didn't see me. He went so like a thief that first I thought he was stealing a horse. I was up on the ridge sitting by a mound waiting to jump out on you should you come that way. Then, too far away to speak, I saw High-Lo leading a horse. He stopped where a saddle was cached, saddled the horse, and rode away so quick the dust covered him."

"Which way?" queried John above her last words.

"Towards Four Mile Wash and maybe to the Pass."

"Maybe to the Pass," John repeated aloud. "Thank you, Magdaline."

Magdaline's insinuation that High-Lo's goal was the Pass

Magdaline."

Magdaline's insinuation that High-Lo's goal was the Pass provoked a clew in John's mind which involved Hanley. He could conceive a desire on High-Lo's part to frustrate Hanley's plans, whatever they might be, by forcing his company on him; and he knew High-Lo would attempt such folly without thought of consequences. His meditations developed a decision to follow High-Lo.

Should the latest conjecture be wrong—and his doubt of self implied that it might—a good that it might—a good half-day's ride lay be-tween them, and High-Lo's destination and pur-pose remained as clouded as before. Someone had to cache grain in No-name Valley, miles be-yond the Pass. John figyond the Pass. John figured there was no reason why he could not undertake the mission himself. He would make no pretense about it. He would explain the two-fold purpose of his journey to Mr. Weston. And if Mr. Weston protested he would leave the man's employ. High-Lo's safety was worth that much to him. him.

He propounded the issue as soon as the outfit departed. Prompt compliance was the result. Mr. Weston, too, demonstrated a steadfast affection for the tempestuous-souled High-Lo. "Give yourself time. Hunt up the young scamp if you





AT THE CEDARS HE FORCED HIGH-LO INTO THE SAD-DLE AND MOUN-TED BEHIND WHERE HE COULD BRACE THE SAG-GING FORM WITH HIS ARMS AND BODY.



can," Mr. Weston said. "Don't worry about the post. Hicks will take care of things while you're away."

John came upon Four Mile Wash quickly, so engrossed he was with his thoughts. Recent storms had made a turgid stream where normally a dry bed showed. The mules declared their disapproval of such a crossing by halting at the top of the steep declivity which led down into the wash, and refusing absolutely to budge from their stand. John coaxed, urged, and at last resorted to his quirt. Failing in this he gathered stones and drove them on with stinging blows. The Blakely girls' car had dug deep ruts where it had forced its way out of the wash yesterday. And some half-baked horse-shoe prints evident there had probably been made by High-Lo's horse a little later in the day.

prints evident there had probably been made by High-Lo's horse a little later in the day. These signs gave new reality to events.

The mules plowed dust over their wet thighs in their prodigious labor to make the sunlight again. Covering the grade at last, they came to a panting stop. John favored their mood a few minutes, then sent them forward with a shout. Soon the leader mule was plodding the steep part of the trail which wound around and over the hillocks on its wound around and over the hillocks on its toiling way up the mountain. From the higher level, where John halted the animals higher level, where John halted the animals for a rest, the country took a new aspect. Black Mesa, for a while lost to view, showed again, grander, more indomitable than ever. John continued the climb. The trail widened. Above the receding mountains of rock he saw golden spires, new red walls and startling eminences. Presently he was decending to a park-like opening bound on one side by the canyon, on the other by slopes of pinon and cedar. He had reached the camp site of Cedar Pass. Not for a moment did John entertain the thought that Hanley had camped in the open, or that he would be there now. Therefore he dismounted to reconnoiter.

camped in the open, or that he would be there now. Therefore he dismounted to reconnoiter.

He followed the hoof prints of a shod horse to a nest-like site hidden from the trail by a cluster of cedars and high brush. This place bore convincing evidence of a recent camp. Freshly opened cans, with fragments of their contents still moist, and the newness of charred coals of a fire were conclusive proofs. Hoof prints of unshod horses showed on the rise above the camp, likely made by the Indians who reported Hanley's presence in the Pass. John made a careful survey of the immediate ground. Other and larger tracks showing from another direction proved that a second shod horse had ridden that way. The first tracks mingled with these others and led away in the direction the second horse had come. All these tracks had been made since the last rain. High-Lo, an unbidden guest at that camp, had ridden away with his host.

In short order John was on the move again. A broad sheet of water collected from the storms of the week had saturated the canyon, and made tracking through the adobe

urated the canyon, and made tracking through the adobe mud an easy thing. A bright stream wound its way down the canyon murmuringly.

John watered his ani-mals there. What a happy coincidence that

mals there. What a happy coincidence that the men John tracked had headed for the valley! John's plan of procedure was simple enough now. It was only six miles to the cave in which he cached grain. Once relieved of his load, he could hobble the mules and turn them loose, and be free to go his own way.

The trail soon led away from the wash towards the foot hills and the nearest defile. Midway into the foothills was the cave John sought, and his practiced eye, keen though it was, often searched and researched the slopes before he could locate the cleverly concealed hiding place. There was no trail. The way led over rocks. A clump of trees marked the place where his detour began.

Arriving there, John

his detour began.

Arriving there, John dismounted for a minute study of the tracks he was about to leave. To his surprise he found prints of shod hoofs of a third horse. At times they came between the other prints, at times they blotted them. The



"I WISH MARY NEWTON COULD BE HERE," SAID KATHERINE GENTLY #

third rider was not an Indian—that was certain. He was following the other two. Then it might not have been High-Lo who joined Hanley at his camp! If not, who had? And where did this third party, from the new clues quite possibly High-Lo, cut in? John upbraided himself for being so sure in the first instance. A little doubt would have made him observe the trail more closely.

John had to rest the mules several times before he reached the cave. But when he arrived, every motion he made counted to bridge time between him and High-Lo. Cedar protected the mouth of the cave and darkened its interior. John had

to bend low to enter. The cave was sup-posed to be cleared of grain, but he could see in the semi-darkness that something was stacked against the wall. Immediately un-burdening himself of the pack he carried, he crawled back to investigate. He reached out crawled back to investigate. He reached out against the bulk before him and withdrew with a shudder of revulsion. He had touched the frame of a man that was huddled like a sack again the wall. The thought of an Indian sleeping there came as soon as the momentary horror was dispelled, but this was no Indian. John's breath was suspended by a terrible thought. None too gently he reached for the man and dragged him to the light. Then a terrible helplessness possessed him. "Merciful heaven! It is High-Lo!" he muttered.

There was blood on John's hand where he supported the boy's head. "Foul play!" he said aloud. "Confound them, they'll pay for this."

for this.

supported the boy's head. "Foul play!" he said aloud. "Confound them, they'll pay for this."

He backed out of the cave, drawing High-Lo with him. High-Lo, it appeared, was not dead; his heart beat a low irregular tread and his pulse fluttered weakly. John was conscious of a strange rush of joy electrifying his shaken body. He saw that the blood which matted High-Lo's curly hair came from a wound near the crown of his head. It was not a bullet wound. He had been struck with something, perhaps from behind. With renewed heat John observed that even in his unconsciousness the boy's lips were drawn tight in pain. No amount of cold water applications to his face and forehead served to revive him, so John set about to clean the wound and bind it with strips from his cotton undershirt. Then he hobbled the mules, stacked the balance of the grain in the cave, slung High-Lo over his shoulder, and, leading his horse by the reins, walked with them down the slick mounds of rock to the clump of cedars that marked the trail. Eighteen miles to the post, and High-Lo unconscious—how long unconscious only God knew! And he might never come out of it! That was staggering to John.

At the cedars he forced High-Lo into the saddle and mounted behind where he could brace the sagging form with his arms and body. Nugget was a good horse with a good trot, and John loved him more for the service he was about to render. But to trot on the very best of horses was dangerous to anyone in High-Lo's condition. John saw at once that High-Lo's body, limp as a rag, registered each motion like a shock and realized that the banging contact of the boy's head and his shoulder must be avoided. Therefore he slowed to a walk. He figured it was close to three o'clock when they got started, and trusted that they would make the post before nine.

While riding through the cedars of the Pass, John's attention was arrested by the heat of hoofs, and watching in-

While riding through the cedars of the Pass, John's attention was arrested by the beat of hoofs, and watching intently in the direction from which the sound came, he descried the shadowy forms of a horse and rider approaching.

In another moment he

In another moment he identified the rider as a woman. There was something so familiar about her and her mount that he seemed to know at once that the rider was Magdaline. Yet hours earlier he had left Magdaline with the Westons at Black Mesa trading post.

post.
Though the girl was aware of his approach, she gave no sign of greeting until she dismounted several yards away and came to him on foot, running. John checked his horse and uncomfortably checked his horse and swayed uncomfortably in the saddle. Topsy at once trotted off to a shady place under the cedars. "What's—the matter—with High-Lo?" Magdaline panted, hereyes wide with fear. "He's been hurt. Badly, I'm afraid. Maybe you can help."

the an

for the tel

na

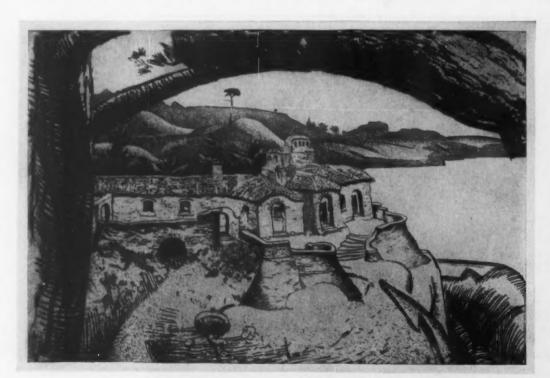
the

a ch

"Better let him down a while. I can ride like the wind to the post and

the wind to the post and send back a car. Get down while I hold him."

John did so, heavily. A minute later he had High-Lo in his arms and was staggering to a place under a tree which Magdaline indicated. "How daline indicated. "Ho [Turn to page 113]



\* "For Years I Go To The White Man's School Where . . . I Do Not See My People"

1926

s sup-

g was y un-ied, he ed out hdrew ouched d like

of an as the this

ragged lpless-

ere he l" he l pay

eared, egular John elecat the hair of his e had from served

boy's

mount e and nn set

with en he

over y the

slick slick s that post,

ncon-

never John. to the

could s and

good e ser-ot on us to that like a boy's lowed they post

g innt he

as a someabout

that w at was hours Mag-estons rading

roach, n of disof disyards him John

to a the —the Lo?"

her adly, you down

e like t and Get him."

had and place Mag-

How 131

Just why is her name immortal? Why has her N the galaxy of rostory endured through the ages, a vital, mantic figures, etched throbbing drama, its lustre eternal-while against Time's backthe fame of other great heroines is deep ground, in lasting buried in the dust of time? strokes, Helen of Troy In this, the second of a series on the world's stands apart, a woman historic lovers, these questions are answered by W. L. George, "the man who understands women," and in his brilliant manwhose fatal beauty "launched a thousand ner he sets forth this romance of all the ages ships and burned the topless towers of -exhibiting it for what it is, the very epi-Illium." tome of storm-tossed love.

#### THE GODS HAD GIVEN HER A BEAUTY WHICH STILL GLOWS IMMORTAL THOUGH THOUSANDS OF YEARS HAVE PASSED. #

# HELEN of TROY

BY W. L. GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND BLOOMING," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO



NLY those who can compass the magic of the story of Helen and of Paris, the disaster of Troy, and the sombre tale of gods warring with men. Not the formal and rigid lines of Pope, not even the charming fantasy woven by Andrew Lang about the brow of Helen, can translate the story which Homer tells and the immortality which he afforded to Helen. And yet, when we read any of these translations, still beauty hangs about the tale. Told even in a version for schools, it is a vision of something light and yet profound, which, though it has been ground down, soiled, spoilt until it is nothing but a rag of an immortal banner, yet it is beautiful. It is something that men cannot destroy. In the story of Helen we have the whole fantasy which Greece inas bequeathed to us and which the world will never quite forego.

Whether the story of the flight of Helen with her lover, the story of the fall of Troy before the avenging Greeks, are true or not, is a question not easily decided. It is difficult to believe that the Greeks would have for nine years prepared a war which lasted ten years, merely because some local chieftain lost his wife to a favoured Trojan lover.

The birth of Helen is conveyed to us as are so many genealogies in Greek literature. Being beautiful she was inevitably the daughter of one of the gods. According to the legend we find a king of Sparta called Tyndareus, who had for wife the beautiful Leda. Jupiter saw Leda, and, smitten with love of her, sought to obtain possession of her. He transformed himself into a swan, and Leda, attracted by the beautiful bird, found that its wings were the arms of a

lover. Of this love was born Helen, who passed as the daughter of Tyndareus, was brought up in the royal palace, and inherited a great destiny.

She inherited also a curse—the curse of beauty. It is unfortunate that Homer gives no exact description of Helen. The word "fair" means "beautiful," rather than goldenhaired, and we know nothing of her proportions or of her coloring. It is likely that Helen was fair. A vast majority of the Greek women were dark; the average Greek eye was brown. Therefore Helen could not have asserted herself as the beauty of all the ages unless she differed greatly from her contemporaries. Therefore she must have been fair.

Very early the beauty which was to be fatal to her asserted itself in her life, since at the age of fourteen she was abducted by Theseus, king of Athens. According to the legend she bore him a daughter, Iphigenia, who was later to make romantic history of her own. However, Helen did not remain the wife of Theseus. Either she escaped, or was recovered in war, for a few years later we find her once more

at the court of Sparta under the sway of her legal father, Tyndareus. Many suitors sought the hand of Helen, among them Patroclus, and Menelaus, son of Atreus, king of Mycenae. It is conceivable that games were held, since the Greeks attached much importance to prowess in the field. Possibly Menelaus triumphed, for soon after we find him the husband of Helen, and the father of her child, Hermione.

Presumably, Helen lived with Menelaus for several years; so far as can be calculated she must have married him at the age of sixteen and lived with him until the age of twenty-five or twenty-six. Presumably it was the life of a Greek woman of good position, submissive to her husband. But while Helen was living with Menelaus, the Fates were spinning their thread, and this thread was to produce as tangled a mesh as could be woven. That mesh took the shape of Paris. Some years before the birth of Helen, King Priam of Troy and his wife, Hecuba, had a child which was cursed from birth because Hecuba dreamt that she would bring forth, not a child, but a torch that should burn Troy. It was a prophetic dream. Though Paris never set his hand to the walls of the city, he was to bring disaster upon it and to cast it into ruins. Thus, when Paris was born, Priam and Hecuba wept over their child, but, fearing the wrath of the gods, sought to avert it by quenching this torch that was doomed to burn their city, casting the young babe outside the city to die.

But Paris did not die. The Greek myth gives him as a

the city to die.

But Paris did not die. The Greek myth gives him as a nurse a she-bear, just as the Roman myth gave a wolfmother to Romulus and Remus. In fact Paris was saved by some kindly peasants who brought him [Turn to page 86]

# Octival Avitag

## OUGHT MOTHERS DEVOTE ALL THEIR TIME TO THEIR BABIES?

YES!

Says

IRENE CASTLE

The Famous Dancer

NUMBER EIGHTY

By

IRENE CASTLE MCLAUGHLIN

UMBER "80" was being held out to me for inspection—"80," the reward of all those hours endured only the

A of all those hours endured only the day before.

I never shall forget that first glimpse of my wee daughter. I had been too ill to see her the afternoon she arrived. So, all night long I had waited, impatiently, for the hour when they said I might see her, with only the hazy knowledge that I had been granted my heart's desire a girl!

desire—a girl!
When I heard the nurse's footsteps coming towards my door, knowing she was bearing that precious bundle of humanity—my baby

my heart almost stopped beating, and by the time she started to remove the countless woolens and coverings, one by one, I had to turn away my head, not to faint from the shock of too much joy and beauty

not to faint from the shock of too much joy and beauty all at once.

I wanted to keep that first peek, suspended in mid-air as long as possible. I knew the most exciting moment of my life had arrived; I could never feel quite like this again, about anything, and I wanted it to last just a minute or two longer. I felt so intimate with that baby—we had been together for so long it seemed, and yet I hadn't the faintest idea what she'd be like.

At last I looked—hastened by the "Oh, she's lovely!" from my husband. There she lay—the desire of a lifetime! I had waited for her so long it seemed, this little miracle of life, doubly dear for the long waiting and endless prayers. My mother couldn't have reached quite such heights when she first looked at me, for, in the first place, I didn't have red hair, which would make all the difference in the world. In fact, I didn't have any hair at all. And then, after all, a love for babies is a matter of taste, like everything else. If it wasn't for that useful expression: "After all, it's a matter of taste," how would we ever get out of our social blunder of announcing that Mrs. Wimbleton had on a perfectly dreadful hat at tea yesterday—to her best friend, as you find out afterwards. Or how could they sell red piano lamps, and high, buttoned shoes?

My mother had never had an exaggerated love for chil-

My mother had never had an exaggerated love for children—I mean they were not her hobby, as they have always been with me. No doubt she liked us well enough; in fact, she succeeded in spoiling me thoroughly at an early age. But she could curb her desire to pick up dirty little urchins in the street, and she would never have succeeded in a political career where it is necessary to be photographed holding every child that presents you with a bunch of flowers. I think I meant more to her as I grew older and showed some sign of the talent that made her very proud and happy in

Perhaps in the old days when one could rock babies and walk the floor with them, they rather wore out their welcome. Today, one feels like a distant relative, and has to beg



BARBARA IRENE McLAUGHLIN SURVEYS THE WORLD THOUGHT-FULLY AND WONDERS ABOUT HER OWN FUTURE CAREER



IRENE CASTLE IN A CHARACTERISTIC POSE



是是令是是

Is it possible for a woman to combine motherhood and a career, and be successful at both jobs? And when the two-the primitive career of motherhood, and the twentieth century career of business or the arts—make conflicting demands upon her, to which voice will she pay heed?

Because these questions are provoking wide discussion today, McCall's asked two of America's greatest women artists—one of them a famous dancer who has recently left the stage for private life and the other acknowledged to be one of the foremost portrait painters of our day. and each the mother of a baby daughter—whether motherhood is compatible with a career. "Why not divide your life between them?" asks Mrs. Neysa Moran McMein; to which Mrs. Irene Castle McLaughlin replies that women should send their careers flying out of the window when the stork appears on the threshold. In the two articles presented here you will read what these famous and busy mothers think about babies vs. careers for women—that much debated question of the day.

for the opportunity even to look at one's child. Mine was eighteen days old before I saw her updressed. It was ten days before I was allowed to hold her in my arms.

But I haven't told you that my baby's eyes were dark, dark blue; her two perfect little ears were plastered down tight to her shapely little head; her tiny nose flew straight up in the air and her hands were long and slender and graceful. After one glance at this blessed sample, I decided the price was very cheap.

Taking in every minute detail of her with the all-seeing eye of a mother, I noticed the tiny tape around her wrist bearing the number "80." Around the post of my bed was a similar tape marked "30," and so for days afterwards, whenever we were asked the baby's name, (which we had not definitely decided upon at that time) we answered: "Eighty."

I shall never forget those two weeks at the hospital—the

we answered: "Eighty."

I shall never forget those two weeks at the hospital—the happiest days I have ever known. I would wake up in the night and remind myself that I really had a baby daughter, and yet when she was brought in to me and I saw her lying in my arms, I couldn't quite believe that I had produced this little bit of Heaven. After we got home I used to tag the nurse around, begging for chances to hold her; which were seldom granted. I hungered for the good old days when one could get intimately acquainted with one's own child

were seldom granted. I hungered for the good old days when one could get intimately acquainted with one's own child. You may imagine from this that I am pretty much in love with my daughter. I can only say that I have never known what happiness was before and my life is now complete! My worries—and even my joys—that used to be scattered, are now all centered on this one tiny speck of humanity. Oh! the gigantic importance of one ounce gained and the thrill of that first crooked smile at six weeks!

of that first crooked smile at six weeks!

I was asked to write this article to give my attitude towards the stage now that I have a baby, and to state, whether or not, I intend dancing again. I seem to have talked about everything else and left these subjects untouched. As a matter of fact, when Neysa McMein wrote me, and said that McCall's wanted me to write such an article, I jumped at the chance because I have been longing to tell the world what I think of little "Barbara." In fact, I almost stop people on the street to bore them with her charms—"Ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?"

I must frankly confess—risking appearing ungrateful and disloyal—that I never possessed a sincere love of the stage. It always meant a good living to me (this will annoy those who paid \$5.50 a seat to see me and thought I loved my work). Of course, the dancing was fun and that I really did have a liking for—but this deep-rooted, never-fading hunger for the "boards" was left out in my creation. Of course, as a school girl, I was stage struck and thought it looked like a rosy life. I never would have died—or even lived—happy, if I had not tried it, but retiring has not [Turn to page 111]

NEY

McCA

I m ti For going possib the sa faction scente the sa conter

> and to Of conbusine right | and t This

has we with that s leave the ja marrie feel, o "Well, busine was o should Tunio self-st

Thi And if I u tellige sake of im account

office. peculi

hear a of Ju entrar the in

# OCTIVALANTAD

## AND GIVE UP CAREERS BRINGING FAME AND MONEY?

アアやスス

NO!

Says **NEYSA McMEIN** The Famous Artist

MOTHER and CHILD DOING WELL

· By

NEYSA McMEIN BARAGWANATH

AM a grateful, friendly, and mildly dazed mother. I am a cheerful, hard-boiled and travailed artist. It does not matter in which order these statements are set down. For some time now a good story has been going the rounds to the effect that it is impossible for a woman to be a mother, and at the same time a wage-earner, and give satisfaction at both jobs. This quaint, lavender-scented theory has always seemed to me in the same class with the notion that you can't play cards and still go to Heaven. I always offer the same nugget of repartee to both contentions. What I say to them is: "All right, boys, maybe it can't be done, but—show me!" I am too much addicted both to motherhood and to paid work to stand by and see either of

contentions. What I say to them is: "All right, boys, maybe it can't be done, but—show me!"

I am too much addicted both to motherhood and to paid work to stand by and see either of them cheated. Of course, if one must suffer at the other's expense, then let business go and good riddance to it. But if you can divide your life fairly and honestly between them—and I will wait right here while you name me any six good reasons why a woman can't—it seems to me high service to your child and to yourself.

This is how I see it. I don't mean that after the novelty has worn off the first baby, and the mother is a little bored with the daily cycle of bottles and diapers and safety-pins, that she should go out and seek a job as a cloak model and leave Junior to the sporadic attentions of Sophie Nusbaum, the janitor's daughter. I don't mean that a woman whose married life was spent far from the field of commerce should feel, once her baby is born, that she can justifiably say, "Well, that's that!" and crash into the unexplored wilds of business. And I don't mean that a girl who had a job which was of interest to her neither as diversion nor as carer should insist on clinging to that job when it means that Junior must be left at home under the roving eye of a self-styled nurse whose wages equal or overtop the inclosure in Mother's Saturday envelope.

This will give you a rough idea of what I don't mean. And if you will just keep those same seats and stop whistling I will tell you what I do mean.

I utterly believe that a woman—and let us say an intelligent woman, less for the sake of argument than for the sake of humanity—who has for years occupied a position of importance to herself, to her employer and to her bank account can, once Junior's dietetic independence has been established, confidently leave him to the certain care of a nurse also trained to her job, and go quietly back to her office. That was her life before Junior came; she made it peculiarly her own life, first by temperament and then by training. Neither she

the inexpert rebuilding of her life; it means that same life



Young Joan Barawagnath Seems To Find The QUESTION OF CAREERS AND BABIES INTENSELY AMUSING



NEYSA McMein-By Joseph Cummings Chase



Ought Mothers give up careers for Babies? Two of the nation's most promi-nent mothers disagree. "Yes," unhesi-tatingly answers the former Irene Castle, greatest dancer of her generation, who began the bobbed hair style in this coun-"No," declares the erstwhile Neysa McMein, famous artist, who paints the cover designs for McCall's. Says Irene Castle McLaughlin: "I can only say that I have never known what happiness was before and my life is now complete! .... I would gladly give all of my dancing days—the little success and fame I enjoyed and the comfortable salary I drew—for five minutes visit with my wee one." R Says Neysa McMein Bar-agwanath: "I am too much addicted both to motherhood and to paid work to stand by and see either of them cheated. If one must suffer at the other's expense, then let business go. But if you can di-vide your life fairly between them—and I will wait right here while you name me six goodreasons why a woman can't—it seems to me high service to your child and yourself."

so surely founded will now be spaciously enlarged. For, you see, the fact that she keeps up her work still allows her all the fun and interest and loveliness of being Junior's Mother.

Well, for instance. May I present my friend Mrs. Walton? Jane Walton is twenty-eight, pretty, chick, intelligent, amused, and therefore amusing. She forms one-half of a successful, loyal and delightful marriage. Her apartment is charmingly furnished and runs with a soothing lack of visible or audible machinery. About a year and a half ago the household was immensely augmented by the arrival of Miss Barbara Walton. When people say there are no happy women now-a-days, I point with a pardonable lack of good manners to Jane. For some years before she was married, Jane worked as secretary to one of the heads of a large publishing house. She liked her work; therefore, was good at it; and, another therefore—was paid well for it, which means in this man's town, was paid a salary that no man would be ashamed of. Her employer depended upon her to an almost piteous degree, and Jane realized her responsibilities and enjoyed them. After Jane was married she kept right on with her work. It never occurred to her that there was any horrible argument on the subject. She believes and takes for granted that there is no special reason why a man should undertake the support of a trained and able business woman who happens by the good fortune of both of them to be his wife. It was not the money but the principle of the thing. Her husband made enough to provide for them both, and amply. But she had her job just as much as he had his, and the prospect of long days of shopping and bridge and tea-rooms allured her just as little as it would have allured him. That she was at her office each day from nine till five did not mean that her apartment was dusty and her husband scantily fed. Jane's business training made her realize the value of specialization, and her maid was a specialist in her own line. In their evenings the Waltons were either entertained or

usually both. This was true of shear together.

And then arrived Barbara, eight pounds, with her mother's eyes and her father's close set ears. The curtain is lowered to denote the passing of two months. The bottle has entered Barbara's life and has been eagerly welcomed, and she is in the hands of a highly competent, yet thoroughly practical nurse. Comfortably sure of this, Jane is back at her publishing house.

publishing house.

But she and Barbara remain fast friends. Each morning But she and Barbara remain last friends. Each morning from seven to half past eight, when Barbara is at her most charming, is an event for all three Waltons. The baby is out of doors almost all day; when her mother comes home in the evening Barbara is waiting, fed, bathed and pleasantly talkative. And Jane, her business dress changed to a teagrown, is as sweet and as womanly and [Turn to page III]

ca-the will iers nen lay. re I

the the or

ed?

ıll's

nen

life e of

ha

ein: ılin

eyes ittle pely p in nder ssed the um-as a days me) the

iter. ying iced

love My oh! ude ate,

un-rote to t, I her and

ave

my did nger , as

## THE LITTLE FOOL'S WISDOM

#### BY MARGARET PEDLER

AUTHOR OF "RED ASHES," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY GERALD LEAKE

No wonder it all went to her head like wine-little, scat-

ter-brained Maisie, tasting the fruits of conquest amid the glamors of regimental life in an Indian hill-town.

tive, racial, Heaven-sent, when her crushed pride cried

out for aid? And if so, how should such wisdom descend out of a clear sky upon the bent shoulders of "a little fool?"

Was it wisdom that came to her aid when her aircastles tumbled about her coral ears? A wisdom, intui-

SHE'S a little fool!" commented Sadie HE'S a little fool!" commented Sadie

Brunner tersely. As she spoke, her honest grey eyes rested irritably on the retreating figures of a man and girl who had just quitted the club-house together, and were making their way leisurely towards the tennis courts.

"Or a knave!" countered the thin, acrid wise of the senior Major's wife

"Or a knave!" countered the thin, acrid voice of the senior Major's wife. Sadie, being young and kind-hearted, and only the wife of a subaltern, was disposed to take a less prejudiced view. "Oh, she's too unsophisticated for that, don't you think? I should say"—her eyes twinkling—"Gayer Forrest is the knave. Bad man!" indulgently. "Gayer's not bad—only sad," put in another woman, in a voice of lazy amuse-

another woman, in a voice of lazy amuse-ment. "The sun's dropped out of his sky-temporarily—so he's pursuing the

sky—temporarily—so he's pursuing the nearest star."
"Somebody should warn her," suggested the doctor's wife.
"And be accused of green-eyed jealousy for her pains!" returned the last speaker with a wry smile.
The idle talk was tinged with an inimical rote that there were no mistaking. A

The idle talk was tinged with an inimical note that there was no mistaking. A three month's bride, who has left her husband sweltering in the plains, and who proceeds to amuse herself without apparently bestowing a single further thought upon him, incidentally attaching to her chariot wheels the best looking man in the regiment, is likely to provoke a certain amount of hostility in even the least rancorous of Indian hill-stations. And in this respect Maisie Derafield had indubitably succeeded. succeeded.

Dhurrapore bore the reputation of being

rather hospitably inclined towards the stranger within its gates. And when Maisie arrived she had received the friend-

liest kind of welcome. The whole station combined to cheer and entertain her. "What on earth induced you to saddle yourself with her, Brenda, dear?" inquired

Brenda Hartog smiled. "I've kept a more or less maternal eye on Percy Dera-field ever since he came out from home," she replied. "His mother and I were at school together—"

"Good gracious! Percy's mother!" came in chorus.
"What was she like?" demanded Mrs.

"What was she like?" demanded Mrs. Somers curiously.

Again Brenda smiled. "Very much like you or me," she answered drily. "But she married wrong, and Percy's the result. He's just like his father—commonplace and hopelessly dull, but a good little fellow for all that—and besottedly in love with Maisie. He simply couldn't have afforded to send her to the hills. So I asked her to stay with me."

stay with me."
"How decent of you!" exclaimed Sadie

"How decent of you!" exclaimed Sadie impulsively.

Mrs. Hartog's glance strayed in the direction of the tennis courts. "I hope I'm not going to regret it," she said, rather dubiously.

She felt even less optimistic a few evenings later, when, at one of the dances, she observed Gayer Forrest dancing with Maisie for what she felt convinced was the seventh time in succession. Her lips closed a little more tightly as she watched Forrest and his partner glide smoothly past—Maisie, her small, eager face uptilted, while Gayer, with bent, fair head, made open and outrageous love to her with those gay, reckless blue eyes of his—eyes that feared neither man nor devil, and never bothered about the angels.

Presently Gayer drew her out on to the veranda, through which they passed into the mysterious, scented silence of the

which they passed into the mysterious, scented silence of the gardens beyond.

"Well?" he asked. "Have you made up your mind yet?"

"Made up my mind? What about?"

"About India. Don't you remember? A month or two ago you told me you weren't at all sure if you'd like it."

Maisie shook her head. "I'd been having a horrid time then. It was all strange to me, you see—the money and the servants and everything. And I'm terrified of snakes—and I found one in the bathroom one day!" She laughed. "Looking back, it seems silly and childish, of course."

"So you like India—now?"

There was a challenge in the question. With a faint accession of color she answered: "Yes, I like it now."



MAISIE FLASHED A SWIFT UPWARD GLANCE AT HIS FACE



"So do I," he responded confidently. "I really like it." She lifted a pair of big, questioning eyes. "You? But then you must always have liked it. You—you've been here years!" A touch of hitterness harshened his voice.

"Yes—years." A touch of bitterness harshened his voice.
"But I've felt infernally lonely lately—till you came."
"I should never have thought of you as a lonely person," she said. "You've so many friends."
"Friends?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Friends are a poor substitute when you've missed the one thing that really matters matters-

"Maisie !" "Maisie!"

The man's voice roughened suddenly. She looked extraordinarily pretty as she stood there in the moonlight—warm red hair and milky skin, the slenderness of her immature figure giving her a curious, fictitious grace. The slight commonness—a commonness not so much of feature

as of a shallow little mind—which characterized her face, was hardly perceptible, momentarily transmuted by the magic alchemy of moonlight.

"Maisie!" Gayer caught her hands swiftly in his—soft, dimpled, characterless small hands, with no significance other than that of essential femininity.

"Oh!" Just the sound of a half-caught breath, almost voiceless: She swayed towards him, her slight breast rising and falling in sudden tumult.

Gayer hesitated. She was very young and new to life as it is lived under the hot suns of exile, where the game of love is often played lightly enough—sometimes just because there is nothing else to do, is often played lightly enough—sometimes just because there is nothing else to do, sometimes because the loneliness of separation is almost unbearable, and nine times out of ten without much harm to anyone concerned. But Maisie had only been married a few months. Perhaps she had not yet learned the art of playing with fire without any subsequent burning of fingers. Slowly Gayer relinquished his clasp of her hands.

"I'd forgotten Derafield," he said abruptly. "Forgive me, Maisie."
"There's nothing to forgive," she replied, in her clear, composed little voice.
"I think I'd forgotten—Derafield—too."
He was conscious of a slight shock. A

He was conscious of a sagar woman twice her age couldn't have given him his cue with more complete sangiroid. The inference was obvious. Derafield The inference was obvious. Derafield might be her husband, but she was evidently not in the least in love with him. The sense of responsibility vanished with Maisie's surprisingly collected an-

"Then," he said, in a voice that held a mixture of caress and appeal—"then we are—two—lonely people."

"Yes."

Her big eyes, mistily mournful in the moonlight, gazed up at him with a child-like simplicity of response. He swept her up into his arms, crushing his lips down up into his arms, crushing his lips down on to hers in stormy kisses that filled her with a tremulous mingling of fear and ecstasy. When he released her, she stood trembling a little. This, then, was love—the kind of love she had read about but never experienced. As unlike Percy's staid, complacent love-making as fire is unlike water. With the recollection of Percy, the whole tide of the conventions in which she had been reared rushed over her.

"I think—I think we'd better go back to the ballroom," she said primly.

Forrest gave a short laugh. "Yes, I rather think we had," he agreed sardonically.

rather think we had," he agreed sardonically.

Together they turned and walked back side by side, Gayer still shaken by the storm of passion which her soft, yielding femininity had aroused in him, Maisie wondering in her indiscriminating small mind when he was going to apologize for the liberty he had taken. She was quite prepared to forgive him, with a wistful graciousness, and tell him that he "mustn't do it again." To her intense astonishment, however, the idea of offering an apology never seemed to occur to him. Instead, he overruled her halting objections and danced with her almost continuously throughout the evening—and "did it again" in the dimness of the small hours of the morning, as he helped her out of the rickshaw which had carried her home to Mrs. Hartog's bungalow.

She undressed slowly, wrapt in her thoughts. This was the India of her dreams—a kind of glorified playground, where unlimited dances and moonlight picnics were an intrinsic part of the programme, while the shackles of matrimony lay lightly on the wrists that wore them.

Some such picture of the sort of existence she would henceforth lead had formulated itself in her mind when Percy Derafield, a small cog in the Indian Civil Service, home on leave, had slipped an inexpensive engagement ring on her finger. He assured her that she would thoroughly enjoy the life ia India. "All women do," he had added. "Especially"—with an adoring glance—"the pretty ones." A year later he had sent for her to join him there, and at first she had received a rude awakening from her visions. She had discovered that there were just as many pin-pricky daily worries, though of a different kind, to contend with as

crisib Co "N a r yo pro fire tre wit ign

sig th to

op

an at all ha wa in we to ma

wa

by in do Ha

frie Fo with dra figure and tair who with fen wit to res of The not

tha at i isn' flar tha Ser cole kno the

not

of mer mis a r frie gan "Ar the

us,'
"Ar

swe notl that echo stan

Pero Thi wan

to s not

there had been in the little suburban villa at home.

It was not until Mrs. Hartog's invitation had brought her to Dhurrapore that her visions of Indian life showed any signs of materializing, and then, plunged suddenly into all the gaieties of a lively hill station, the excitement of it went to her head like wine. It had only needed Gayer Forrest's openly evinced devotion to complete matters.

Maisie lay in bed, staring into the warm darkness. She could still feel the strong clasp of Gayer's arms about her, and a queer little thrill of triumph bubbled up inside her at the reflection that it was she who had captured the allegiance of the man whom half the women in the station had fought and squabbled over at one time or another. It was rather a feather in her cap. Besides, he was genuinely in love! She had felt it in every nerve of her. If only she were not married! For the first time the idea presented itself to Maisie that she had really rather thrown herself away in marrying Percy. At the time, Maisie certainly thought she to Massie that she had really rather thrown herself away in marrying Percy. At the time, Maisie certainly thought she was doing extremely well for herself. Now she was not quite so sure. Perhaps she had been too hasty.

The days that followed slipped by in a kind of dream—a dream in which Gayer Forrest was the dominating forum. Resends

in which Gayer Forrest widominating figure. Brenda Hartog skilfully fended off criticism as long as possible, but when at last the Colonel's wife said to her, "My dear, we don't want a regimental scandal! Can't you, do anything?" she you do anything?" she proceeded to take Maisie firmly to task. The latter treated her remonstrances with an airy independence that Brenda found almost as pathetic in its youthful ignorance as it was mad-

dening.

"I don't see that my friendship with Captain Forrest has anything to do with you," asserted Maisie, drawing her slim little figure to its full height, and trains to cleak a cerand trying to cloak a cer-tain inward quaking of which she was conscious,

which she was conscious, with an assumption of offended dignity.

"It has everything to do with me. For one thing, you're my guest here, and, to a certain extent, I'm responsible for you. For another, I've got the credit of the regiment at heart. That, of course, means nothing to you."

Maisie flushed hotly. As a guest, she knew she was behaving badly. She could not defend herself from that point of view, so she took refuge in attack.

that point of view, so she took refuge in attack.

"Oh, by all means, sneer at me because my husband isn't in the Army," she flared. "I'm quite aware that we're only Civil Service."

"Oh my door." Pronde

"Oh, my dear—" Brenda colored painfully. "You know I never thought of that. I'm not a snob. But the regiment does mean— a good deal—to some of us," she went on simply. "And we don't want one of the dearest and nicest." of the dearest and nicest men in it to make a mistake."

men in it to make a mistake."

"If you call it making a mistake for him to be friendly with me—" began Maisie stormily.

"Friendly?" Mrs. Hartog interrupted her with quiet scorn. "Aren't you rather more than 'friendly? It's not playing the game for you to be philandering about with another man while your husband's away at his work down in that sweltering heat. It—it isn't decent, Maisie."

"Oh, of course, I quite understand. You'd like me to have nothing to do with Captain Forrest. You're jealous, that's 'the long and short of it! You don't suppose I can't see that, do you?"—with a nasty little laugh.

"Jealous? You little fool!" she exclaimed, unconsciously echoing Sadie Brunner's original verdict. "Can't you understand that I'm speaking for your own sake, for yours and Percy's and the regiment?"

"Oh, of course, the regiment!"

"Yes"—steadily. "We don't want a scandal in the Thirty-Third. And I don't suppose"—more kindly—"that you really want to make a hash of Percy's life."

Maisie felt a little tremor of pride—that odd, peculiarly feminine pride which delights in the consciousness of power, to sway the other sex.

"Oh!"—pettishly. "You needn't worry about me. I'm not going to let Percy down. But I don't propose, on that account, never to speak to any other man."

The older woman turned away disheartened. She had hoped

to influence the girl. She had small hope of being able to influence Gayer. She knew—which Maisie did not—all the circumstances that had combined to turn the most lovable personality in the regiment into a thwarted and embittered man, adding to his characteristic charm a quality of reck-lessness which made it doubly dangerous. The story of Gayer's love for the exquisite woman whom marriage with another man had suddenly set out of his reach, was common knowledge in the regiment. Only Maisie, being a newcomer to Dhurrapore, knew nothing about it, nor was she ever likely to be told.

It had been a grim little tragedy. Gayer had once been

likely to be told.

It had been a grim little tragedy. Gayer had once been engaged to the woman in question. Then the "other man" had come on the scene, and misunderstandings arose which culminated in a violent quarrel, and in Gayer's abruptly exchanging into another regiment, leaving the coast clear for the enemy. Later on, a man who was a friend of Gayer's and of the woman's as well, had contrived to disentangle the threads, and had rushed post-haste to explain matters to the former, and warn him that the woman he loved was on the

Brenda's heart ached whenever she thought of it. Later on Gayer had managed to transfer back into the Thirty-Third again, and she and her husband both counted him as one of their best friends. She nerved herself to approach him on the matter of his friendship with Maise Derafield. "Philandering? Is that what you call it, Mem Sahib?" he asked, when she had finished her indictment. "What else could you call it? You're not in love with her?" "It wouldn't be difficult to fall in love with her," he countered. "She's married," Brenda pointed out repressively. The quick, half-amused glance which he flung at her brought the color to her cheeks. "Oh—of course. And matrimony automatically precludes

"Oh—of course. And matrimony automatically precludes any falling in love outside the prescribed area, doesn't it?" he returned mockingly.

he returned mockingly.

"Gayer, you're outrageous!" she protested.

"She's an attractive little thing you know," he submitted tentatively.

"And unfortunately—eliminating the 'little'—so are you," acknowledged Brenda. "Gayer leave her alone. She's got a nice, well-meaning little husband stewing away down in the ability.

stewing away down in the plains. He's the very soul of convention. He'd never understand, and he'd be horribly hurt without knowing why he was being hurt. Leave her alone."

"Your word is law, Mem Sahib, you know that. I'll try, but whether I'll suctry, but whether I'll succeed or not, goodness only knows. Because—she is such an attractive little thing you know."

He smiled whimsically and went off, leaving Brenda divided in her mind betwist confidence and doubt.

He did try. He might even have succeeded if only someone had not proposed a moonlight picnic

only someone had not proposed a moonlight picnic to the Valley of the Silver Ring. The place derived its name from the fact that, owing to some curious configuration of the rocks which rimmed its lip when the moon hung at a certain angle in the sky, a complete circle of silver light was flung on to the opposite slope of the valley.

When the appointed evening came, Gayer Forrest, conscious of extreme virtue, maneeuvred mat-

rest, conscious of extreme virtue, manoeuvred matters so that he and Maisie should not ride together, but somehow, in the inevitable "sorting" process which occurs almost automatically in any gathering of men and women, this decorous arrangement speedily collapsed. Gayer found Maisie's chestnut mare abreast of his own mount, and when her saddle slipped a trifle, he had dle slipped a trifle, he had perforce to descend and tighten the girth. By the

de sipped a trine, he had perforce to descend and tighten the girth. By the time matters were adjusted, the remainder of the party were some distance ahead, and Maisie and Gayer might as well have been riding out towards the Valley of the Silver Ring alone together.

"About the circle, I mean. Is there a hole in the rocks, or what?"

"There are two rocks which curve towards each other," he explained. "And just at one particular angle the moonlight coming between, throws an almost exact circle of light on the ground. A few minutes later, when the moon has moved on a little, the circle breaks—just as though you had slipped a piece out of it."

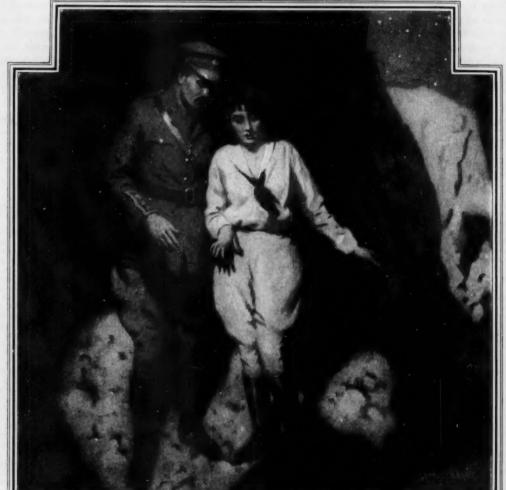
"Yes, it's just a freak of Nature. People have hung all sorts of stories on it, of course; it's become quite a legendary spot. They say that if two lovers happen to be standing on the patch of moonlight just as the circle breaks, the engagement between them will be broken off."

"Supposing they were not exactly—engaged?" suggested Maisie, gazing straight between her horse's ears.

"Oh, well, in that case, of course, it would mean a break of some kind." He laughed a little. "Probably they'd quarrel, and never get as far as an engagement."

"How horrible!" Maisie shivered. "It's rather uncanny, isn't it? I think I should be too frightened to stand in the patch of moonlight."

"You're safely married," submitted Gayer doggedly. She threw him a fleeting glance. "Percy [Turn to page 117]



WHILE THEY STOOD TOGETHER IN THE BRILLIANT MOONLIGHT THEY WERE VISIBLE TO THE OTHERS



point of marrying the "other man." Gayer got a few days' leave and he and the friend started off on a wild race against time.

against time.

But for once Gayer's luck was out, and he reached his destination just in time to see the woman he loved returning from the English church—another man's bride. He had a brief vision of gold hair glimmering palely beneath a mist of bridal veil, of a white, ice-cold face, and of blue, desperate eyes that met his own in an agony of realization. Gayer had carried that picture with him for many years now.

It was quite a commonplace little tragedy. The kind of thing which has happened hundreds of times, and will happen hundreds more—until love is clear, and strong, and true

hundreds more—until love is clear, and strong, and true enough to pierce through the first slight veil of misunder-standing before it thickens into a dense wall that may not be passed, and which love itself cannot penetrate.

hands

1926

caught wayed g and youn f love etimes to do, sepa tim

nyone maringers sp of d. abvoice.

ck. given s evi-n him. nished d ant held en we

in childpt her down ed her staid, unlike y, the

Yes, rdoniback y the ielding Maisie small quite wistful ." To ing an

back

almost again" home as the trins ny lay

over-

would when ervice, it ring oughly added ones."

sor wr be kee wh ph he

portion in lim the ride the few "ci gat

The Free Section of the Property of the Proper

roc kar gol hav

rea ma the And Pri

ting

eve hin will of Go min like

tha his alw

car it and vat

ally the any gor ser the tha dist

stra clur vid The she last dov

# THROUGH AFRICA THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY MAJOR FRANK E. VERNEY, M. C.

Would you like to go a-travelling with the Prince of Wales? Not to ordinary, hackneyed places which every globe-trotter may visit, but far beyond the outposts of tourist travel, deep down into the heart of the mysterious, dark continent of Africa? In this revelatory article by a brother army officer of the Prince, privileged to accompany H.R.H. on

in were

BEFORE H. R. H. left London to come on this Tour, he gave an audience at York House, to a distinguished South African professor.

The conversation was chiefly on the history of South Africa, and upon its present psychology, and the professor was inclined to be apologetic in his remarks on the artistic shortcomings of South Africa, and to regret that the country had not a bunch of indigenous old masters, and a few tame Shakespeares to flourish at the Prince. H. R. H. put the tin hat on this by stating with some emphasis: "That's just what appeals to me about Africa. The people I admire are those who go out into the wilderness and the remote places, and transform them into fields of corn; who make everything out of nothing."

corn; who make everything out of nothing."

"You will meet lots of them, your Highness," assured the professor, "and—"

"That's just what I want to do," said the Prince.
"They are the people I want to meet: so for goodness sake, when I get there, don't produce too many

ness sake, when I get there, don't produce too many mayors."

If the professor carried this message to the powers that be in Africa, the stipulation was not observed. The whole route seemed littered with mayors. I don't know if the word "dorp" is contained in the dictionary, but it is an African word of Dutch origin used to describe any small gathering of dwellings that the wildest stretch of veld imagination cannot call a town. These dorps are strung together, most of them by the railway, at intervals of anything from three to fifty miles, and for the greater part, consist of a shed or a signboard which is called a railway station, a store, a few houses, a few shacks—and a mayor. Sometimes of course, where the veld is more fertile, one can see farms dotted about and then the dorp will run to a church and a primitive hotel, a main street and a population of a couple of hundred. Then it has a town hall as well as a mayor. The Dutchman of the back veld may speak of his mother with indifference, and his wife with dolor, but his eye lights up with love of land when he



HE IS ALWAYS FRIGHTFULLY KEEN ABOUT EVERYTHING



THE "PRINCE" SNAPPED BY A FRIENDLY CAMERA



talks of his dorp. They are the keys to vart spaces, and they link karroo, veld and scattered populations to the railways. So, as the Prince was out to make the personal acquaintance of as many units as possible of these scattered populations, it follows that the two white Royal trains, known to H. R. H. and the inner circle of the initiated as the "Circus," steamed across karroo and veld on their great trek, stirring those spaces to their far horizons, and carrying to their inhabitants a great throb of Empire in the person of a brown faced young man in a grey tweed suit, who sat in a chair in his salon smoking a pipe and chatting like an ordinary British subaltern.

It was immensely thrilling to one who know It was immensely thrilling to one who knows the history of this part of the country and the psychology of its inhabitants to witness the unbounded enthusiasm and loyalty which the Prince aroused. There was an informality about the receptions apart from the inevitable mayoral groups in the towns which carried a conviction of sincerity. This note even got on to the public platforms. In fact at Stellenbosch University a young Dutch student made a speech of welcome which brought a real wide grin of enjoyment to the Prince's face. It was a speech after his own heart. The young Dutchman opened by stating that the Prince was a man whom the efforts of the entire

The young Dutchman opened by stating that the Prince was a man whom the efforts of the entire civilised world had been unable to spoil, and added that "most of our National heroes have spent some time of their lives in jail for political crimes, or in hospital getting over the results," and that the Prince might achieve undying celebrity in South Africa, by occupying one of them.

his recent tour, you will find yourself transported to distant lands of far away! You will hear the great war drums of welcome boom across the veld; you will almost feel that you, yourself, are for the moment the bonny Prince, seeing things through his amazed eyes and hearing the plaudits of the gathered millions through his grateful ears.



P. W. absolutely roared with laughter at this, and remarked afterwards, "A jail is about the only thing I haven't tried."

This is the kind of speech P. W. likes. Not only for its refreshing originality, but because it gets down under the self-consciousness of the average formal address and makes a show human. His own official speeches have to be more or less formal, and carefully edited, by virtue of his position as official spokesman for the Crown and the Empire. Consequently he is always delighted to see a little originality displayed in the speeches of those who are under no such obligation to speak according to sealed pattern. However, since there are more ways of killing a dog than hanging him, the Prince evolved on this tour, a method of speeding up formal speech making, by handing over the typescript of his official speech for publication, and extemporising a few words on his own. I'll never forget the face of the first mayor to whom he applied this procedure. The Prince was due to stop at this particular town for half an hour, and the jolly old mayor occupied twenty minutes of this in delivering his oration of welcome. When he had finished, the Prince rose, said a few words of simple thanks, and then, with a disarming smile, handed his roll of typescript to the mayor, with the cheery suggestion that it might be read afterwards, at leisure, when the mayor had more time at his disThe crowd absolutely howled with delight, and the himself suddenly became a human being.

posal. The crowd absolutely howled with delight, and the mayor himself suddenly became a human being.

You can imagine the frantic joy of the onlookers as they saw the Prince coolly but politely dig out, for a word or a handshake some whiskered old farmer, or humble citizen, who had been craning his neck painfully behind favored backs in an effort to get a glimpse of the Prince.

P. W. takes a very prefunctory interest in the shop wing

P. W. takes a very perfunctory interest in the shop window dressings of an assembly, but he has a marvellous eye for the back shelves. It takes all sorts to make a community, and P. W. likes to meet the "all sorts." And what's more,



TRIBESMEN BROUGHT STRANGE GIFTS TO THEIR PRINCE

he takes jolly good care that he does, for he knows that the "all sorts" want to meet him.

I have been asked frequently during this tour whereon he sometimes delivers a dozen speeches in a day, if the Prince writes them himself. The answer is in the negative. It would be a physical impossibility for any one man to do so and to keep it up. Each speech is special to the community to which it is addressed, is highly informed and carefully phrased. But though he does not write his speeches himself, he personally edits and corrects most of them, and alters





ABOVE—HE REPRESENTS THE GLORY OF A GREAT EMPIRE.

LEFT-P. W. ATTEMPTS ONE OF THE NATIVE INSTRUMENTS.

RIGHT-THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK WITH P. W.

5000

them where he thinks fit. Thus they become distinctly his own.

Judging by the number of intelligent and more or less important South Africans who strove to obtain accommodation on the Royal train, and the jealousy which was aroused in official and parliamentary circles by the allotment of the limited room that was available, one would imagine that the Prince's Tour was universally regarded as a super joy ride. The chief stimulant in this competition was of course the honor of travelling with the Prince, but I imagine that few of the various "big-wigs" who were tacked on to the "circus" from time to time in an "Attendance" capacity, gathered any unusual excitement out of the train part of the program.

gathered any unusual excitement out of the train part of the program.

Mind you, these dorp shows were not by any means dull. They were simply bursting with vitality and enthusiasm. From farm, ranch, mine, settlement store and kraal, English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Kaffir, Bantu, had come across veld and karroo, on foot, and horseback, by ox wagon, mule cart, and motor, to participate in the event of a lifetime. Imagine the two great white trains steaming across the rock strewn spaces of the karroo on a blue and gold morning with us all

gold morning with us all having breakfast and reading newspapers or mail that was put on at the last station we passed. And you can think of the Prince in his salon chatting cheerfully and inconsequentially to whoever is breakfasting with
him. More probably he
will be discussing details
of the day's work with
Godfrey Thomas or Admiral Halsey, and very
likely "vetting" a speech
that lies at the side of
his plate. Breakfast is
always a very casual Prince in his salon chathis plate. Breakfast is always a very casual meal, as it is with the average commoner, who has to get to his office early. If the Prince takes it in the dining salon, and not in his own private compartment, it is absolutely informal and no one shares it but members of his own personal Staff.

The pilot train is usu-

mal cial re-cial nse-nal-ider

oat-ling this

ing, ech on

yor was

s of he

the

dis the

hey r a zen,

vineye ity, orc,

> The pilot train is usu-ally ten minutes ahead of the Prince's train and if any of its occupants have gone forward to the ob-servation car, they are the first to observe signs that these great brown distances have their hudistances have their human inhabitants. A straggling farm, in a clump of trees may provide the first indication. Then a scattered herd of sheep or cattle. And at last a station.
>
> The pilot train slows down, and in due course slides to a halt in a min-

> slides to a halt in a min-iature forest of waving flags and floral decora-tions alongside the plat-

form. Usually the arrival of this train is greeted with a storm form. Usually the arrival of this train is greeted with a storm of wild cheering, due partly to the assumption that it contains the Prince, and partly to reflected glory. Immediately it disgorges its freight of newspaper men, photographers, cinematographers, officials, messengers, and—if the dorp is a town and there are distant functions to attend—the six Royal cars and their chauffeurs are unloaded. Upon the reserved spaces of the platform are grouped the local authorities. Natives of all sorts and sizes hang over the fenced approaches, some wearing skin loin cloths, others ancient khaki greatcoats; and every other type of garment. There is no shouting—vet. The preliminary cheers have died away into

proaches, some wearing skin loin cloths, others ancient khaki greatcoats; and every other type of garment. There is no shouting—yet. The preliminary cheers have died away into the sunlit distances of the surrounding veld, and the station throbs with a low note of silent expectancy.

Presently from around a rocky bend, or in the unimpeded distance, appears the second white train, gleaming with a kind of conscious pride. The groups on the platform pull themselves fogether, tightening their belts; the crowds sigh; the "press" and the cameramen fidget into position. Slowly but magnificently, the Prince's train slides into the station,

and every living thing seems to hold its breath. A couple of equerries descend from a middle coach. The mayor and his supporters step forward. The commander of the Guard of Honour jerks himself and his men to attention, moving only his eyes in the direction of the small group standing on the platform outside the emblazoned salon. In a minute or two, out of the same white coach steps another figure in a lounge suit: slight, informal, calm and grave in expression. If the waiting crowds can see him, a terrific crash of deep-throated cheering reverberates—and eddies around the station. If not,



there is just a low murmur of sound along the platform as the Prince is recognised, and steps up to the mayor. A few words and handshakes with the various dignitaries and a forward stride in the direction of the Guard of Honour.

Its commander raps out an order. If there is a band it plays "God Save the King," during which the Prince removes his hat. H. R. H. then rapidly inspects the Guard, and afterwards moves to the station exit, followed by his Staff and the local luminaries. Then the crowd lets loose its long bottled enthusiasm, and the cheers echo to the surrounding hills. After which there is the usual business of a formal reception on a dais outside the station, or in a crowded square, followed by inspections of ex-service men, Scouts, Guides, oldest inhabitants, and anything else the town may have to exhibit. Always, there are the school children, and invariably they sing in their shrill childish voices, "God Bless the Prince of Wales." And sometimes they refuse to stop singing it when its normal end is reached. Their excitement at seeing their Prince in the flesh is always too marvellous for words. Incidentally P. W. adores kids, so they get a lot of attention from him.

At one dorp we struck, the chief item of local interest was an old Dutch farmer, who had been

terest was an old Dutch farmer, who had been there since the year one, and looked as though he had never had a bath in that period. He told the Prince that he had thirteen children. The Prince smiled gaily, and to the infinite delight of his audience, said: "Thirteen! That's supposed to be a very unlucky num-ber. You'd better do something about this be-

Usually, before a show is quite over, the whole outfit of the pilot train is back on board. And by the time the Prince and his staff return on locally but easy the rilet train. has staff return on locally lent cars, the pilot train has moved on to obtain its ten minutes' lead. The Prince is usually the last to climb onto his train, and invariably he stands in full view on the plat-form at the end of his coach waving acknowl-

edgement of the parting cheers. And so on to the next place.

When the last halt of the day is at a place which is large enough to possess accommodation for dancing, or where the for dancing, or where the inhabitants can manage to improvise a floor, there is always a dance arranged in the hope that the Prince will attend. And he invariably does. What is more, however primitive the conditions, and however humble the assembly, he always enters into its spirit with as much enjoyment as [Turn to page 118]



Wherever The Train Stopped Motley Crowds Gathered To Greet Him.—Painted By George Giguere



# A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY

BY ETHEL M. DELL

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES REX," 'LAMP IN THE DESERT" etc.

> ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



To the Rev. Bill Quentin, vicar of Rickaby, the arrival there of the beautiful and mysterious Mrs. Rivers and her invalid son Gaspard was a momentous adventure. About Eve Rivers hung a veil of mystery. Who was she? What was the cerie fear which made Gaspard a shuddering coward? Made him cry out, as Bill heard him cry once—that he was "baunted"? More than he had ever wanted anything in life before, Bill Quentin wanted to help this woman whom he loved, and the boy who needed him so sorely. His cup of happiness was full when Eve promised to marry him. Then, through the sneering lips of General Farjeon and his nephew Stafford comes the disclosure that Eve Rivers is none other than the notorious Madame Verlaine, who killed her husband and was acquitted of murder only for lack of an eye-witness.

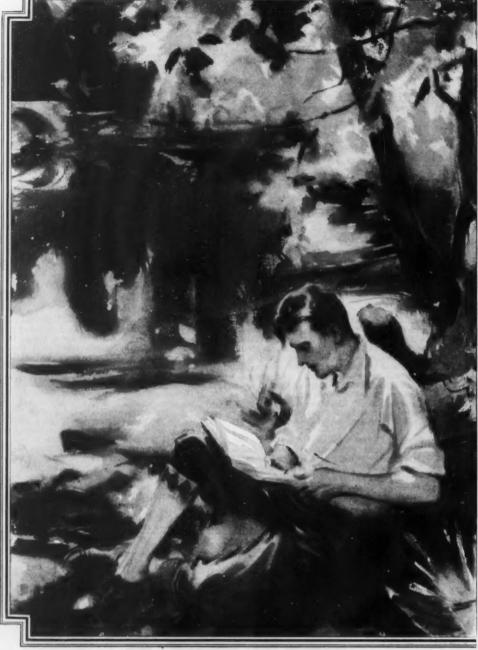
To Bill the shock of revelation was complete. To see her there—that goddess-woman—arraigned before him, branded as a murderess! Yvonne Verlaine, the English woman who had murdered her French husband out in the African desert nearly five years before—the woman they had failed to convict for lack of evidence, according to some; because of her amazing personal charm, according to those who had seen her! This was the woman he had held in his arms, who had wept upon his breast—the woman he had worshipped with a devotion surpassing in its intensity even his religion. And now, out of her own mouth, he heard her condemnation.

his religion. And now, out of her own mouth, he heard her condemnation.

Yet even then—even as she uttered that amazing admission—there was about her a majesty which there was no gainsaying. Only her deathly pallor spoke of the anguish of her soul. Calmly, almost disdainfully, she answered the General's challenge with that single unflinching sentence. And then, having spoken, very quietly she turned. No one spoke. The children had trooped away. Only the elders remained, and they stood back for her in silence, with bent heads, mutely avoiding her. All save one—the humblest and least important of them all—Ellen Barnet, who moved with her, walked beside her, and left the garden in her company. Bill found himself left with General Farjeon and Stafford. And in that moment one of the fiercest temptations he had

And in that moment one of the fiercest temptations he had ever known came upon Bill, a wild desire for vengeance upon the man who had thus ruthlessly desertated the inner sanctuary of his life. He had a murderous longing to seize the old man and choke the evil laughter out of him once and for all.

He fought the impulse with clenched hands, but he was sweating and trembling from head to foot ere he mastered it. The General watched him slyly. "Afraid we rather inter-



🍓 "When All This Agony Is Over, In Some Secluded Garden Over The Sea Gaspard

rupted your little party, Bill? But I was sure you would be pleased to see your friend and ally Stafford again. He and Molly are staying with me, by the way. Perhaps you might care to come back with us to dine."

Bill's forehead was wet, his face ashen, but he had himself under control as he made reply: "I can't come to-night." "Something better to do?" suggested the General dryly. Bill held himself very straight. His eyes were perfectly steady and inscrutable. "Yes sir," he said, with absolute simplicity. "I am going to church."

He turned away with the words as though in answer to a summons.

him for so long. There must be absolute frankness between them now. He was determined on that.

He turned in at the gate, reached the silent fir-trees, and there something checked him. As once before, but more strongly, there came upon him the sensation of being watched. He crossed the drive in the starlight and reached the house.

The door had not been locked for the night. He opened it and entered.

The door had not been locked for the night. He opened it and entered.

The drawing-room door was shut, and he did not turn towards it. He was sure she was not there.

"I will go up to Gaspard," he said, and resolutely began to mount the stairs.

Outside Gaspard's door he paused to listen. If the boy were asleep, he must not wake him. Yet he must find someone. He heard no sound, and very cautiously turned the handle. The door was locked.

Something like desperation entered into Bill. Suddenly he was afraid. He knocked with decision.

"Gaspard!" he said. "Gaspard! Are you awake?"

There was no reply. He waited a second or two. Then again, "Gaspard! Let me in! It's Bill."

There came a movement inside the room—a jerky, uncertain movement. Then the key turned in the lock; the door opened. Gaspard met him on the threshold.

"So you've come!" he said. "You got my message?"

"What message?" said Bill.

"I sent Benedict hours ago." Gaspard spoke with a nervous force that betrayed a tension that was near the breaking-point. "I've been waiting for you—willing you to come. Did you—did you meet anyone in the beech avenue as you came along?"

McCA

"No Ga in G hims fess. Bi wish

talk and I sh said

char Whe beca one "] avoi tere B

was

1926



WILL GROW STRONG AND WELL AGAIN. AND I, LOVING HIM, WILL NOT BE TOO UNHAPPY" # #

"No one," said Bill. He saw that the boy was distraught. Gaspard drew a hard breath. "That's because you believe in God. Devils can't get near you. Oh, Bill!" He stopped himself with a jerk. "I want to talk to you—to—to—to confess. Do you remember you said you could hear confessions?" Bill looked at him with intentness. "I can, certainly, if you wish it," he said. "But—boy, what's the matter? Can't you talk to me as a friend?"

"No!" Gaspard said. "No! I want to confess my sins to you as a priest, so that you can tell the God you believe in, and ask Him to—give me absolution. When I've done that, I shall be able to die."

"Or live and make good," said Bill. "There's more to be said for that, to my way of thinking. But look here, old chap, before you begin, tell me what has happened here! Where is your mother?"

"Gone," said Gaspard.

"Gone! So soon? Where to?"

Gaspard made a hopeless gesture. "She has gone to France because there is n, place left for her here now that everyone knows."

"And are you going to her?" said Bill.
"Perhas. I don't know. Perhaps not." Gaspard's eyes

en

"And are you going to her?" said Bill.
"Perhaps. I don't know. Perhaps not." Gaspard's eyes avoided his. He spoke almost as if the subject held no interest for him.

Bill did not press the point. It was evident that Gaspard was obsessed with one idea only at that moment. He watched him relock the door, and noted that the windows were closed and curtained.

Gaspard came back to him. "I'm going to kneel down," he said, "but it's no good asking me to pray with you be-

cause I can't. Will you hold my hands, and don't let go-

cause I can't. Will you hold my hands, and don't let go—don't let go—whatever happens!"

Bill complied in silence. There was something in this that he could not fathom. Yet, as Gaspard knelt before him and he grasped the nervous hands in his, a feeling of relief came over him. He realized that the lifting of another's burden was going to help him with his own.

Gaspard began to speak. "I confess to Almighty God," he said, and paused. "You must stop me if I do it wrong, Bill. It's got to be just right."

"Go on!" Bill said gently, "That's perfectly right."

Gaspard's hands were clinging to his with a desperation that reminded him of that day when he had saved him at the bathing-pool. He could feel him shuddering as he knelt.

"I confess to Almighty God," Gaspard said again, "that I am guilty of the sin of murder, and I am haunted to this day by the spirit of the man I killed."

"Whom did you kill?" said Bill.

He looked down upon the boy's bent head with a great pity in his eyes. His voice held no horror. It was only gravely kind.

Some seconds passed before Gaspard answered. He seemed to be making vain efforts to speak.

some seconds passed before Gaspard answered. He seemed

some seconds passed before dispared answered. He seemed to be making vain efforts to speak.

At last, "Bill!" he gasped out. "Bill! I can't say it. It's too awful to put into words."

Something touched Bill. He felt as if a blinding light had suddenly flashed into his soul.

"My God!" he said under his breath. And to Gaspard: "Don't be afraid! There is nothing too awful for the mercy of God to pardon. You have repeated?"

of God to pardon. You have repented?"
"Yes—yes! And I have been punished. Oh, Bill, I have



Is any price too great to pay for love?

Such is the challenge which the most popular of England's present day story tellers presents in this-the latest and finest novel to come from the pen of Ethel Dell-the writer who has never scored a failure.



been punished!" It was like the piteous crying out of a hurt child. Gaspard began to sob—great, tearing sobs that seemed to rend his very being.

Bill bent down over him, strongly gripping the convulsed hands that clung to him. "Gaspard, get it over, lad! Get it over!" he urged gently. "I think I know what you are trying to tell me. It was your father."

"My father—yes! And—she—bore the blame. She said. it was her doing. Bill, it wasn't! It was mine—it was mine!" Suddenly the black head lifted. Gaspard's eyes, wide and tortured, looked up to his. "I killed him—I killed him!" he said. "It's four years ago now—out in the desert—in Egypt. He was a bad man—a terrible man—the worst sort of tyrant. He treated her cruelly. And I was terrified at him. He hated me, and though he loved her at times, he was horribly jealous of every man she spoke to. He was an absinthe-drinker, and he had fits of bad temper when he used to threaten all sorts of awful things. Sometimes he ill-treated me. He was jealous of her love for me too, madly jealous. I don't know why she stayed with him. I supposes she loved him once. I never did. I couldn't. One day he struck her, and then—I suppose I went mad too, for I worshipped her. I planned to take his life. And that night, when he went to his tent, I went after him, and I stabbed him—I stabbed him with an Arab knife belonging to one of the servants." Again a dreadful shuddering shook Gaspard. He looked as if he would faint.

But, "Go on!" Bill said, firmly holding him. "Go on! I am listening."

He forced himself to continue: "She was in the inner tent and rushed in just as he wrenched the knife from me. She

But, "Go on!" Bill said, firmly holding him. "Go on! I am listening."

He forced himself to continue: "She was in the inner tent and rushed in just as he wrenched the knife from me. She came between us, closed with him, fought with him, to keep him from me. He would have killed me if he could, though he was wounded mortally. His blood was everywhere—everywhere—on me—on her—on everything." Gaspard's voice became a choking whisper; he spoke in jerks. "I didn't see the end. I went blind and fell. I suppose I fainted. Afterwards, I knew Benedict carried me away. I was ill for a long time. I don't know how long. They brought me back to Cairo and nursed me. And then—it was weeks after—she told me one night—when I had had a horrible night—mare—that it was she, not I, who had killed him in the struggle. She said that it had been put down to treachery among the Arabs—that if I kept silence there was nothing to fear. But afterwards, when we got back to France, she was accused of it. There was no evidence—only Benedict—and he held his tongue. So we escaped. But it was nine. I have always known it, but they wouldn't let me say." He sank

downwards at Bill's feet as though the last of his strength

bad gone from him.

Bill stooped and lifted him. "Thank God, you have told me!" he said. "Now lie down and let me see what I can

me!" he said. "Now lie down and let me see what I can do for you."

Feebly, Gaspard resisted him. "No—no! Let me stay where I am, till you have given me absolution! I must have absolution, Bill. I must! I must! Haven't I suffered enough? Can't you give it to me?"

"I can help you to get it," Bill said gently. "But I'm going to get you on to the couch first.

You're worn out, and that isn't going to help anyone."

Gaspard offered no further

Gaspard offered no further remonstrance. He was indeed utterly worn out, and he sank down upon the cushions, al-most fainting. Bill began to look round

the room for some restorative. He found a mixture in a glass on the table and brought it

What is this stuff, Gas-

pard?"
Gaspard lifted his heavy eyes. "That is what I am going to take—when you have given me absolution."
"What is it?" Bill insisted. Gaspard hesitated.
"What is it?" Bill said again, and suddenly bent and grasped his shoulder. "Tell me the truth! Is it that sleeping stuff?"

"Yes," Gaspard said:
"An overdose?" Bill ques-

tioned.

Again the boy hesitated.

Bill turned without another word to the nearest window.

Gaspard raised himself on the couch. "Oh, don't—don't! Can't you see it's the only way out? Bill, I didn't mean you to know. Why do you always wrench everything out of me? If—if you hadn't come when you did, I should have taken it by now. I couldn't have waited much longer." longer.

bill's hand was already on the curtain. It was a heavy one; he pulled it back with a clatter of the rings and found the window fastening.

Again Gaspard cried out to him, incoherently, desperately; but Bill paid no heed. He opened the window wide to the summer night and emp-tied the glass on the flower

beds below.

As he did so, something caught his attention on the dim stretch of grass beyond the drive. A bent figure—whether of a man or a woman he could not see—moved sihe could not see-moved, silent as a shadow, across the space.

In the same moment there came a click behind him, and the lamp was extinguished. At the lamp was extinguished. At once he saw clearly. The figure was cloaked and foreign-looking, but it was not the figure of Benedict. Swiftly it passed—a shadow a mong shadows—and was gone.

He turned back into the

"What have you seen?" whispered Gaspard's voice through the darkness. Bill relighted the lamp.

"What have you seen!" whispered Gaspard's voice through the darkness. Bill relighted the lamp.

The light shone directly upon the boy's wan features. The old shrinking, haunted look was in his eyes.

"You have seen him!" he said.

"I want a dose of brandy for you," Bill said practically. "Where shall I find it?"

Gaspard dropped back on his pillows. He looked deathly. "It doesn't matter, does it? It's in that corner cupboard."

Bill searched and found it. He brought it to Gaspard. "Now, old chap, drink this and lie quiet for a bit. And you needn't be afraid of any bogies. I'll look after you." His tone was quietly confident. Gaspard drank and looked at him with wonder. "You're not afraid?" he questioned. "No," Bill said.

"But you saw him?"

"I saw someone," Bill admitted.

"I know." Gaspard laid an emaciated hand on his knee.
"A man in a cloak—moving, not walking—like a shadow. He is always like that. I have seen him over and over again. Once I saw his face. There is a red scar across it. Bill, that—that is—the man I killed!"

"I wonder," Bill said.
"What do you mean?" Gaspard's wild eyes sought his.
"Itst that" Bill said.

"What do you mean?" Gaspard's wild eyes sought his.
"Just that," Bill said. "Are you feeling better now?"

"Yes. I am better. Bill—aren't you going to—give me absolution?" Gaspard said.

absolution?" Gaspard said.
"So that you may commit a 'deeper sin?" said Bill.
"No—no! Not for that! Bill, I don't want to die. I'm horribly afraid of death. But I can't go on letting my mother suffer for me. And nothing will stop her while I live. Bill, don't you understand? There's no other way out that I can see."

Again it seemed to Bill as though a child were crying out to him in the night. He sat silent for a space, then at last

said after a few moments of reverent silence.

"You have never ceased to believe in Him," Bill answered very steadily. "We may deny Him, resist Him, do our utmost to get away from Him, but—He holds us in the hollow of His Hand all the time and He will never let us go."

He got up from his knees and sat down again. "Now you are going to sleep," he said.

"You're not going?" Gaspard said uneasily.

"Of course not," Bill answered reassuringly.

Gaspard turned on to his side with a sigh. "You are the best fellow I have ever known," he said. "Yes, I believe I can sleep. You have made me feel—safe. I don't know why."

"I can tell you that," Bill

"I can tell you that," Bill said quietly. "It is the Peace of God."

of God."
Somewhere in the house a deep-toned clock struck the hour of midnight. Bill began to feel that the room was close, oppressively so, and an urgent desire to breathe the night air descended upon him.

night air descended upon him.
Gaspard was sleeping profoundly. His breathing was scarcely audible. Very slowly, with infinite caution, Bill got to his feet.

As he did so, he heard a sound in the stillness. Someone was moving in the passage outside. A grapping has

sage outside. A groping hand

sage outside. A groping hand felt the door. Silent and motionless, Bill heard the handle of the door softly turned, felt rather than heard the strain of an at-tempt to open it, and listened for a departing footsten.

for a departing footstep.

But none came. The stillness fell once more like a curtain. For many seconds he stood listening. Then he stood listening. Then he crossed the room and softly unlocked the door.

Utter darkness met him on the threshold—darkness and

the threshold—darkness and silence. There was a table at the head of the stairs with a mirror hanging on the wall behind it. He went to this and set the lamp upon it.

and set the lamp upon it.

He stooped to turn the flame higher, and as he did so, he caught sight in the glass behind it of something that moved—a shadow on the stairs, no more—the shadow of a cloaked figure—bent, moving swiftly. He turned in a flash. It was gone.

For perhaps the first time in his life, he knew the nausea of intense fear. The darkness, the silence, were as cold chains

the silence, were as cold chains suddenly clamped upon him. Then, with a tremendous effort of the will, he fought free. He picked up the lamp and went down the stairs. The front down was even and a front door was open, and a breeze had arisen. The lamp flared and went out. He stood

in total darkness in the hall.

He began to grope his way to the table with the intention of re-lighting the lamp, but ere he reached it he heard a sound close to him. Something hyphyd pack him benefit thing brushed past him, barely touching him, but sending a thrill of repugnance through

him. Instinct guided him towards the open door.

Then the night air blew in upon him, and he saw the dim starlight once again. He reached the porch, and suddenly stopped short.

A bent, cloaked figure was standing there. A husky voice accosted him:

"Pardon, monsieur! Are you looking for someone?"

He could not find words to answer, so astonished was he.

He stood mute and rigid. Was it actual fact or was he dreaming?

dreaming?

"Is it perhaps Madame Verlaine that you seek?" pursued the soft voice. It was hardly more than a whisper, like the hiss of a snake. "You will not find her here. She is gone and you will never see her again."

Something impelled Bill to speak, though his tongue and throat felt oddly powerless. "Who are you?" he asked.

"Ah! Who am I?" The sibilant voice had a gloating, exultant sound. "I am Yvonne Verlaine's husband, monsieur—the man they killed. That is impossible, you say? He is dead? Ah, but the dead return sometimes—to haunt the living. I have returned from my grave in the desert. They did not bury me deep enough. The shifting sands could not hold me. So I arose and returned, to execute justice on my murderers."

"Am I mad?" cried Bill. "Am I dreaming?"
The shadowy figure answered him. "Yes, [Turn to page 88]

A DARK, CLOAKED FIGURE THAT MENACED HIM ON THE TERRACE STEPS. A HAND, GLIMMERING PALELY IN THE MOONLIGHT THAT STRETCHED CLAWLIKE TOWARD BILL'S THROAT. WAS IT GHOST OR MAN?



very quietly he moved, and, still holding Gaspard's hand,

knelt down by his side.

He prayed with absolute simplicity for Gaspard—for help, He prayed with absolute simplicity for Gaspard—for help, for guidance, for forgiveness, speaking not as one who feared to speak, or to whom prayer was a mere stereotyped repetition of phrases, but with the confidence of a man approaching a beloved Master with the certainty of being heard. For his own bitter need that day he had found no words, but for Gaspard he prayed with an earnestness that knew no barriers. His own anguish was past, and now he braced himself to lift the burden of another.

And Gaspard listened, at first in despair, then with a growing wonder, and at last with dawning, half-incredulous rev-

ing wonder, and at last with dawning, half-incredulous reverence, born of the utter sincerity of the man beside him. "Can you say the Lord's Prayer with me?" Bill asked him at the end of a quiet pause. "Don't, if you feel you can't!"

He began it himself—that greatest of all prayers—and in a second or two Gaspard, whispering, repeated the words with him. with him.

Then steadily, very solemnly, Bill pronounced the Absolution.
"I could almost believe in Him with you here," Gaspard

# Every housewife should know these two vegetable soups! Read how they differ





# Both soups contain vegetables and rich beef broth—one also contains hearty pieces of beef

Substantial vegetable soups! How often the housewife relies on them in planning the daily meals! They are so splendidly nourishing and so delicious!

Do you realize how simple and easy it is to have an attractive variety in these soups?

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is, of course, the most popular hearty soup in the world. It is the tempting blend of no less than thirty-two different ingredients.

Fifteen choice vegetables. Invigorating beef broth. Strengthening cereals. Savory herbs and appetizing seasoning. Campbell's Vegetable-Beef, as its name shows, is also generously supplied with vegetables. It contains besides, those satisfying pieces of beef which many people find so welcome in a vegetable soup.

Tomatoes. Diced carrots and white potatoes. Little peas. Blanched pearl barley. Puree of vegetables. Beef broth. All are in Campbell's Vegetable-Beef.

Both the Vegetable Soup and the Vegetable-Beef taste best when the water is added <u>cold</u>, the soup brought to a boil, allowed to simmer and then served <u>hot</u>.

12 cents a can



wered

1926

re the

Peace ak the began was nd an

was
nd an
e the
him.
prog was
lowly,
lll got
ard a
Some-

hand, Bill door than atstened b. stilla cur-ds he he softly

m on and ble at wall this it. a the e did the ething

time ausea kness, thains him. is efought lamp. The and a lamp

lamp stood hall. way ntenlamp, heard omearely ing a rough

voice woice is he.

rsued
e the
gone
e and
ed.
c, exeur
He is
the
They

n my



BRONSON ALCOTT'S TRAVELLING HAT AND BAGS USED BY HIM ON MANY OF HIS LECTURE TOURS

Would you like to be friends with the most famous American family? Everyone all over the world, who has read the story of the Little Women, has followed with rapturous heart the fortunes of the four Alcott sisters Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy-, has walked with them under Concord's arching elms to take Sunday dinner with Mr. Emerson, and has joined with them in spirit in the gay, impromptu private theatricals which proved to be the starting point for Louisa Alcott's meteoric literary career. \* But what were the Alcotts really like outside the pages of Louisa Alcott's books? Everyone wants to know that, and this is told here and now for the first time, in this biographytaken from the heretofore unpublished diary of their illustrious father, Bronson Alcott, one of the greatest but least known of America's geniuses.





FROM THIS CHARMING ROSEBUD TEA SET BETH POURED TEA FOR HER LARGE DOLL FAMILY

## THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW # #

AUTHOR OF "THE FORBIDDEN TRAIL," "THE ENCHANTED CANYON"

Bronson Alcott to carry on his school in peace. The number of pupils increased to sixty and the children became welded to Bronson by ties of

pupils increased to sixty and the children became welded to Bronson by ties of affection and respect.

His was, after all, not a difficult philosophy for the thoughtful to grasp.

Children, Mr. Alcott said, under the common manner of education, were first taught that part of the language which related to outward objects and events: balls, tops, apples, running, slinging, etc. It is no more difficult, however, for the child to perceive and name inward objects, objects of the spirit, such as pain, pleasure, love, anger, hate. If in beginning their teaching at school, the children's attention is directed to the latter part of the language, and they are required to learn words that express, like those just given, the working of their own inner selves; they are from the very beginning led to contemplation of the spirit.

Miss Peabody and others of the many who observed the school, were much impressed by Bronson's heavy stressing of the study of words. The reading and spelling lessons were only texts for defining and illustrating the meanings of words. And during the first months of the child's education, Alcott used almost exclusively words that had to do with this inner life. Thus he began at once to build up in the child a living knowledge of that part of the language which expressed moral ideas.

For example, the word passion came up, and Bronson questioned the children

pressed moral ideas.

For example, the word passion came up, and Bronson questioned the children about its various meanings. When they defined passion as an overwhelming burst of anger, Bronson spoke of a Niagara of temper and then led the children to making word pictures of Niagara Falls. He, in his turn, used the Falls as a figure that would picture to them the terrible, relentless force of human passions. He told them, too, of the Passion on the Cross, and showed them pictures of Niagara and Calvary. The conversation between Mr. Alcott and the children on this theme Calvary. The conversation between Mr. Alcott and the children on this theme consumed nearly an hour of time, during which the children sat as if enthralled. At the end of the time, a boy of eight asked if God were passionate. Bronson asked the children what they thought was the answer to this question, and the discussion took a new direction, that of the children's own tempers and the possible attitude of God toward their individual passions.

passions.

Miss Peabody remarks, and no one in training chil has had experience in training children but will agree with her, that Alcott's suc-cess was greatly helped by the fact that



THE SOFA WHERE LAURIE PROPOSED AND "THE SAUSAGE PILLOW." BETH'S LITTLE PIANO WHICH SHE PLAYED FOR FAMILY SINGING



no subject interests the young child as much as self-analysis. To give name to the inner workings of his mind and heart interests the most volatile child. Every child is conscious of something within that thinks and feels, and as a mere subject of investigation it takes precedence of all others for holding a child's attention.

There were other tendencies of the normal child's mind that Bronson had ob-

There were other tendencies of the normal child's mind that Bronson had observed and that he used to assist him in training his pupils. A child tends always to turn from the finite to the infinite, from the result back to the First Cause. A little boy asked Miss Peabody who taught the hen to lay an egg, "Its mother," was the reply. "And who taught the hen's mother?" urged the child. "Why, that mother's mother," answered Miss Peabody. "But," insisted the little boy, "who taught the very first hen that ever was?"

Bronson arranged the four Gospels into a continuous story that illustrated the

insisted the little boy, "who taught the very first hen that ever was?"

Bronson arranged the four Gospels into a continuous story that illustrated the career of Spirit on earth. Each morning he read from this and the remarkable attention he received from the children proved, Miss Peabody wrote, that his method was "peculiarly within the reach of childhood, peculiarly congenial to its holy instincts, strong sympathies and ready imagination." After reading the Gospel, he asked the children the meaning of words and their associations with them, calling forth endless images. He asked them, too, their version of the story and their conclusions about it. There he left the subject, drawing no conclusions himself. His idea in relation to the Gospel was simply to wake in the children "the echo that will not sleep again."

It was astounding how little the children were interested in Bronson's or anybody else's opinion, once he had launched their minds into the region of ideas by the key of well understood words. There was real intellectual activity in those little minds once Bronson had shown them the way. Nor did he allow the youngsters to stop with speculation. He made each day's duties the means of illustrating each day's speculations. He required absolute quiet in the schoolroom, absolute attention. And he produced, Miss Peabody says, "intelligence, order, self-control and good-will, marvellous to see in children under twelve."

An important tool used by Bronson in maintaining discipline was the establishment of what he called the treasury of the school. He claimed that though children were apt to do wrong things, that they never defended wrong in the abstract, that the moral judgment of children was much higher than their conduct. This high moral judgment of the children, he said, formed the common conscience or [Turn to page 121]



this soap is NINE times as popular as any other

THEY HAVE BECOME A LEGEND with usthe beautiful, adored women of the South.

ob-in ays rom ittle

the

ren his

the vas

From childhood their beauty is prized, worshipped by the men of their families.

And almost the loveliest thing about a Southern beauty-the feature for which she is most celebrated—is her wonderful, camelia-clear skin.

How DO YOUNG SOUTHERN GIRLS of today keep that smooth, perfect skin of theirs? What soap do they find, pure enough and fine enough, to trust their complexion to?

A personal investigation among the society girls of the South brings out the fact that an overwhelming majority of them are using Woodbury's Facial Soap for their skin.

Among the debutantes of six representative Southern cities - New Orleans,

Savannah, Birmingham, Nashville, Richmond, and Atlanta-

NOW:-The new large-size trial set. Your Woodbury treatment for 10 days · ·

Woodbury's is nine times as popular as any other toilet soap.

Its mildness-its purity-and its wonderful effect in keeping the skin free from all blemishes and defects-these are the reasons, given by the debutantes, for preferring Woodbury's to any other soap.

Why Woodbury's is perfect for the skin

A skin specialist worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for absolutely pure ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap. In merely handling a cake of Woodbury's one notices this extreme fineness.

Every Woodbury user recognizes something individual and unique in the feeling of Woodbury's on her skin: mild, soothing, and yet tonic and gently stimulating. The most tender skin is benefited by the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Around each cake of Woodbury's Facial . Soap is wrapped a booklet containing special cleansing treatments for overcoming common skin defects, such as blackheads, blemishes,

excessive oiliness, etc. A 25c care lasts a month or six weeks.

Within a week or ten days after beginning to use Woodbury's you will see an improvement in your complexion. Get your Woodbury's today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

> Is the clearness of your skin marred by blem-ishes—blackheads—excessive oiliness—or any other skin defect? In the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," "ich is wrapped around every cake of Woodbiry. Facial Soap, you will find special treatments for overcoming these common skin troubles, and keeping your skin smooth

THE ANDREW JERGENS Co., 1502 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
For the enclosed 10c please send me
The new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold
Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the treatment booklet.
In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1502 Sherbrooke St., Per

Copyright, 1926, he The Andrew Jergens Co.

# Bargains in Health



Get Your Share

Dame Nature stands ready and willing to offer you her health bargains—hargains which will add joy and happiness to your life, Do not miss them.

largely muscle. If, through lack of exer-

cise, you grow flabby and lose muscular

tone, your blood-stream will flow more

slowly and your body, in consequence,

will be poorly nourished. If the dia-

phragm, which is a muscle, is not exer-

cised the lungs can do only a part of their

work and the sluggish abdominal organs

will lack the stimulating massage which

a hard-working diaphragm gives.

For instance, Nature says, "Give me 15 minutes a day and I will give you brighter eyes and a clearer skin.—Not enough?—Very well, add a body equipped with stronger and more elastic muscles that help to give a graceful, erect carriage. Still not enough? All right, here are more—Your quarter-of-an-hour will buy better health. It will give you stronger heart and lungs, purer blood and better circulation. It will purchase better digestion, a more active liver and kidneys.—Not satisfied yet? You want more than better looks and better health for 15 minutes a day? Here it is, Take a longer and more successful life!"

That is Nature's great bargain—offered in return for only 15 minutes a day used in simple, enjoyable exercise. Add plenty of walks in the open and win huge dividends in health and happiness.

Nature is an honest bargainer. Give her but to minutes a day and she will give you an equivalent amount of benefits. Give only five minutes—she will play fair and give some of her bounty—enough to make you want more.

Why exercise? What is the truth about it? School physiologies tell us to exercise. Magazines and newspaper articles admonish us to hop briskly out of bed and go through a number of setting up exercises. Phonograph records have been made luring us to a "daily dozen" with music. And now the radio tells us what to do and how to do it.

Exercise is necessary—not merely to give you better looks and a better posture, but also to make your internal organs better able to do their work. Your heart is a muscle. The walls of your blood vessels, stomach and intestines are

Dame Nature has spread her bargain counter for you—unless you happen to be one of the few unfortunates for whom exercise might prove harmful. If your doctor says that you are able to exercise, are you rich enough in good looks and health to refuse the greatest bargain in the world?

The death rate from certain organic diseases is increasing. One definite cause is lack of regular exercise.

To help you plan the kind of exercises you need, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send you an Exercise Chart.

Thousands of letters have come to us from men and women who say "My doctor advised your exercises for my circulation"; "The exercises radiate health and energy"; "Thave lost 25 pounds"; "Have gained 8 pounds and chest expansion has increased 3½ inches"; "Never felt better".

With the Exercise Chart will also be sent a booklet, "Common Sense in Exercise". Ask for them. They will be sent with our compliments.

HALEY FISKE

Published by

### METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



To give a real French touch to your tarts, make the pastries small and dainty

# FRENCH FILLINGS for AMERICAN PIES

BY DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER

A TOWN

THE American housewife makes the best pie in the world. Those of us who visit Paris and the rest of Europe modestly agree

Europe modestly agree that America is the one nation which can make real apple pie.

apple pie.

Because we are such good pie-makers, we should widen our conception of the pie to include the multitude of frivolous fantasies in pastry created by our French brothers—not sisters, because the French housewife seldom works with pie-crust. She leaves that to the trained pâtissier, who thinks of pie not as a heavy dessert but as a dainty bit for afternoon tea, or 20 give the finishing touch to a meal at which our "piece of pie" would be an impossibility.

which our "piece of pie" would be an impossibility.

What is the pâtissier's secret? It lies not so much in the pastry, which, although rich and light, is no better than that baked in many of our home kitchens, but in the fillings he uses. Usually the pâtissier makes individual tarts though there are larger open pies to be carried home for the family. Although he makes some of his pastries with puff-paste, you can use your own plain pie-crust and add the French touch in the filling.

If you would give a real French touch,

If you would give a real French touch, make your pastries small. If you do not have tiny pie- or tart-pans, the crust may be baked on inverted muffin cups. Do not let it brown because it is to be re-baked with its filling. Pastry covers for tarts are neither needed nor desired. They hide the colorful fruit, which is far prettier, and a double crust is more dangerously fattening.

The fruit tart displayed on the pastry-counters in France sparkles like freshly opened jelly. When it is cut, the juice stays in place and does not ooze out. There is a reason—the fruit is covered, not with its juice but with a thick fruit sirup or with a melted jelly. And therein lies one of the greatest differences between our open tarts and those of the French. The patissier drains his canned fruit, adds sugar to the juice and cooks it down to a thick sirup. The fruit is arranged in the pastry-shell, the sirup poured over it and the tart baked. If the fruit is very watery so that it would dilute the sirup, he may cook it in the sirup for a few minutes

cook it in the sirup for a few minutes before filling his tarts for baking. Often jelly is added to the sirup. The heat melts it but when the tart cools, after baking, there is a tempting filling of fruit surrounded by jelly. Lack of flavor in the fruit can be remedied by this addition of jelly. A pear tart alone lacks character but if the pear is covered

if the pear is covered with currant jelly, it becomes immediately popular. Canned huckleberries are improved by a rather tart grape jelly, while nothing the pastry-cook makes is much better than the little tart which holds just half an apricot, covered with its glaze of apple jelly, and concentrated sirup from the fruit juices.

we have found orange marmalade added to a pineapple tart, and we have discovered that the reason why canned cherries used in tarts always look as though they had just come from the tree is that they are covered with a red jelly. A plum jelly is often poured over seeded yellow canned plums adding color and flavor.

The bâtissier does not confine himself

The patissier does not confine himself to round tarts. Sometimes he bakes his crust in a square pan and cuts his finished "pie" into rectangular pieces. He often arranges his fruit in designs, as red and white cherries in alternating rows, or slices of peaches overlapping one another, forming a border for a center of apricots. Bits of canned pineapple are sometimes arranged as flower petals around a red cherry center, or the cherries are used in a conventional design with seeded Malaga grapes.

Cur American custard pie can scarcely be recognized in its various Parisian disguises. When the pie is taken from the oven it is spread with a thick strawberry jam or puree of cooked prunes or apricots. Then just before serving it is covered with whipped cream. We saw one truly fashionable custard tart with roasted nuts mixed with the filling, and candied violets sprinkled over its whipped cream cover! A caramel custard pie, with a fluffy meringue, was sprinkled with shredded almonds, which browned in the baking.

sprinkled over its whipped cream cover! A caramel custard pie, with a fluffy meringue, was sprinkled with shredded almonds, which browned in the baking.

Lemon tarts are not generally found in France. America is the nation of the lemon pie as well as the apple pie. But one shop in Paris which has an American trade, makes tiny lemon tarts with candied orange peel sprinkled over the meringue just before they are taken from the oven.

Will a cake-frosting turn a pie into a cake? Perhaps not but it adds mystery; and when we saw in a Parisian shop a

Will a cake-frosting turn a pie into a cake? Perhaps not but it adds mystery; and when we saw in a Parisian shop a small tart covered with a chocolate-fudge frosting such as might cover an American layer cake, and a roasted hazelnut perched in the center, we chose it from the entire counter of [Turn to page 30]

A Ame wear she great the might in

of pical
velo
inte

fare the road in t

# MISS ANNE MORGAN points the way to the business Women of America

"AMONG the many women who are my friends a high standard of personality always demands physical as well as moral and mental development and care. Whether their interests lie in business, professional or social activities these women desire always that their complexions should be clear and vigorous. So many achieve this end by following the Pond's Method that I should like to see the dressing-rooms of our new Club House of the American Woman's Association equipped with Pond's Two Creams."

anne levorpan

ANNE MORGAN is unique a mong the women of America. Born to unlimited wealth and unequaled rank, she has dedicated her life to

led liserigh nat im

elf his ed ten nd or

er, ets. nes great achievements for humanity. Having inherited the organizing genius of her celebrated father, she might, like him, had she been a man, have expressed it in the world of finance.

But Miss Morgan's greatest interest is the welfare of other women. And because she believes that the business women of America are on the highroad to success she is investing her faith and energy in their behalf.

She knows that their lasting success will result from well-balanced living that has made no sacrifice of womanliness and charm. And she knows that



THE Two CREAMS which Miss Morgan says she would like to see in the dressing-rooms of the New Club House of the American Woman's Association.



This new photographic study of Miss Morgan in which her fine personality is faithfully portrayed, was made in Paris last summer by Baron de Meyer

DEMEYER.

they believe this, too. So in planning the equipment of their new Club House, she thinks even of the details that will accord with their personal tastes and contribute to their more attractive appearance. Knowing that so many achieve a clear and vigorous complexion by following the Pond's Method, Miss Morgan declares, "I should like to see the dressing-rooms equipped with Pond's Two Creams."

The first step in the Pond's Method of caring for the skin, is a deep thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. Every day, always after any exposure, and before retiring at night, smooth Pond's Cold Cream lavishly over your face, neck and arms and hands. Let its pure oils bring to the surface the dust and powder and excess oil. Wipe off all the cream and dirt. Repeat the process and finish with a dash of cold water or a rub of ice. Now look at your skin—as fresh as a new-blown rose!

The second step is a soft finish and protection with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Fluff on just the least bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Now see how soft and even the surface of your skin ishow transparently lovely. The Vanishing Cream has smoothed all roughness and given the skin a soft, bright, clear tone. Notice how well this cream takes your powder—in a velvety grip that holds it long and evenly—and how it protects you from wind, sun and dust!

Buy your own Pond's Creams and begin using them today. You may have the Cold Cream in extra large jars now. And both creams in the two smaller sizes of jars and the tubes that are familiar. The Pond's Extract Company.

Miss Morgan's deep interest in the women of America is again expressed by her activities in behalf of the nineteen-story club house to be erected on West 23rd Street, by the American Woman's Association of New York City. It will cost \$4,500,000.00 and will contain besides its clubrooms, a thousand private rooms with bath, to rent at \$10.00 to \$76.00 per week. This intimate sketch of the garden terrace suggests the personality and charm with which its sponsors have endowed it.

Free Offer Mail this coupon and we will send you free tubes of these two creams and an attractive little folder telling you how to use them.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B. 139 Hudson St., New York.

Please send me your free tubes, one each of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, and directions for using them.

Street State

# within the reach of all~ A Cunard Trip to Europe

### A New Transatlantic Service

DIRECT to the CONTINENT-DIRECT to LONDON

### FROM NEW YORK to CHANNEL PORTS

Plymouth, Cherbourg & London

This new service—sailing regularly every other week till May first and every Saturday thereafter—opens to everyone the most attractive opportunities for trips to Europe at fares which need fear no comparison. The steamers selected are the fast and popular oil-burners Carmania, Caronia, Cameronia, Lancastria, Antonia, Alaunia and Ascania with their special feature of having only one class for cabin passengers. These ships in accommodations, equipment and service afford the maximum of comfort

#### at a low Rate It is Cunard - Yet Costs No More!

Throughout its history the Cunard Company has been foremost in meeting the ever varying requirements of the many types of transatlantic travelers. This new service, true to that tradition, will uphold the standard of excellence for which Cunard is known the world over.

Unvarying in their excellence the World's Fastest Ocean Service to Cherbourg and Southampton and our other services to Queenstown - Liverpool; Londonderry - Glasgow, etc .- will continue to offer to the traveling public the utmost in de Luxe ocean travel.

FARES—Cabin	One Way				\$145 .	ip.
rakes—Cabin	Round Trip				\$290.	up.
Vacatio Specials	Third	One W Round	-	-	\$ 85 :	. K.

#### **CUNARD** and ANCHOR Lines

25 Broadway, New York or Branches and Agencies





Sometimes the French pastry-cook bakes his crust in a square pan and arranges the fruit in designs

### FRENCH FILLINGS for AMERICAN PIES

[Continued from page 28]

fascinating creations. And what do you think we found under that choco-

found under that choco-late frosting? Just a little chocolate pie, such as we had made at home lots of times! In another shop a similar tart had chopped, roasted hazelnuts added to the filling, and was covered with an ordinary white boiled frosting. Rich—yes; but it was small and one can always walk home for exercise! There are some things which

was small and one can always walk home for exercise! There are some things which are so good they must be eaten.

Fondant is a popular pie-covering. A tart filled with apricot puree may be covered with pink frosting; a filling of apple sauce and quince may be hidden by white fondant and sprinkled with tiny colored candies. Remember to have your fruit filling thick, and pour on the fondant when the tart is cold, so that it will not melt. At a party we were served with a small tart filled with currant jelly with a ball covered with pink fondant in the center. It looked like an over-grown hazelnut so we approached our first one rather nut so we approached our first one rather carefully. But the ball was soft—almond paste—and tractable. If you cannot buy almond paste from your local confectioner, make a little ball of chopped nuts mixed with dates or raisins, cover it with colored fondant to suit your mood or color-scheme and drop it into the tart just before you serve it. For all these frosted tarts, remember that daintiness demands a small pastry-shell.

The patissier does not limit his efforts

to desserts and tea-accompaniments. He makes wonderfully light patty-shells of puff-paste for creamed chicken or mushrooms. And sometimes he makes entrées with ordinary pie-crust. Have you tasted cheese pie? It is one

Have you tasted cheese pie? It is one of our favorite dishes and would be just the thing for Sunday-night suppers at home. Make a boiled custard without sugar; in addition to the egg use two level teaspoons of flour to a cup of milk so that it will not curdle. When it is thickened, add grated cheese and cook over hot water until it melts. Season with paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Pour it into the pastry-shells, sprinkle with more grated cheese and brown in a very hot oven. Serve piping hot accompanied by celery and dill pickles or olives. There are many other French ways of

using pastry which differ from ours.

Welsh rarebit is some-times served in pastry-shells instead of on toast.

shells instead of on toast.

Corn custard is baked in a pie-crust (just as you would bake a custard pie) and served as the main dish for luncheon. Individual pastry-shells are filled half full of tomato sauce, an egg added, sprinkled with grated cheese and baked until the egg is as hard or as soft as you like it.

The proof of the pie however is not

as you like it.

The proof of the pie, however, is not entirely in the filling—the pastry is of equal importance. There are three kinds of pastry which are commonly used in this country; plain paste, fluffy paste and hot water pastry. Here are recipes for three kinds of pastry:

#### PLAIN PASTRY

Sift flour and salt together. Cut in shortening with a knife and add enough cold water to hold ingredients together. Mix lightly with finger-tips. Chill. Roll out on a slightly floured board to ½ inch thickness. Shape as desired. Bake in a quick oven (450°F).

#### FLUFFY PASTRY

11/2 cups flour 1/2 cup shortening t teaspoon salt Cold water

Sift together flour and salt. Cut in half of shortening with a knife. Add enough water to hold the ingredients together. Mix lightly with finger-tips. Roll out on slightly floured board, spread with half remaining shortening. Roll up as a jelly roll, and roll out again. Repeat process, using rest of shortening. Chill, roll out and cut in desired shapes. Bake in a quick oven (450°F).

#### HOT WATER PASTRY

result of the control of the control

Use only standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.



meryast. l in you ard for are egg

1926

not of nds in and for

in agh aer. toll ach a a

alf igh er. on alf elly ess, out a

nd id. nd on kck

# THE BEST HOT DRINK IN THE WORLD

FOR CHILDREN! Cheer their small bodies, guard their health, and annual with this delicious breakfast treat! "Good mor-ning, dear tee-cher, Good mor-ning to you. 3

HESE are raw days! These days require all the inner cheer there is, to look happy and glowing and cheerful on the outside. Yet so many youngsters are started out in the morning with no hot drink to warm them and guard them against the weather.

Naturally, they can't have coffee, in homes where the mothers know anything about proper diet for children. And it has seemed, until recently, that there was no hot drink except those containing some harmful element, or difficult to digest.

But that is changed now! Mothers and teachers all over the country have "discovered" Instant Postummade-with-hot-milk. And those who have tried it are wonderfully enthusiastic.

A teaspoonful of Instant Postum in the cup-hot (not boiled) milk poured over it-a moment's stirring -a little sugar-and you have, steaming before you, "the best hot drink in the world for children!"

Think! It contains all the nourishment of milk, plus the wholesome elements of whole wheat and bran. And it is delicious! Every child likes it immediatelyeven those who dislike milk, and consequently don't get the milk their bodies need.

mum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post ioarties, (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran hocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in w<sub>0</sub> forms. Instant Postum, made in the up by adding boiling water, is one of the

Add this drink to the breakfast fruit and cereal, for your children. Then, when you bundle them up, and send them away with a hug, you'll know they are fortified against the "9-o'clock blues."

Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator, makes this special

#### Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want to give you one week's supply of Postum, free, and my own directions for preparing it—both with hot milk, for children, and in the usual way, for yourself.

"I suggest that your family try it for thirty days—a long enough time to show results. If you would rather begin the thirty-day test today, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks-only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please send me your name and address, and indicate whether you want Instant Postum (prepared instantly with either hot milk or boiling water) or Postum Cereal, the kind made with water only, by boiling."

#### FREE-MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CRREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario



It is estimated that eighty-five per cent. of all cases of diabetes are caused by eating too much, riding too much, exercising too little and getting fat.

### IT IS EASIER TO PREVENT THAN TO CURE!

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

School of Hygiene and Public Health Johns Hopkins University



HERE are nov about one million people in the

people in the United States who have diabetes. More die of it every year than are killed by automobiles. An authority says that diabetes contracted before the age of forty is a misfortune and after forty a blunder. He estimates that 85 per cent. of all cases are caused by overeating and getting fat.

A certain number of cases, especially among young people, are the result of damage done to the pancreatic gland through some acute infectious disease, such as scarlet fever or mumps.

Most diabetics, however, would never have contracted the disease if they had followed the most simple and common-sense

lowed the most simple and common-sense principles of eating. Constant over-eating

principles of eating. Constant over-eating, especially of sugars and starches, keeps the body's stores of liver-starch, or glycogen as it is called, completely filled, and in addition keeps the glucose content of the blood higher than it should be.

A certain amount of sugar in the blood is necessary and is taken care of by the pancreas which constantly manufactures a substance known as insulin. Insulin is necessary for the burning of glucose in the body and is given off by the pancreas into the blood which circulates through it. Whenever sugar is burned in the body to produce energy for work or for keep-

it. Whenever sugar is burned in the body to produce energy for work or for keeping the temperature of the body normal, insulin must be burned at the same time. Consequently when the blood is continually overloaded with sugar the demand for insulin is so great that the part of the pancreas which forms it becomes worn out and the gland loses partially or entirely its power to form insulin. The body they loses it shifty to hurn sugar worn out and the gland loses partially or entirely its power to form insulin. The body then loses its ability to burn sugar and whatever sugar is eaten accumulates in the blood in such excessive amounts that it is excreted by the kidneys, with great injury to them. This condition is known as diabetes.

People who lead sedentary lives are more liable to have diabetes than others. This is because those who work hard

This is because those who work hard keep down the accumulation of sugar in the blood and tissues and also keep down the accumulation of fat. Many diabetics the accumulation of fat. Many diabetics weigh two hundred pounds or more before they begin to suffer severely from the disease. The automobile has contributed greatly to the increase in diabetes by causing people to take less exercise. They still continue, however, to eat about as much as they did before transportation became so luxurious and so universal.

The age at which people become most susceptible to diabetes is about the forty-fifth year. About this time many a man has accumulated by hard work and economy enough money to take life more

easily. He quits his ac-customed hard work, continues to eat like a laborer and within a few years becomes a diabetic. At about this same age a woman

who has been active and brought up her children to an age where they no longer make serious demands on her time and energies, begins to work less and to sit down more, without eating any less; she soon becomes fat and diabetic.

soon becomes fat and diabetic.

A great many uninformed persons regard the discovery of insulin as a wonderful cure for diabetes. Insulin is the one and only hope for the diabetic whose case is severe but it does not cure the disease. Neither does it enable a diabetic to cat exerciting he pleases and in the case. Neither does it enable a diabetic to cat everything he pleases and in the amounts his appetite calls for but it does enable him to live in a very careful manner for years after the time when, otherwise, he would have died.

In mild cases of diabetes there is no need for insulin. All that is necessary is proper control of the diet. When the case is severe enough to call for insulin, it is still necessary that the natient live on a

is severe enough to call for insulin, it is still necessary that the patient live on a most rigid diet.

Those who suffer from diabetes or sus-pect that they have it should place them-selves under competent medical supervi-sion for several weeks so that their case can be studied individually and expert advice be obtained about diet; then a decision can be reached as to whether the insulin-treatment is necessary.

insulin-treatment is necessary.

The amount of food taken by a diabetic should be restricted just enough to maintain health and strength and normal weight. It is imperative that the amounts of sugar and starch eaten should be kept

of sugar and starch eaten should be kept at a certain level which can be determined only by a careful study of the case.

Insulin should never be taken except under the direction of a physician. If too much is taken by mistake, serious symptoms will follow. Hunger, weakness, faintness and sweating are signs that too much insulin has been taken. The only remedy in this case is to eat sugar at once. This is quickly absorbed, raising the sugar content to normal and causing the alarming symptoms to disappear.

It is of the utmost importance that

ing symptoms to disappear.

It is of the utmost importance that every case of diabetes be discovered while it is still in mild form, for it is then, as a rule, easy to control. Tests for sugar excretion should be made once a year on everyone who is past forty-five years of age, even if there is no suspicion of diabetes. Similar tests should be made on younger people when suspicious signs arise as after any serious inflammatory illness. younger people when suspicious signs arise as after any serious inflammatory illness. By observing simple rules of diet and right living anyone practically can insure that he or she will never become a diabetic.

# The First Law of Beauty

in caring for your complexion:

Cleanse the skin thoroughly every night with a cream that really cleanses

By MADAME JEANNETTE

Widely-known cosmetician, retained by The Pompeian Laboratories as a consultant to give authentic advice regarding the care of the skin and the proper use of beauty preparations.

HERE is one thing Nature will not tolerateshe will not tolerate neglect. Neglect her laws of health and she will turn against you; neglect her laws of beauty and she will visit you with ugliness and

She will do to your skin, if you neglect to care for it, what she does to your neglected flowers—she will make it wither and grow old. And her first law is

You must keep your skin clean if you would keep it young and healthy, and beautiful. And you must keep it clean in its own special way. For your complexion requires more than a "good cold cream." It requires a cream made especially for cleansing, a cream that dissolves all the grime that clings to your skin and hides in the pores.

Pompeian Night Cream brings you an opportunity to have a per-fectly clean skin, clear with a new, fresh cleanness, for it "gets at" dirt that you cannot even see. It will coax out the dirt from the pores, and leave a healing trace of its own oils to soothe the dry skin.

#### Madame Jeannette's Night Cream Treatment

Before retiring, dip your fingers in a jar of smooth, cool Pompeian Night Cream. Spread it generously overface, neck and shoulders—and your arms and hands as well if you want to keep them lovely. Rub gently, with a circular movement to loosen stubborn dirt. As the cleansing oils penetrate each pore they

will soften and remove unseen dirt, leaving your skin with that exquisite translucency which results from perfect cleansing.

Smooth the cream into the neglected little crevices around the eyes where dirt may lodge and wrinkles first begin to show. Rub it into your vexatious chin. Rub it across the fretful lines of the forehead and into the wings of your nose. And don't forget the needs of your throat! Always touch your skin with gentle finger tips to encourage its remaining smooth

Then gently wipe away the superfluous cream with a soft, clean cloth.

Finally, take a bit more Night Cream and cover the skin just cleansed with a light film of it. Leave it on all night. While you sleep, the soothing oils of the cream keep your skin pliable, clean and healthy, nourishing it in a natural way and aiding Nature to create a more healthful and youthful-looking complexion.

MISS VAN Q. regards with critical eye the exquisite beauty of her skin, which she keeps properly cleansed and cared for with Pompeian Night Cream. SPECIAL OFFER 1/3 of a 60c box of Bloom You can almost feel Pompeian Night Cream cleansing your skin—and beauty starts with cleanliness. "Don't envy beauty —use Pompeian" has become a famous phrase.

> Try this treatment every night for several weeks and watch the improvement in your complexion. All drug stores and toilette counters have Pompeian Night Cream in 60c or \$1.00 jars—the \$1.00 jar holds almost three times as much cream.

(Prices slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

I also suggest Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom for a lovely youthful complexion.

Madame Jeannette

with 1926 Panel, Day Cream and other samples

In addition to sample of Day Cream and to help you realize the excep-tional quality of Pompeian Bloom, eve make this special offer above. The 1926 Panel is the most beau-The 1920 Panel is the most beau-tiful and expensive one we have ever offered. Sine 27 x 7 in. Art store value 75c to \$1. Sent for two dimes along with 1/3 of a 60c box of Posspeian Bloom and valuable samples of Beauty Powder; Day Crasm (protecting); and Night Crasm (cleaning); and Madame Jeannette's beauty bookles.



Ave., C	levela	nd, C	hio	orato	ries			
enclose t	wo di ample	mes (	20c) your	for 1 beau	926 ty bo	Pane	1, 3:	0
					,			
			****				* * *	**
				. Sta	te			
	Ave., Cenclose to, other i	Ave., Clevela enclose two di , other sample	Ave., Cleveland, C enclose two dimes ( , other samples and	Ave., Cleveland, Ohio enclose two dimes (20c), other samples and your	Ave., Cleveland, Ohio enclose two dimes (20c) for 1, other samples and your beau	enclose two dimes (20c) for 1926, other samples and your beauty bo	Ave., Cleveland, Ohio enclose two dimes (20e) for 1926 Pane, other samples and your beauty bookles.	Ave., Cleveland, Ohio enclose two dimes (20c) for 1926 Panel, 3, other samples and your beauty booklet.



### FRUIT-HEALTH for the KIDDIES-**ALL**·YEAR·ROUND

Playtime ends, and in they come, hungry as little bears!

What have you ready for them? Soup-vegetables-the warm foods, of course. But howabout fruit? Have you learned the year-round convenience of "Pineapple-sauce" (Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, just as it comes from the can)?

You'll find it an easy matter to serve plenty of tempting fruit-food dishes-so essential for growing children and so important in grown-ups' diet, as well-once you appreciate the endless menu possibilities of this luscious tropical fruit in its two forms—Sliced and Crushed.

Enjoy Hawaiian Pineapple often! It is just as economical as any canned fruit that you can serve.



#### SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Name-		-
Address		-
Char	State-	



By reorganizing Mrs. King's "time-budget" and checking all time-leaks, we achieved three hours leisure for her to spend, every afternoon, with Richard and Mary and Jean

## The MOTHER who LEARNED to HAVE LEISURE

BY GLADYS BECKETT JONES

Head of Home Economics Work, Garland School of Homemaking



discouraged and disheartened, asking my help.

The Kings were—and still are—just an average family, living in a prosperous town in the Middle West. Mr. King was a successful business man, Mrs. King an attractive woman and an average homemaker; their children were nine-year-old Richard, seven-year-old Mary and three-year-old Jean. They and three-year-old Jean. They had a modest income—enough to insure them the necessities of life but only a limited choice of its luxuries. They owned their own home and lived within their means. They could not afford a maid, which Mrs. King had never consid-Mrs. King had never considered a hardship because she liked to do her own work, including sewing for the children as well as the washing and ironing. She had a washing-machine, an electric iron and a vacuum-cleaner to light-

AN you help me find more time to live with my children?" It was

Mrs. King who came to me, discouraged and disheartened,

and a vacuum-cleaner to light-en her work.

Life had gone along satis-factorily for her until just before she came to see me. The children's health had been The children's health had been good. A visiting-nurse had given advice on their health-habits. Daily baths, tooth-brush drills and open windows at night were all a part of their routine. A nutrition-worker at school had planned their meals and Mrs. King had followed her instructions faithfully. Richard's first two

had followed her instructions
faithfully. Richard's first two
years in school had been a
procession of juvenile triumphs but now he seemed in
a fair way to becoming the
bad boy of the third grade.
The principal of the school
had just come to her to say that Richard's
out-of-school hours were not being carefully directed and he must have more time

out-of-school nours were not being carefully directed and he must have more time with his mother.

"How can it be done," Mrs. King asked me wearily, "with meals to cook, clothes to wash and iron and the house to keep

A WOMAN may devote herself tirelessly to keeping her family well nourished, well clothed and well housed yet let their minds and souls starve for the inspiration and help which only she can give. This is what almost happened to Mrs. King; but fortunately Mrs. King realized her mistake in time and came to Gladys Beckett Jones for help.

Mrs. Jones is a homemaker and mother, living in a pretty New England village; she bas been, also, a wise practical teacher of the science of the new homemaking. \* From her personal experience and her wide professional knowledge, she solved Mrs. King's problems so successfully that we have asked her to tell you the story of that accomplishment. This is the first of a series of helpful articles which Mrs. Jones is writing for McCall's, each about the case of a typical homemaker. This "case-method," the newest and most helpful way in which professional homemakers deal with individual homemaking problems, will aid you in unraveling many of your own tangled difficulties.

order? I haven't a spare moment." I had seen many cases like Mrs. King's and I am sure you have, right among your own neighbors and friends. I knew I could help her in a way she couldn't help herself, because being so close to her problem, she could not see it in perspective.

One of the most valuable assets a homemaker can have assets a homemaker can have is a sense of values. So my first step was to get her to decide what she wanted most to attain in her family life. A friend of mine who has reared, supported and educated her family of several children and who has made large contributions to the field of homemaking once said, "It took me years to learn when to leave the living-room urg unswept and go on a pic-"It took me years to learn when to leave the living-room rug unswept and go on a picnic. Bitter experience taught me that quiet, undisturbed dust did not hurt any of the family but on a spring day when the boys were restless for a trip to the woods it would cause them a lasting hurt if they couldn't have it!"

"What do you want most out of life?" I asked Mrs. King. After a moment's thought she said:

"I want my family to be healthy and happy. I want my home to be a comfortable, quiet place which my husband and children will always remember with joy, where worth-while pictures and books and splendid ideals will become a permanent part of their lives. And most of all

books and spiendid ideals will become a permanent part of their lives. And most of all, right now, I want leisure for myself so I can enjoy these worth-while things with them. I mustn't let them slip away from me." from me."

Mrs. King had been brought

up on the old adage, "Wo-man's work is never done," and it was implanted so firmly in her mind that it took long discussion and ac-tual demonstration to prove to her that she could make a
plan which would really shorten her working-day. We
talked over in detail her
methods of working and I pointed out to
her several leaks in her time which could

be stopped.

For instance, she spent a great deal of unnecessary time in preparing one set of meals for the children and another set for herself and Mr. King. [Turn to page 36]

Tak dece is no It ha and o you

even. ful fil Only the li can b in les

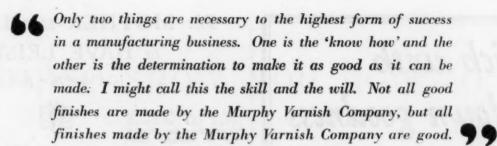
you o

unple quick color Hou

Paint now. tures paint nitur Mur

of yo right

MUI



### This new finish dries in half an hour

The quickest and easiest way of making old furniture new with color

Takes drudgery and delay out of decorating · Murphy Brushing Lacquer

is not paint, or varnish, or enamel. It has some of the features of all and one surpassing feature of its own.

It is applied with a brush, but you don't have to brush it out as you do paint. It flows on and dries even. It leaves a fine, smooth, colorful film that protects and beautifies. Only one coat is needed except in

the light colors. Practically any color wanted can be had by easy mixing. And it dries in less than half an hour.

No waiting. No time to collect dust. Murphy Brushing Lacquer has no unpleasant or injurious features. It is the quickest, simplest and easiest way to apply color to a surface.

How you can decorate your own home

Painted furniture is the smart thing now. You see it in all of the furniture stores. You can make attractive painted pieces out of your old furniture by giving them color with Murphy Brushing Lacquer.

The success of such furniture as a part of your decoration depends on choosing the right color. Choosing the right color is the

easiest thing in the world with the use of the Murphy Color Finder. This little device

> automatically shows the right color for any piece of furniture in any room. With it is included a book, "What Color Shall It Be?", which shows you exactly how to use it, and a color chart showing what

colors can be had with Murphy Brushing Lacquer. This outfit is free. You can

get it by writing to us, or you can get it at the store in your town where Murphy finishes are sold. Get this book first. It is necessary you should

Choose your color before you buy the Lacquer

> You will find a new and pleasant occupation in decorating your home, saving old pieces of furniture which have grown shabby and

making them part of the new decoration of the room. Individual pieces to be scattered around

equally possible. Any woman, no matter

or a whole set of furniture for the breakfast room or a bedroom, are

what her experience, can use Murphy Brushing Lacquer with the aid of the Murphy How Books. Because it is so easy to do, the instructions are very simple.

With Murphy Brushing Lacquer and two free books

Get the color book, select your color, and then get the Lacquer required, and be sure that the dealer gives you the other How book, the instruction book telling how to put the Lacquer on. With these two books and Murphy Brushing Lacquer you can have any color you want for any surface in your home.

For Painters, Amateur or Professional

Every professional painter knows how necessary it is sometimes to do a quick jobquick in applying and quick in drying. For many such Murphy Brushing Lacquer gives the finish desired. It can be put on quicker than paint, and it dries faster than enamel.

It has a strong, durable body. A pantry can be lacquered after breakfast, and be dry in time to get luncheon in it. Any interested painter can get full information, color card and samples from us,

if the dealer in his town doesn't have them.

# Murphy BRUSHING Lacquer

### Rich with boiled-down goodness



When you reach for a bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup you know it is all Ketchup-the full-bodied, boiled-down, undiluted essence of Heinz-grown, sunripened tomatoes. There is real granulated sugar in it, and the choicest of spices bought by Heinz in foreign lands, where they actually grow, to insure your getting the finest and best.

Such appetite appeal! Always ask for it.

### HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP Is ALL Ketchup

WHEN IN PITTSBURGH VISIT THE HEINZ KITCHENS

### The MOTHER who LEARNED to HAVE LEISURE

[Continued from page 34]

She had never tried to plan the adult-meals around those she prepared for the children. Dish-washing was a particular bugbear—as it is in so

bugbear—as it is in so many homes! Mrs. King could not seem to concentrate on the job and get it over with quickly, she said. She would see a book to be put away, toys to be picked up or a plant that needed water, and she would drift away to do these odds and would drift away to do these odus and ends and would come back half an hour later to find the dish-water cold. No wonder dishwashing took her hours! She admitted that she had never given Mr. King and the children any real share of

King and the children any real share of the home-work to do, although they were glad to help when she would let them.

The next thing we did toward the solution of her problem was to allot to Mrs. King a working-day of ten hours. I had her make a list of all the work which had to be done every day. On this list were cooking, dishwashing, care of the house (such as bed-making, vacuum-cleaning and dusting), routine-care of the children (such as bed-making, vacuum-cleaning and dusting), routine-care of the children (such as bathing, dressing, feeding), household-accounting, planning and marketing. Then in a second list she put down those special jobs which had to be done once a week, such as washing, ironing, mending, special baking, cleaning the silver and a thorough cleaning of the rooms. On a third list were such extras as canning and jelly-making, renovating the houseand jelly-making, renovating the house-furnishings and entertaining.

My job now was to distribute this

work so that none of the week days would be overcrowded and Mrs. King would have at least three hours of leisure every

I realized that not only did she need a lift in her housework but the three children needed to learn the co-operative spirit which only family unity in work and play can give. And since Mrs. King knew best what her children's tastes and aptitudes were, I let her choose which homemaking jobs would be suitable for each child. She decided that Richard should fill the wood-basket for the livingroom fireplace and sweep the front porch each morning. After breakfast he was to do the general picking-up in the bath-room, as he was usually the chief offender

in leaving towels strewn all over the place. Mary was to set the table for breakfast, make her own bed and her brother's bed

and put her clothes away. Jean was to feed the kitten, pick up the newspapers and put away her toys at night.

In the morning came Father's job—for we decided that he needed to help too. He superintended the baths and dressing

Richard and Mary for school.

Mrs. King set for herself the goal of breakfast on the table by half-past seven. This would mean a comfortable, leisurely meal for the family, after which she would clear the table, wash the dishes, seeld the near least the series of the would clear the table, wash the dishes, scald them and leave them in the drainer to dry. "No busy homemaker has time for drying dishes," I told her firmly.

Jean would be dressed for outdoor play and the children off to school by nine

o'clock. This would leave Mrs. King free—but with no time to slump.

If the day was Monday, the living-room would probably need special attention for the family doesn't exist who can actively enjoy a living-room for a day without leaving signs of their good times behind them.

behind them.

The soiled clothes must be gathered and

The soiled clothes must be gathered and any necessary mending done. This last is one of the most important of the special Monday jobs for small rips and tears increase in size and become more difficult to mend if washed and ironed first.

I advised Mrs. King to send her laundry-work out to be done or to have a laundress if she could afford it. If that seemed impossible, then from nine to twelve on Tuesday she would wash. At the same time on Wednesday she would iron, on Thursday, mend and clean, on Friday clean, and on Saturday bake and do the extra marketing.



Heretofore if there had been unexpected guests on Sunday, she had always McCA

Sunday, she had always done some special cooking Monday morning to replenish an empty pantry; but at my suggestion Mrs. King resolved to work this in when she was cooking the children's luncheon. So at ten-thirty on Monday she could sit down at her desk and spend half an hour planning the week's work, writing it down and checking over the menus for the week.

At eleven o'clock it would be time to prepare lunch for the children and for this we allowed Mrs. King one full hour on Monday. This may seem too long a time to some of you but in this time she would make the dessert and prepare the vegetables for dinner that night and perhaps she could make the dessert for the children's noon-day meal the next day. On the other days when she had special jobs between nine and twelve, these extra between nine and twelve, these extra things could not be cooked and she would plan meals for the children which could cook while she went ahead with the work.

cook while she went ahead with the work. One of her great time-leaks had been in preparing each meal as a unit by itself instead of making out her menus and cooking some things ahead. If rice was to be cooked for Monday's noon-day lunch, why couldn't she cook enough for rice croquettes for dinner Tuesday night? And if fresh cup-cakes were to be served warm on Monday noon, why not serve them with caramel sauce as dessert on Wednesday night? Spinach left from Monday she could make into cream-of-sphach soun Tuesday noon.

Monday she could make into cream-of-sphach soup Tuesday noon.

From two to three o'clock I advised Mrs. King to take a complete rest. For her that meant a nap but for you it might mean a chapter or two in a new book or a quick tub and a leisurely toilet or a visit with a neighbor; but whatever you do with that time, make it such a decided change that you will go back to your homemaking job with a new zest.

The King children were out of school by

The King children were out of school by three o'clock and their most urgent need was a rested, unhampered mother to advise, comfort and direct them. At this time of day Mrs. King had usually been submerged in sewing. I advised her, as far as it was possible, to put the children in simple clothes which would stand frequent tubbing. Mending and sewing which could be easily laid aside were all she was allowed to do in these leisurely afternoon hours.

easily laid aside were all she was allowed to do in these leisurely afternoon hours. After that, she would be rested and ready for the three strenuous dinner-time and going-to-bed hours which followed.

Six-thirty, the grown-ups' dinner hour was too late for the children. So we decided they were to come in from their play at five-thirty, wash their hands and put their play-things in order. At six they would eat their simple dinner of cereal or soup, vegetables and cooked fruit dessert, and go upstairs at six-thirty. Before Mrs. King went upstairs to superintend Tean's

and go upstairs at six-thirty. Before Mrs. King went upstairs to superintend Jean's bath and bed and prayers for all of them, she would start dinner. By seven o'clock they would be in bed and dinner would be ready for the grown-ups.

This meal must be a simple one. The vegetable soup and dessert were to be the ones served to the children, the main dish must often be a casserole or other ovendish which could be cooked while the children's meal was being prepared. After dinner Mrs. King washed the dishes, pots and pans.

d pans. This was her entire schedule or This was her entire schedule or "work plan" as she and I eventually made it. Did it work the first time i. was used? Of course not! No plan ever does. Mrs. King had new habits of work to form; she had to watch the clock to keep herself from her besetting sin of leaving one job before it was finished to begin another and she had to be sure she was using only the best possible methods in doing her work. But with the determination to have some leisure time to give to her family she soon adjusted herself to new conditions and her schedule, with perhaps a few changes, began to run smoothly. 1926

to his on a she

the

in self and

to ch, rice

nd ved rve

on om of-

ght or r a

our

ad-

ub-

urs. ady and

heir and they

l or sert, Mrs.

an's nem, lock

The the

pots

e it. sed? Mrs.

## Let Chipso show you how to banish drudgery and save your time and strength!

### QUICKER DISHWASHING

Scrape dishes (if you wish, rinse under hot water). Put in glassware first, and wash in foaming Chipso suds. The silver next, and then the dishes. Chipso cut grease instantly, and leaves everything glistening clean. No "dishwater odor" on dishes or towels.





EASIER IN THE WASHTUB

Let clothes soak 10 or 15 minutes, then squeeze suds through them several times, rubbing badly soiled places lightly between your hands. No hard rubbing or boiling necessary. Clothes come out marvelously clean and seveet, with colors and fabrics unharmed. Perfect for the machine: Make suds (see paragraph under large picture). Put in clothes and follow your usual method.



INSTANT SUDS-JUST TURN ON THE HOT WATER

YOU can just feel women's relief from old-fashioned drudgery when they say, in letter after letter, "We have never before known such a time- and laborsaver as CHIPSO." Here, for instance, is a letter from Mrs. G. C. of Cleveland: "The drudgery of washday is a thing of the past since I started using CHIPSO. I don't have to stop and cut soap into my washer, for CHIPSO'S light fluffy flakes immediately make a suds which washes anything from the finest garments to greasy overalls."

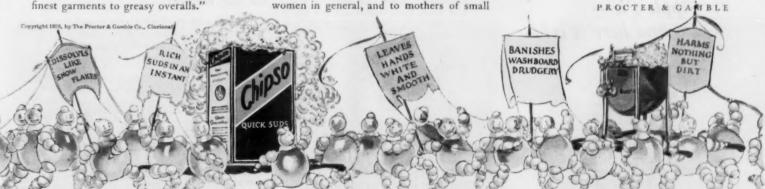
Instead of chipping and dissolving soap, simply put CHIPSO'S snow white flakes into tub, washing-machine or dishpan and run in hot water to make instant rich suds. CHIPSO dissolves at once without stirring.

Mrs. P. S. S., another Ohio woman,

"CHIPSO has been a gift of Providence to

children in particular. A box of CHIPSO, used methodically, will prove to be the best investment any housewife ever made."

CHIPSO is marching your way. It's at your grocer's this minute. Let its instant-sudsing flakes, and its safe timesaving cleansing come to your assistance today—for your clothes washing, your dishwashing and all your household cleaning. You have never used such a soap!



Chipso is marching home to you

foll

serv brid ove min

rate out and all ful larl; hav equ

of to was a m kind club kno



There must be a reason why Mazola makes such delicious Apple Pie—and here it is!



APPLES are apples—so there's no great mystery about the making of the filling of an apple pie—

But when it comes to the crust, that's another story—because it's the crust that "makes" or spoils the pie—and when folks merely eat the filling and leave the crust on the plate you know the verdict.

There is one sure way to make perfect pie crust—the kind that is rich, delicious and flaky.

We give here a recipe for making a marvelous pie crust—but before using it you should understand why Mazola is peculiarly adapted for pie crust making.

Mazola is a pure, clean vegetable oil, free from all moisture. And by vegetable oil, we mean that Mazola is pressed from the hearts of full ripened corn—and is itself as good to eat as the corn from which it comes. That, indeed, is a pleasant thought to

have in mind when eating any foods you have cooked in Mazola.

This explains why Mazola pie crusts are not only appetizing and whole-some—but why they are greaseless and easily digested.

The splendid results you get from Mazola for pie making are duplicated in all cooking—baking and frying as well as for salad dressing.

### PIE CRUST

For a flaky, richer crust: 2 cups Sifted Pastry Flour 3⁄4 cup Mazola 1⁄8 teaspoon Salt 1⁄4 cup Ice Water

Work Mazola into the dry flour and salt gradually, mixing thoroughly with a knife or spatula, then add enough ice water to hold together and roll out at once on a well floured board. Brush top crust lightly with Mazola before placing the pie in the oven.

FREE In the new, beautifully illustrated find more than one hundred helpful recipes for preparing the most delicious foods. Write to Corn Products Refining Co., Dept. 15, Args. Ill.—and you will receive a copy absolutely FREE.

ROM the hosts of letters we get from home-makers on McCall Street we know that one of

A VALENTINE BRIDGE-PARTY

Unless you want to give a luncheon with bridge following it, or a morning of bridge with a luncheon following it, the simplest and most delightful way to serve refreshments at a bridge-party is to cover the bridge-tables with dainty cloths after the game is over and serve each guest a plate. Salted nuts and mints or bonbons in pretty compotes should be placed

on each table.

on each table.

For such a party as this you won't have to decorate your rooms or table. All you will need to carry out the Valentine idea will be appropriate tally-cards and seasonable refreshments. If you can get them, by all means use flowers to make your rooms as cheerful and spring-like as possible. Roses are particularly appropriate for a Valentine party but if you have ferns or flowering plants you can use them with equal effectiveness.

equal effectiveness.

Here is our menu for your Valentine Bridge:

Heart-Mold of Ham Mousse Fancy Sandwiches Stuffed Celery Unique Assorted Pastries

Salted Nuts

Coffee Pink and White Mints



### EASY WAYS for PARTY-DAYS

### Menus and Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

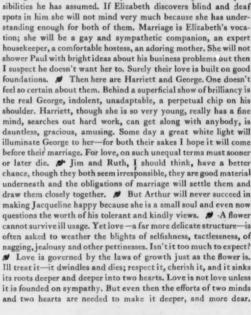
SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



### makers on McCall Street we know that one of the things you most enjoy doing is to give a party. And we often wish we could come to your parties—they sound so delightful! But since we can't and since February is one of the best party-months in the year with its three gala days—Valentine's, Lincoln's Birthday and Washington's Birthday, we have done the next best thing. We have had our fun planning three parties for you. One is a Valentine Bridge-Party, one is a Lincoln's Birthday Luncheon, and the third is a Washington's Birthday Supper which your church, community or club can give. SARAH FIELD SPLINT TALKS ABOUT LASTING LOVE

RECENTLY three or four young people whom I know have announced their engagements. What are their chances for happiness, I find myself speculating. Here are Elizabeth and Paul, for instance. Paul is ambitious, a little hard, not very understanding about small things, but dependable to the last degree; having asked Elizabeth to marry him he will live up to the responsibilities he has assumed. If Elizabeth discovers blind and deaf spots in him she will not mind very much because she has under-standing enough for both of them. Marriage is Elizabeth's vocation; she will be a gay and sympathetic companion, an expert housekeeper, a comfortable hostess, an adoring mother. She will not shower Paul with bright ideas about his business problems but then I suspect he doesn't want her to. Surely their love is built on good foundations. # Then here are Harriett and George. One doesn't feel so certain about them. Behind a superficial show of brilliancy is the real George, indolent, unadaptable, a perpetual chip on his shoulder. Harriett, though she is so very young, really has a fine mind, searches out hard work, can get along with anybody, is dauntless, gracious, amusing. Some day a great white light will illuminate George to her—for both their sakes I hope it will come before their marriage. For love, on such unequal terms must sooner or later die. Dim and Ruth, I should think, have a better chance, though they both seem irresponsible, they are good material underneath and the obligations of marriage will settle them and draw them closely together. # But Arthur will never succeed in making Jacqueline happy because she is a small soul and even now questions the worth of his tolerant and kindly views. # A flower cannot survive ill usage. Yet love -a far more delicate structure-is often asked to weather the blights of selfishness, tactlessness, of nagging, jealousy and other pettinesses. Isn't it too much to expect?

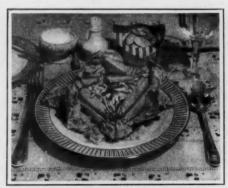
Description Love is governed by the laws of growth just as the flower is. Ill treat it—it dwindles and dies; respect it, cherish it, and it sinks its roots deeper and deeper into two hearts. Love is not love unless







Heart-Mold of Ham Mousse, Fancy Sandwiches, Stuffed Celery Unique, Olives and Coffee for a Valentine Bridge-Party



A Lincoln Log-Salad on Blue and White China is an effective salad course for a Lincoln's Birthday Luncheon

without skidding. These plates are just the thing, too, for a tea or a "stand-up" party where one would have difficulty in juggling a plate and a cup and saucer. The cream and sugar for coffee and the napkins were passed to each guest.

The Pastries which we served as a second course were made by the directions which Miss Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber give this month in their interesting article called "French Fillings for American Pies," and they fairly melted in our mouths! You will find the article on another page in this issue and if you have always longed to know the French patissier's secrets about pastries and tarts you will be as delighted with the article and as eager to make some tarts as we were.

tarts as we were.

Here are our recipes for everything else on the menu except the olives, coffee, nuts and mints. We trust you to find the olives, nuts and mints and make your own excellent coffee:

HEART-MOLD OF HAM MOUSSE

1½ tablespoons gelatin ¼ cup cold water 2/3 cup boiling water 3 cups boiled ham, finely ground

1/4 teaspoon paprika
Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoons chopped
parsley
1 cup whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water 10 minutes. Add boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add ham, paprika, cayenne and parsley. Fold in whipped cream and pour mixture into individual heart-shaped molds which have been dipped first in cold water. Chill until stiff. Unmold on the individual serving-plates on heart leaves of lettuce. Garnish with a mayonnaise rose made with a pastry-bag and rose-tube. Makes 6 servings

### FANCY SANDWICHES

Nut-Bread Diamonds: Moisten cream cheese with Am-Bread Diamonas: Moisten cream cheese with a little mayonnaise dressing and spread between thin slices of nut-bread. Cut in diamond-shapes with cooky-cutter.

Graham Bread Spades: Beat currant or other tart jelly until the right consistency for spreading. Spread between thin buttered slices of graham bread. Cut in spade shapes with cooky-cutter.

spade shapes with cooky-cutter.

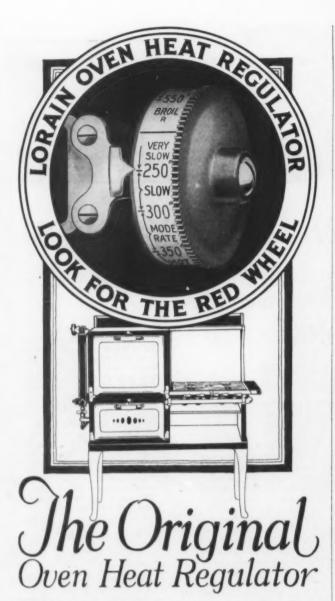
White Bread Clubs: To 2 finely chopped hard-cooked eggs add ½ tablespoon each chopped red and green pepper. Moisten with mayonnaise dressing and spread between thin buttered slices of bread. Cut in club-shapes with cooky-cutter. [Turn to page 40]



Independence Loaf with Tomato Sauce, Patriotic Sweet Potatoes, Mount-Vernon Salad and Finger-Rolls

More Than 1500 of the Nation's Leading Schools and Colleges Teach the Science of Cooking by the Aid of Gas Ranges Equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. Again, the Leading Manufacturers of Food **Products** also Use Lorainequipped Gas Ranges in their Test Kitchens. Therefore, if Those who Test and Teach Good Cooking Prefer the Regulator with the Red Wheel, You Should Insist upon Having Your New Gas Range Equipped with Lorain. Accept

> No Substitute.



AS Ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regu-GAS kanges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regu-lator have been manufactured by American Stove Company for more than Ten Years. Thousands upon thousands are now in use in all parts of the United States and, so far as we know, all are giving perfect satisfaction.

## OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

You can purchase any kind of a Gas Range you want equipped with Lorain, the Red Wheel Regulator-big stoves, little stoves, inexpensive stoves, the biggest and finest stoves that money can buy, in fact, just the kind of a stove you want. Inquire of your dealer or Gas Company.

### AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

sfacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cool use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these

These Six Famous Makes of Gas Ranges are Equipped with the Lorain Oven Hoat Regulator:

CLARK JEWEL DANGLER DIRECT ACTION **NEW PROCESS** QUICK MEAL RELIABLE

\_\_ Street\_ City\_

### EASY WAYS for PARTY-DAYS

[Continued from page 39]

STUFFED CELERY UNIOUE



Mix together equal quantities of peanut butter and grated pineapple from which all the juice has been drained. Crisp tender stalks of celery in ice water, dry thoroughly and fill centers with peanut butter mixture. Serve two stalks to each guest.

### A LUNCHEON FOR LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

We planned this luncheon for six per-We planned this luncheon for six persons and if you want to have more you need prepare only once-and-a-half or twice as much food as we did. A centerpiece of red and white flowers in a blue bowl looked very appropriate on our table, with blue and white china and little red-white-and-blue-shield nut-cases. Our menu for the luncheon follows:

Cream-of-Corn Soup Individual Mock Venison Pies Pioneer Potatoes Cornmeal Cheese Sticks Lincoln Log-Salad Emancipation Sponge Cakes Coffee

From this menu we have worked out recipes for the Individual Mock Venison Pies, the Cornmeal Cheese-Sticks and the Lincoln Log-Salad. The photograph shows you how our salad looked. You will find a recipe for Cream-of-Corn Soup in the new edition of Master-Recipes, a McCall Service Booklet. Pioneer Potatoes are medium-sized smooth potatoes baked to perfection. We made a cross-wise slit in one side, turned back the skins in four points and put a piece of butter in the opening. We then sprinkled each one with salt and paprika.

opening. We then sprinkled each one with salt and paprika.

Emancipation Sponge Cakes were cup cakes made from the recipe in Master-Recipes and baked in muffin tins. When cold we removed part of the center from each cake and filled the hollow with a whipped-cream mixture in the proportion of 1 cup whipped cream to ½ cup each chopped nuts, finely cut maraschino cherries and well-drained chopped pineapple.

Here are the recipes for this luncheon:

INDIVIDUAL MOCK VENISON PIES

3 pounds beef, round 1 teaspoon salt 1/2 teaspoon pepper 3 tablespoons flour 2 cups carrots, sliced 1/4 cup turnips, cubed 1 cup potatoes, cubed 6 very small onions

Cut beef in 1-inch cubes. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour. Fry in a little fat until brown. Cover with boiling water and cook 1 hour. Add carrots and turnips and cook 15 minutes longer. Thicken gravy with a little flour mixed to a smooth paste with cold water. Add potatoes and onions. Put into individual baking-dishes. Cover each with a top crust of flaky pastry. Bake in quick oven (425° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (325° F.) and cook for 40 min-(425° F.) 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate (325° F.) and cook for 40 minutes longer.

### CORNMEAL CHEESE STICKS

cup cornmeal
cups flour
teaspoons bakingbaking- ening
1/2 cup water
1 cup grated cheese teaspoor powder

Mix cornmeal, flour, baking-powder and salt. Cut in shortening with knife. Add enough water to make stiff dough. Roll out on slightly floured board into a rectangular-shaped piece ½ inch thick. Sprinkle with cheese, fold over and press ends together. Cut in strips 1 inch wide and 3 inches long. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 10 to 12 minutes or until a delicate brown. Makes about 1½ dozen.

### LINCOLN LOG-SALAD

% cup green pepper, chopped Cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise of asparagus tips 36 asparagus tips small pieces small pieces

Mix cabbage, celery and green pepper. Moisten with salad dressing. Arrange 3 asparagus tips in the form of a triangle on heart leaves of lettuce. On top of these lay 3 more tips. Fill center of triangle with cabbage mixture. Cut pimiento in

thin strips one inch long and arrange 3 pieces on top of each salad to make a star.

This makes 6 salads.

#### A SUPPER FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

This party we planned for fifty persons because we know from your letters that some of you are "hard put to it" to find ideas and menus and recipes for feeding large numbers of people.

On our table we used a white cloth with red, white and blue crepe paper strips running lengthwise and crosswise on it. We used simple blue and white china, and for a centerpiece we had feers with silk

for a centerpiece we had ferns with silk flags standing upright in pots covered with the red, white and blue paper. Here is our menu for the supper

Split-Pea Soup Independence Loaf with Tomato Sauce Patriotic Sweet Potatoes Mount-Vernon Salad Finger-Rolls
Cherry Pie or Ice-Cream with
Cherry Sauce
Tea and Coffee
Red and White Peppermints

The third photograph at the bottom of our first page will show you that we served the Independence Loaf, Patriotic Sweet Potatoes, Mount-Vernon Salad and Finger-Rolls on one plate together. The soup was served first, and for dessert we had a choice of Cherry Pie or Vanilla Ice-Cream with a sauce made from canned cherries cut fine sweetened and cooked

ce-tream with a sauce made from canned cherries cut fine, sweetened and cooked down in their own juice.

Below are recipes for several of the foods-on the menu. They are all planned in quantities to serve fifty people.

### INDEPENDENCE LOAF

pounds raw veal pounds cooked chicken meat cup salt teaspoons

5 pounds raw veal
5 pounds cooked
chicken meat
2 cup salt
2 teaspoons pepper
1 quart bread crumbs
4 large onions,
chopped
3 eggs
2 cups milk
1 cup chicken stock
4 pound bacon,
sliced thin

Cut veal in pieces and grind in meat-grinder. Grind chicken and mix with veal, salt, pepper, bread crumbs and chopped onion. Add beaten eggs, milk and stock and blend thoroughly together. Pack into well-greased loaf-pans. Lay 3 or 4 thin slices of bacon on each loaf. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 2 hours. Prick top during baking to allow bacon fat to be absorbed. Slice and serve hot with the following:

### TOMATO SAUCE

6 cups fresh or canned tomatoes 4 cups water ½ tablespoon salt 2 teaspoons celery salt ½ teaspoon pepper

5 whole cloves
1 bay leaf
34 cup shortening
1 cup green pepper,
chopped
2 cup flour

Cook tomatoes, water, salt, celery salt, pepper, cloves and bay leaf together 20 minutes. Strain. Melt shortening, add green pepper and cook 5 minutes. Add flour and mix well. Add tomato stock and bring to boiling-point, stirring constantly. Keep hot over hot water.

PATRIOTIC SWEET POTATOES

10 pounds sweet po-tatoes 1/3 cup sugar 10 pounds yellow tur-nips cup butter

Wash sweet potatoes and cook in boiling water until tender. Wash and pare turnips, cut in small pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain. Mash turnips and press out all excess liquid. Mash sweet potatoes and add to turnip with salt, sugar and butter. If mixture is too dry, add a little hot milk. Beat until fluffy. Keep hot over hot water until served. Serve each portion with a round ice-cream scoop. In the center of each mound put a small American flag.

### MOUNT-VERNON SALAD

Mix 18 cups finely shredded cabbage with 7 cups apples, cut in small pieces. Moisten thoroughly with mayonnaise dressing. Garnish with mayonnaise.

1926



And how it affects your child's success in school

What are the causes of a child's success or failure in school? Why is the same child alert and attentive one day and listless and inattentive the next?

These are questions to which your school authorities have been seeking answers. They have been making tests and experiments, and as a result they have put their fingers definitely on one simple fact:—

The kind of work your child does in school on any given day is materially influenced by the kind of breakfast he has that morning.

What kind of breakfast should he have—what will send him to school prepared to do his best in these days that count so much for his future welfare?

A report of the U. S. Bureau of Education says, after a complete study of the whole subject of school children's health and nutrition:—

"A well-cooked cereal is an essential part of a child's breakfast."

This is why schools everywhere are now urging, "Every boy and girl needs a bot cereal breakfast."

In over 20,000 school rooms they have hung this statement on the walls, because teachers have learned by actual tests that the child with a hot cereal breakfast does better work.

To this fact mothers agree, from their own common-sense observations. But many realize that, too often, they have allowed their children to follow their own fads and fancies in foods.

So mothers everywhere are taking new interest in this subject, and seeing that their children get such good hot cereals as Cream of Wheat.

The reason why so many authorities have approved of Cream of Wheat as the ideal cereal for children is very simple.

First, because in its delicious creaminess is a wonderful store of both mental and physical energy.

Second, because it contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat and its energy is therefore quickly released. The child who has it for breakfast is benefiting from it by ten o'clock.

There is probably a package of Cream of Wheat in your pantry now. If not, there is plenty at your grocers. Use it tomorrow to give your children the kind of morning nourishment they need. It's so easy to prepare and so good to eat!

Note: For a variety of delightful ways to serve Cream of Wheat write for recipe booklet. With it we will send Free a sample package, and our authoritative booklet "The Important Business of Feeding Children." Address The Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. 602, Minneapolis, Minn.

In Canada made by The Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 2.



## Be honest for a change . . . .

Like most human beings, you probably tell white lies about some of the little things of life.

You say you brush your teeth, for instance, three or two times a day—where once would be nearer the truth.

Most of us are lazy in the same way and say the same thing.

In fact, there are still some people who lie about taking a cold bath every morning. Usually they don't and many days they miss the morning bath entirely.

Isn't it true, though, that many of the little duties of life are more irksome than the bigger ones?

Tooth brushing is a good example.

Realizing the truth of this, we set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the easiest, quickest way to clean teeth. In fact, a tooth paste for lazy people—and in tooth brushing, at least, the word, lazy, includes practically all of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very easy to use. It works fast. Just a few swipes of the brush and your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is formulated. It contains a remarkable new cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel\*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

How fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! And then, besides, you know your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

\*The specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.



LISTERINE

1926



## TOOTH PASTE

EASY TO USE



### Same Old Crowd -But a Brand New Treat!

When the old crowd gathers for another good time—surprise them with something delightfully different. "Star" Ham a la King! It's dainty, not too heavy; yet deliciously satisfying.

This is one of the clever ways of serving Armour's "Star" Ham. You'll find threescore recipes-all practical, unusual, and easy to prepare—in our booklet "60 Ways to Serve." The coupon will bring you a copy free. Send for it today.





Peach Snowballs with Whipped Cream are as good as they look

### ADD THESE DESSERTS TO YOUR LIST OF FAVORITES

### BY LILIAN M. GUNN

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College Columbia University



PEACH SNOWBALLS

tablespoon gelatin cup peach juice cup boiling water tablespoons lemon s cup canned peaches pressed through sieve a egg whites 14 cup sugar

Soak gelatin in peach juice 5 minutes. Add boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add lemon juice and sugar, strain and cool. Add fruit and set aside to stiffen. When consistency of thick cream, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Mold in egg cups dipped in cold water. When cold and firm, unmold each ball on half of a large canned peach, sliced off slightly to set firm. Garnish with whipped cream. Makes 6 servings. Makes 6 servings.

### ALMOND-CHOCOLATE CORN-STARCH

134 cups scaled milk
11/2 squares or ounces
chocolate
1/2 cup blanched almonds, cut fine
on vanilla 4 tablespoons corn-starch starch
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar
½ cup cold milk
½ teaspo

Mix together corn-starch, salt and sugar with cold milk. Stir into scalded milk. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens then occasionally for 10 minutes longer. Add chocolate melted over hot water and cook 10 minutes longer. Remove from fire and stir in almonds and vanilla. Pour into large or individual molds, dipped in cold water. When ready to serve, turn out and garnish with blanched almonds and whipped cream. Makes 6 servings.

### FRUIT FRANGIPANE

1½ c u p s c a n n e d
peaches, apricots
or pineapple, cut
in thin slices
1/3 cup sugar
3 tablespoons corn2 c up sake crumbs
1 teaspoon orange
2 teaspoon orange

Put fruit in glass serving-dish. Mix sugar, corn-starch and salt with ½ cup milk and add beaten eggs. Scald remaining 1½ cups milk and add to egg mixture. Cook over hot water 20 minutes until thick, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add cake crumbs and extract and stir until cool enough to pour over fruit without breaking glass dish. Chill and serve with or without whipped cream. If desired, fruit juice can be used instead of cold milk. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

### APRICOT SOUFFLE

11/2 tablespoons gel-atin

Mix together lemon juice and sugar and

add beaten egg yolks.
Cook over hot water
until thick. Soak gelatin
in fruit juice 5 minutes, then pour cooked
mixture over it, stirring until gelatin is
dissolved. Add fruit pulp and set aside
to stiffen. When consistency of thick
cream, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites
and whipped cream. Pour into mold
dipped in cold water and chill. Peaches or
pineapple can be used instead of apricot,
if desired. Makes 6 servings.

### FRUIT TAPIOCA

1 cup tapioca ½ cup sugar
Water or fruit juice 1 can peaches or
to cover other fruit
½ teaspoon salt

Soak tapioca in water or fruit juice overnight if pearl tapioca is used. Granu-lated tapioca requires no soaking. Cook in overnight if pearl tapioca is used. Granulated tapioca requires no soaking. Cook in same water or juice until transparent. Add salt and sugar while hot. Line a greased baking-dish with fruit and pour tapioca mixture over it. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 20 minutes. Chill and serve with cream or any desired sauce. Makes 8 servines. Makes 8 servings.

### NOVELTY HARD SAUCE

1/3 cup butter 1 cup brown sugar 2 tablespoons cream ¼ cup pecans, cut very fine ¼ teaspoon vanilla

Cream butter and stir in sugar slowly. Then add cream, ¼ teaspoon at a time. Stir in nuts and vanilla.

### VARIETY BATTER

2 cups flour 4 teaspoons baking-powder 34 cup milk

Cream butter and add sugar, then beaten egg. Sift together flour and baking-powder and add to egg mixture alternately with milk. Mix well. Vary as follows: 1. For cottage pudding, bake in greased cake-pan in hot oven (375° F.) 30

minutes.

For Dutch Apple Cake, lay sliced apples in rows on top, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 35 to 40 minutes. For steamed pudding, add ½ cup raisins or dates to batter and steam in individual molds ¾ hour.

### CRUSHED-FRUIT PUDDING-SAUCE

1/3 cup butter 1 cup powdered sugar 1 egg white

Cream butter and add sugar slowly. Fold in stiffly beaten egg white, then fruit. Beat until light.

Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level

1926

s. er in dis le k



started with EAGLE BRAND

TO LOOK at little Janell Law now, you would think that she had probably never had a sick or unhappy moment in all her life-and would

envy her fortunate parents. Yet this is what Mrs. Law actually writes:

"The first six weeks of Janell's life were a hectic time for us all. She cried continuously and lost weight instead

of gaining. She was getting plenty of milk but apparently something was lacking. At the suggestion of a friend who had raised two children on Eagle Brand we decided to give it just a trial. The first bottle was con-

JANELL LAW 3-year old daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Barton Law, Oklahoma City, Okla.

vincing enough. Of course, we are both ardent boosters of Eagle Brand and think there is only one substitute for mother's milk."

If you cannot nurse your baby, or if he is not thriving on his present food, put him on Eagle Brand at once.

This food has brought three generations of children safely through babyhood and helped them to grow to be sturdy youngsters. Thousands of vigorous men and women attribute their splendid health today to the right start Eagle Brand gave them years ago in infancy

Eagle Brand is pure country milk—with all the properties for building bone and muscle-and rich in the three essential vitamins, too. It is combined with sugar in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. Often it will agree with babies when everything else fails.

Eagle Brand is always absolutely uniform, safe and pure. Easy to buy anywhere-keeps perfectly—simple for mothers to prepare.

If you would like further proof of the value of Eagle Brand for infant feeding, send for the new Borden booklet -What Other Mothers Say. It gives interesting experiences of other mothers with their babies-also directions and feeding charts for babies up to two years. General information on the care of your baby is supplied in another book, Baby's Welfare, written for you by a physician.

Check and mail the coupon below for your free copies. The Borden Company, 219 Borden Building, 350 Madi-



son Avenue, New York, N.Y.



Baby Welfare Dept., THE BORDEN COMPANY 219 Borden Building, 350 Madison Avenue New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of What Other Mothers Say and Baby's Welfare.

Name .....

## Announcing The NEW 1926 Model REFRIGERATOR

"Like a Clean China Dish" Actual thickness

Wallsinsulated with Compressed Corkboard, 11/2 inches thick, sealed with wool felt; equal in insulating value to a 24-inch brick wall

HE New 1926 Leonard Cleanable stands for happiness in housework and health in the home. It helps to usher in the New Age of Better Housekeeping. Kitchen tasks are easier, work hours fewer. Mothers keep their youth.

See this 1926 Model. It will pay you back, year after year, in the food it saves. For its insulation of thick Compressed Corkboard, sealed with wool felt, is a guarding wall which heat cannot penetrate!

The easily-cleaned walls of the gleaming white one-piece porcelain food chamber constitute perfection in food storage. Feel the round corners. Porcelain extends clear around door frame. Cleaning is easy. Copper wastepipe and trap; hair-trigger latches. Furnished with cup coil water cooler and outside icing door, if desired.

When renting an apartment, be sure it is equipped with a Leonard Cleanable.

NOTICE—The identifying mark—the word "Cleanable"—applies to our porcelain-lined refrigerators only. We also make hite enamel-lined refrigerators under the name of "Leonard Polar King.'

The Leonard Cleanable is unexcelled for Ice and Electrical Refrig-

A size and style for every purse. Many dealers sell on the Partial Payment Plan. A small down payment will put one of these excellent refrigerators in your home. See the Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Just Say "Send Catalog"

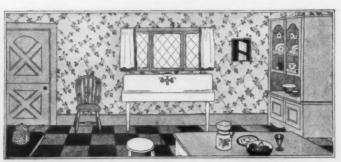
and our illustrated catalog showing many styles and sizes of refrigerators will be mailed you immediately, together with sample of porcelain and Mr. Leonard's booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators."

Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., 702 Clyde Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids - the fine furniture



C.H.LEONARD

Over Two Million



These beautiful walls are washable and sanitary. The woodwork is stained green and finished with waterproof varnish. The chairs, table and stool are painted in an old ivory enamel, with rose-colored socks on the legs. Rose-colored oilcloth covers the top of the table.

### Glorify Your Kitchen

BY HOPE HARVEY



OLOR which gloriously exhil-arating has found

its way at last into the kitchen! Not just slight touches of green or a tracery of blue on vast spaces of white enamel; but color as richly variegated as a field of summer flowers, has become a cheerful and necessary factor in up-to-date kitchen

summer flowers, has become a cheerful and necessary factor in up-to-date kitchen furnishings.

After Pasteur discovered germs, we housewives were frightened into surrounding our food preparations with a glaring whiteness—so very frightened that we did not stop to realize that clean is clean, whatever color it may be. We denied ourselves the charm of colorful things about us as we worked; we made our kitchens coldly efficient, sanitary and even bleak.

Recently I discovered by accident how inspiring are the thoughts suggested by a bright print at the kitchen window, or even by a funny little pot or bowl on the kitchen shelf. It is an actual diversion to lift one's eyes now and then to lovely colors and harmonious objects during the monotonous motions one must repeat daily when doing general kitchen-work. And after you have experienced the joys of a colorful kitchen you will begin as I did, to wonder why you have always reserved interesting, bright-hued objects for your other rooms, forgetting the kitchen your other rooms, forgetting the kitchen where you probably spend most of your

I had not been aware that my own immaculate kitchen was hungry for color until I saw one day in a shop window a quaintly decorated Brittany bowl. I yielded to its charm and bought it, an inexpensive purchase.

The bowl, set at first on the shelf above

the sink, was only a bit of glorious color harmony in a sea of white. But it was a companionable little thing that often caught my attention as I went through the day's routine. I stopped now and then

caught my attention as I went through the day's routine. I stopped now and then to turn the opposite side, on which the decoration was different, so that I could enjoy it, too. Then one very crowded day I needed an extra bowl for some whites of egg and tremulously I reached up for the one ornament in my kitchen! At that moment its useful mission began.

How pretty the colors on the bowl looked in contrast with the foaming eggs as I whipped them! How agreeable it was to wash the bowl in warm suds! How pleasant to dry it briskly! Why hadn't I used it before, I wondered? Since then it has been put into constant service for kitchen-use, with still farther journeyings to the breakfast- or dinner-table. It became such a favorite that another gay foreign bowl came to keep it company. Then, as time passed a family of oddly gay bowls and jugs rested on my white shelves. Each one meant some little sacrifice but each has become a source of unending pleasure.

They added so much interest to an otherwise pallid room that the family

began to enjoy them almost as keenly as I did. Whenever someone came in the kitchen for the first time he would be drawn to the shelf. The men usually looked pleasantly amused and wanted to know where "such things" came from. They were interested in finding out what kinds of people made the unfamiliar shapes and painted them with such vivid colors. The women invariably asked why I "used such pretty things for the common work of the kitchen!"

This question has been asked me so often that it has made me realize the general misunderstanding we homemakers have of the right uses of beauty. Most of using them at all and by shutting them away out of sight when we need them so much all about us. Surely there is not means the surely there is not means the surely there is not means the surely there is not the surely there.

away out of sight when we need them so much all about us. Surely there is no greater need for the stimulation beauty gives than during the long hours of un-varied labors we women spend within doors! Outside in the fields or woods doors! Outside in the fields or woods there is always a chance to lift one's eyes for an occasional glimpse of Nature's vast treasures of beauty but within doors—especially in the narrow spaces that kitchens so often are—one is compelled to gather bits of beauty about her if she is to have beauty at all.

I KNOW now that an urge toward beauty made me reach out for that piece of Brittany ware. I had no thought except to put it on a shelf where I could look at it, not realizing at the time that it was the beginning of a rebellion against the stolld aloofness of my own kitchen. But

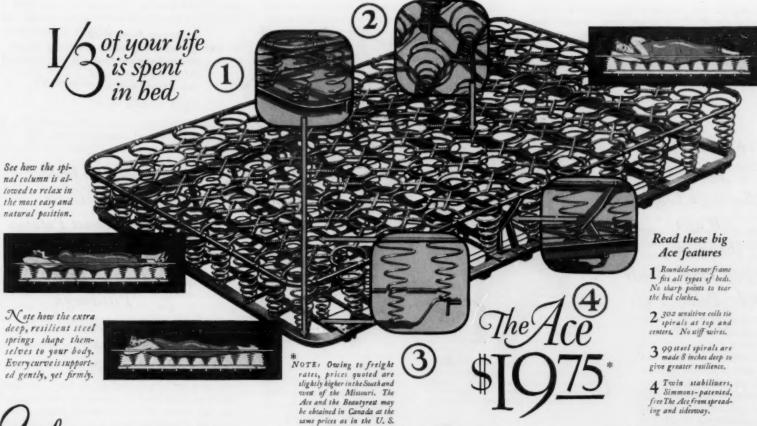
the beginning of a rebellion against the stolid aloofness of my own kitchen. But great changes do not come about immediately. It was many months before the shabbiness of my kitchen woodwork and walls could be relieved with a fresh coat of paint. And while I waited, my gay pottery continued to exert its spell over me, weaning me away from the wan whiteness of my kitchen walls.

I began to feel uncomfortable in their chilliness and when at last I could repaint them, quite against the pleas and advice of everyone, I selected the exact shade of the yellow flowers on my bowls—a light buttercup yellow! Then I covered the woodwork and walls, including five shelves over the sink, with the golden tone. When the paint on the shelves dried I gave the top and front edge of each one of them a coat of smooth, easy-to-wash, waterproof enamel in a different color. The top shelf was indigo-blue, the next carnation-red, the next orange, the next French blue and the bottom shelf dull green. The under sides of the shelves were left yellow to preserve the desired effect of unity with the walls.

The window-sill was widened seven inches, so that dishes might stand on it

of unity with the walls.

The window-sill was widened seven inches, so that dishes might stand on it to cool, and was enameled a luscious orange color. The wooden strips which divided the small panes of the windows and the doors of the cabinet were outlined with indigo-blue [Turn to page 71]



## our tired brain and body crave the luxury of America's favorite bedspring!

and waken cramped down in a "valley"?

Throw back your mattress tonight, and examine the spring. If it is a "spiral" type you may find that stiff wires tie the centers of the springs. That may be the trouble. Weight on any one spiral drags its neighbors down.

Then go and see the famous Ace at the nearest store. Note how small, sensitive coils join the deep spirals, at both tops and centers. Each acts freely, carries its own load.

Watch the action of the Simmons-patented stabilizers as you press the bedspring downwards. Like shock-absorbers on a motor car, they preventsagging, sidesway and spreading. Thousands know The Ace to be the finest spring built. No other, at any price, gives the relaxing comfort which this miracle of

modern science insures for a lifetime.

Does your weight sag the center of your bed? Yet, The Ace is priced at only \$19.75. Huge Do you go to sleep hanging onto the edge output cuts its cost. Go - now - see The Ace. Test it. Compare it. Then put it on your bed.

> NY dealer can supply you. The widest range 1 of Simmons sleep equipment may be found in stores with a SIMMONS BEDDING DEPARTMENT

THE NEW 3950\*

Ace Bed Sprin

DR. KARGER, famous scientist, discovers vital facts about

You may think you sleep eight hours, yet actually obtain only three hours ofdeep, sound sleep! During the rest of the night, fitful slumber hinders the repair of body-cells.

Dr. Paul Karger, eminent scientist, has proved this startling fact. Only from 11/2 to 21/2 hours after going to bed, and from 34 to 1 hour before awakening, do we sleep soundly. Between times, the persons under his observation twitched at noises, tossed and turned many times.

Strained position of limbs or trunk, caused by wornout or unscientific bedding, he declares to be one of the thieves that rob us of our full rest.

Through scientific research, The Simmons Company is endeavoring to contribute to the public knowledge concerning sleep and is building correct sleep equipment which will make this great necessity available to all.



French Fried

Julienne
Saratoga Chips

Waffle
Franconia
French Fried Sweets
Sweet Potato Puffs
O'Brien



I virst ate French Fried Potatoes when, as a little girl, my father and I stopped one night at a small New England hotel.

Cottage Fried
Potato Cakes
Caramel Sweet Potatoes
Lyonnaise
Hashed Brown
Pittsburgh
Sauté

I FIRST ate French Fried Potatoes when, as a little girl, my father and I stopped one night at a small New England hotel. We had them for breakfast and I thought they were the best potatoes I had ever eaten. We had never had French Fried Potatoes at home, or in any place I had visited. As a child and for many years after I learned to cook, I believed what many women believe today—that French Fried Potatoes can only be properly cooked by a chef.

I know differently now, and want to teil every woman how she can easily have at home these delicious French Fried Potatoes we all like so much with a broiled steak.

### The Importance of the Fat

First, the selection of your fat is very, very important, and it must be properly used. The old saying, "Wait for the fat to smoke before you put the food in" is out-of-date. Until I found Crisco (which fries to perfection without smoking) I used this test, smoking up the whole house as well as my hair and clothes, every time I fried anything.

During the many years I have been using Crisco, my results in frying have been so satisfactory that I always recommend it to my friends. One of the reasons why my foods made with Crisco are so perfectly delicious is explained

## How I Fry Potatoes 15 Different Ways

in the Blindfold Test on the next page. But let's get back to potatoes.

French Fried · Julienne · Saratoga Chips Waffle · French Fried Sweets

For French Fried, cut in strips about one-half inch square, and for Julienne (or Strings), in match-like strips. For Saratoga use smaller potatoes sliced as thin as possible. But for Waffle Potatoes we need a cutter, which can be bought cheaply in any department store. This will also cut Julienne.

To fry any of these, first be sure they are dried in a towel. Put in a medium-sized kettle about 2 to 2½ lbs. of Crisco. It can be used over and over, so this will last for many fryings. Heat slowly and when it will brown a piece of bread in 20 seconds it is hot enough to fry the potatoes (395 degrees F. if you use a thermometer). There are kettles with a basket especially made for deep fat frying, but you can use an ordinary sauce pan and wire strainer or just skim them out with a skimmer.

Remember, put in only a few potatoes at a time. Cold potatoes of course cool the hot Crisco so it may be necessary to increase the heat until the Crisco is as hot as when you put them in. As you watch them fry, notice there is no smoke.

When they are well browned (in about 4½ minutes) test with a toothpick to be sure they are done, then drain on soft paper, sprinkle with salt and serve. Notice how wonderful they are, all the real potato flavor, undisguised by any flavor of fat. The Blindfold Test on the next page explains how this has been made possible.

Notice, too, the potatoes are not greasy or fat-soaked. Crisco, when properly used, fries anything without soaking in. This makes it most economical, as so little is used up. No matter what you have fried with Crisco, simply strain

### AS QUICK AS BROILING A STEAK



All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco. Put your Crisco into a cold-saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying



potatoes. Don't wait for Crisco to smoke. Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heet, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



When brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain the potatoes on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. When you have finished, strain your



to cool. Then it is ready to use over and over again for anything you want to fry. The taste of one thing will not be carried to another.

For use the quibro roll

MeC

of

Fre

S four three speed drop Fry brow into

Cott pan. cept sides

The

Her row)

(lowe conia O'Bi and Puffs.

•

it back into the can and it is ready for the next fry. And of course Crisco never carries the flavor of one food to another.

Sweet potatoes, raw or cold boiled, may be French Fried the same way.

### Franconia Potatoes

### Sweet Potato Puffs

For Franconia Potatoes, to serve with roasts, I use the tiniest potatoes. Instead of browning them in the oven, I cook them more easily and quickly in the deep kettle. Crisco deep-frying browns them evenly. Often I dress them up by rolling in beaten eggs and bread crumbs. This makes delicious, brown, crispy balls, not a bit greasy when fried in Crisco.

Sweet Potato Puffs are delicious, too. Take four medium sized potatoes, boil, peel and put through ricer. Add one well beaten egg, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper, mix and cool. Then drop teaspoonfuls into grated fresh bread crumbs. Fry as you do French Fried Potatoes. Crisco browns them almost instantly, without soaking into the soft mixture or changing the flavor.

### Cottage Fried · Caramel Sweets Potato Cakes

These three are simply left-over boiled potatoes. Cottage Fried we brown on both sides in frying pan. Caramel Sweets we fry the same way, except that we sprinkle them generously on both sides with granulated sugar while they are frying.

I make delicious Potato Cakes to serve with cold meat by adding a beaten egg to left-over mas'ned potatoes. I make them into round flat cakes and brown on both sides in the frying pan. It takes only a few minutes and it's a pleasure to fry them in Crisco. I am sure you will find

in pan-frying with Crisco the same pleasure you will in Crisco deep-frying. Your potatoes will be fried to the same good-looking brown without the unsightly scorched places we see when we use a fat which must smoke before it fries. Better results are obtained when you use plenty of Crisco. Because it does not soak in, what is left can be used again.

### Lyonnaise Hashed Brown Pittsburgh · Saute O'Brien

Five other ways to use up cold boiled potatoes. For Lyonnaise, slice thin, add as much sliced onion as you like, a little chopped parsley, and fry all together, tossing with a fork until they are a nice brown. For Hashed Brown, chop,

and brown in the frying pan. Stir occasionally until partly brown all through. Then let them brown over the bottom, double over like an omelet, and serve on the platter in omelet

shape, a lovely golden brown. For Pittsburgh, add chopped green pepper to the chopped potatoes and cook the same way. For Sauté, dice them and brown in the frying pan. For O'Brien, add to diced potatoes,

add to diced potatoes, chopped raw bacon, onion and pimentos, and fry in the same way.

### Cakes, Pies and Biscuits, too

I consider Crisco a perfect frying fat, not only for potatoes but for everything. And that is not all; it is a perfect shortening, too. It makes the most flaky, tender pastry, light dainty cakes with a fine, even texture, fluffy, flaky biscuits, light tender muffins, waffles, rolls, breads of every description; in fact, Crisco is the only fat you need keep in the house for it gives the richness required from shortening without adding a taste of fat and so changing the flavors of foods. Whatever amount of shortening any

recipe calls for, simply use the same amount of Crisco. I use Crisco for everything, and—if I do say so, my reputation for good food is increasing every day.

Winifed Santes



Here you see (top row) Waffle Potatoes and Potato Cakes; (lower row) Franconia Potatoes, O'Brien Potatoes and Sweet Potato Puffs.

at ad es re

til in. in. ive. ive. ey ith re, ny

le.

or

ost

ter

ain

TREE...

New Cook Book on Deep Fat Frying

Deep Fat Frying is one phase of the art of cooking which still remains rather mysterious to thousands of home-makers. In this new recipe book, Sarah Field Splint, food and household management editor of McCall's Magazine, shares with you many of her "success secrets"—tells how to fry foods properly, so that they will always be appetizing, delicious and perfectly digestible. Her book contains 50 recipes, too: for frying meats, vegetables, fish, croquettes, fritters and doughnuts. To receive this book free, simply fill in and mail the coupon.



An Astonishing

BLINDFOLD TEST

I never could quite settle in my own mind just thy Crisco gave such delicious results until one day I happened to taste Crisco. Then I no longer wondered why Crisco foods tasted so much better.

I wish you would taste Crisco, too, just as it comes from the can. To prove to yourself what a great difference there can be in cooking fats, make this blindfold test:

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another, place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you and give you first one, then the other, fat to taste.

Now, did you ever imagine there could be such a

difference in the taste of cooking fats? You will appreciate at once what a difference there must be in the taste and wholesomeness of pies, cakes, bis-

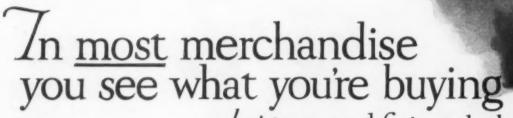
cuits and fried foods when made with Crisco

The Proc	ter & Ga	mble C	0.	
Dept. of	Home Ec	conomic	s, Sect.	L-2
Cincinna	ti, Ohio			
Please	send me.	free, t	he cool	k bo

Please send me, free, the cook book entitled "Some Hints on Deep Fat Frying."

City ...... State .....

CRISCO makes delicious cakes, flaky pastry, fluffy biscuits, too.



-but in canned fruits only the reputation of the label guarantees, in advance, the quality you want

That's why it's so important to specify Del Monte — and see that you get it.

You know this label. You know in advance exactly what Del Monte quality is. No matter what variety you choose—no matter when or where you buy—you are always certain of the same uniform goodness and flavor.

Why not take advantage of this quality guarantee—in planning your own menus? Right now is the season when you need plenty of fruit. Order a supply of Del Monte—and enjoy the many delicious varieties packed under this one brand. You'll find it the practical, economical way to add a summer touch to every meal you serve. Just say Del Monte—and be sure.

"The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" will help you, too. It's a picked collection of the favorite fruit recipes of America's best known cooking authorities. For a free copy, address Department 32S, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

A few
Del Monte Varieties
you should know

Peaches, Melba Halves
Peach Halves, both Yellow
Cling and Freestone
Sliced Peaches, Apricots, Pears
Royal Anne Cherries
Pineapple, Sliced or Crushed
Asparagus, Spinach
and many others

Del Monte

Be sure you say
DEL MONTE



### The New-Born Baby's Best Ally

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

PART II.

APPRECIATE that, on account of

her family associations, not every mother is able to live an ideal nursing-life; yet, many mothers can; and it is of no harm for those who cannot, to know what these ideal conditions are and to attempt to create them as far as possible. Here is a list of nursing-

1 A diet, similar to that to which the mother was accustomed before the advent of motherhood, should be taken.

2 There should be one bowel-evacuation

daily.

3 From three to four hours daily should

be spent in the open air in exercise which does not fatigue.

4 At least eight hours out of every twenty-four should be given to sleep.

5 There should be absolute regularity

6 There should be no worry and no

The mother should be temperate in

Every mother can follow rules 1, 2, 5 and 7 and they are the most important of the series. In this hectic, work-a-day civilization, rule 6 is the most difficult to follow and, uncontrolled, it accounts for

follow and, uncontrolled, it accounts for most breast-feeding failures.

Often when I have been consulted by nursing-mothers because the nursing was unsuccessful or a partial failure, I have found that their diet had been restricted to an extreme degree. This has usually been on the advice of relatives and friends. One will suggest that such an article is harmful—it never agreed with her; another will state positively that some other article of food will be sure to disagree because her niece or someone else couldn't article of food will be sure to disagree because her niece or someone else couldn't take it. When all this well-intentioned advice, based on nothing more than prejudice, is followed, the food allowance is narrowed down so that there is but little variety; the appetite goes stale, the milk secretion falls off and the nutritional elements drop below the normal.

Free, useless advice of the inexperienced and interested should be avoided carefully. If the young mother is bound to listen because of family ties or for other reasons, she may do so with all due respect and then go to her physician for correct dietetic directions.

A robust young mother who has always

A robust young mother who has always eaten bountifully of a generous variety of foods should not be put on a greatly restricted diet unless one is striving to curtail the quantity and lower the quality of

when I am asked to prescribe a diet, I tell such mothers to eat as they were accustomed to before the advent of pregnancy and motherhood. That this particular vegetable or that particular fruit should be feeligided. On general writinglies in be forbidden, on general principles, is a fallacy. Food that the patient can digest without inconvenience, is a safe food as

far as the nursing is concerned.

For certain individuals, however, a plain and more or less restricted diet is

desirable. This must be remembered in the management of the wet nurse. Many a wet nurse who has been

nurse who has been carefully selected and who, to the best of carefully selected and who, to the best of our judgment, should prove satisfactory, utterly fails in a few days to fulfill the duties of the office for which she was chosen. Frequently the failure is due to a very full diet of unusual articles of food, the existence of which, in many instances, she never dreamed. Indigestion and consipation follow; both the nurse and the baby are made ill and the woman's useful-ness ceases. A woman who has lived and kept well on the diet and food found in the home of a laboring-man, whether in

the home of a laboring-man, whether in the city or country, will make a far better wet nurse on this diet than if she indulges in food to which she is unaccustomed.

In general then, the diet of a nursing-mother should be that to which she has been accustomed. Nursing is a normal function and a woman should be permitted to carry it out along only natural lines.

As there are two lives to be provided for instead of one, more food, particularly of a liquid character, may be taken than that to which the mother may have been accustomed. It is my custom to advise that milk be given freely. A glass of milk may be taken in the middle of the afternoon and at bedtime, eight ounces of milk

that milk be given freely. A glass of milk may be taken in the middle of the afternoon and at bedtime, eight ounces of milk with eight ounces of oatmeal or cornmeal gruel if it does not disagree.

Our only evidence that a food is not disagreeing is the condition of the digestion. When any article of food disagrees with the mother or if she is convinced that it disagrees whether or not such is really the case, the food should be discontinued. Milk in quantities of not more than one quart daily, eggs, meat, fish, poultry, cereals, green vegetables and stewed fruit, form a basis for selection.

The method of preparation for the different meals is not arbitrary. Teadrinking in large amounts is bad for breast-feeding under any condition. Coffee in moderation is not harmful. Chocolate and cocoa are of a decided benefit to those in whom the milk supply is scanty.

A very important and too-often neglected matter in relation to nursing is the condition of the bowels. For a nursing mother to remain well and able to supply good milk there must be one free evacuation daily; when this function is faulty, a properly adjusted diet helps greatly. Food with laxative properties should be taken freely. The raw and stewed fruits, green vegetables, raw or cooked celery and lettuce are particularly of use.

Oatmeal and the corn products such a cornmeal and hominy are a help. Fats and sugars are also laxative. Butter and cream

commeat and the corn products such as cornmeat and hominy are a help. Fats and sugars are also laxative. Butter and cream may be taken freely unless the mother is inclined to be over-weight. Whole wheat bread, bran muffins, can be utilized by all; bread, bran mumns, can be utilized by all; so, too, can prunes. Six to eight ounces of prune juice daily is a laxative agent for many persons. Any mother can drink a glass of water slowly one-half hour before each meal, three times a day; also, raw bran is effective mixed with porridge.



### Stack up the Beech-Nut sandwiches for a real winter luncheon/

STACK them up "ready to eat". Stack them up high. The "appetites are coming" in the brisk and snappy air, and you are sure to need plenty of Beech-Nut.

Smooth, flavory Beech-Nut Peanut Butter! It certainly does bring a warm con-tented glow in weather like this-both to the young and the not-so-young.

Just spread one slice with good dairy butter and the other slice with Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. So quick and simple, and you've no idea how smooth and delicious it is. Home-made bread or baker's-white, brown or whole-wheat -biscuits, buns or crackers—Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is the heart of the sandwich-flavorous, nutritious, healthful.

Beech-Nut is the leading peanut butter; insist on Beech-Nut Peanut Butter at your grocer's. You know it's pure. And one jar of the medium size will spread twenty-six slices of bread. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

### Beech-Nut "Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor'

Beech-Nut Bacon Beech-Nut Peanut Butter Beech-Nut Coffee Beech-Nut Macaroni, Spaghetti,

Vermicelli
Beech-Nut Macaroni Elbows
Beech-Nut Macaroni Rings
Beech-Nut Prepared Spaghetti
Beech-Nut Pork and Beans Beech-Nut Catsup, Chili Sauce Beech-Nut Prepared Mustard Beech-Nut Jams and Jellies Beech-Nut Marmalades

### Beech-Nut Confections

Beech-Nut Mints Beech-Nut Fruit Drops Beech-Nut Candy Drops Beech-Nut Chewing Gum

## Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

BEECH-NUT QUALITY-AT EVERYDAY PRICES

Mc



WERE is a tendency among our American bair-dressers to promote the mannish cut as the very smart bob. I went to Paris expecting to find it everywhere—and found it scarcely at all! Why? The Parisienne tried it, found it unbecoming with most of her gowns and discarded it. Here are the rules pronounced by the kings of Parisian hair-dressers for those who seek a becoming mode: Only the woman with classical features can stand the score coiffure, the center part, the straight hair draped over the ears. Most women need a soft wave to frame the face, and the wave generally accepted now in Paris is a wide one, (see above) confessedly hard to hold but—the fashion.



ANY bair-dressers clip the bair short at the back though not as short at the mannish cut; but the majority leave it long enough to hold a swirl; the smartest heads show a wide S-shaped wave across the back. And ears are fashionable again! That is the outstanding feature of the new hohs. You must show at least half of the ear; to be truly up-to-date, the whole ear. The hair is cut fairly long in front, softly waved, forward from the ears; at the back it is cut in a suggestion of a point behind the ears so that no hair covers them (see above). If you dare not be so hold as to show them wholly, reveal only the tips.



or the center-back: If the neck is slender, cut the bair with scarcely a suggestion of a point. (See middle picture); if the neck is short and ratherfull, the decided point narrows and lengthens it; if neither one nor the other, follow the natural way your bair grows. And keep your hair well trimmed. There is nothing more unsightly than a ragged neck line. When false hair is used—if you prefer the dignity long hair gives to evening dress—the double switch is the favorite (above). This is held in place at each side behind the ears, dressed low to cover the neck line, and finished with effective combs, either gay-colored combs or stunning circular combs, set with stones (below).

### NO ONE IN PARIS HAS LONG HAIR!



Illustrated by Mary MacKinnon from original sketches made in Paris by Paul Teche



HEN Miss Kirkus searched among New York society's smartest hair-dressers for the latest modes in bobs, she found they all waited for word from Paris before declaring a new fashion. Whereupon Miss Kirkus went direct to Paris to learn these styles at first hand.

The smart Parisienne is Fashion's mistress. So there are no extremes of fashion on the Rue de la Paix, at tea-time at the Ritz, at late dinner in the Bois, at the gay night-clubs of Paris. The truly smart Parisienne knows too well the art of adapting fashion to herself ever to become its slave. She takes short hair for granted and has long since found the cut that best becomes her. How long will it last? "As long as the short frocks stay," says Antoine. "Until her ladyship is bored and demands a change," says Emile.

From these world-famed authorities on hair-dressing and from the actual modes worn by smart Parisiennes, Miss Kirkus presents you, here, with advance news of what will be, tomorrow, the smart mode in America.



In months past I have harped on the matter of up-keep. It is the salient point of the whole subject. Carry a pocket-comb. (By the way, Paris has most delectable pocket-combs in every gay color, and also life-sized combs, binged and folded into small cases.) But choose some other place than restaurants and theaters to use is! Here is a hint I gleaned, not from the hair-dressers but from a girl with the smartest bob I have yet seen: Comb the back of your head with your back to the dressing-mirror and a hand-mirror in your hand. And comb it in the direction your wave follows. So only can you keep that wave in place. This girl, whom I saw in the dressing-room of the Ritz in Paris, had her hair parted on the side, waved in one wide wave across the front and waved forward over her cheeks, close but soft. Her cars showed from top to tip, and the hair at the back was trimmed in the suggestion of a point and left long enough to hold a wide S-shaped swirl, with every hair in place. One aid to holding this wave in place which is very smart in Paris, is the use of a tiny, straight comb of light tortoise shell if the hair is light; if the hair is dark, of dark shell.





Fyou have not bobbed your hair and have no desire to catch the fever, stay at home!

No one could survive the fascination of the shorn locks in Paris and London. I think I have not seen smarter bobs anywhere than at a supper-dance in the Piccadilly Grill. As for Paris and Deauville—well, I have not seen one smart woman with long hair since I landed.

There are two men whose word in Paris is law on matters of bair-dressing. Antoine is—ob, so French!—artistic to his finger-tips, temperamental, bubbling with vitality. He pleads with tears in his voice for the modern woman to beed the demands of the time, "La mode!" he cried. "C'est une barmonie des lignes, des proportions, de temps et de propos."

Emile, the other oracle on the subject, though a Frenchman, has had an English upbringing. No temperamental outburst from him! He looks back at the bistory of coiffures, he looks forward with the modern viewpoint of expediency and efficiency. He acknowledges that no one can foretell the duration of the bobbed hair but that it will be many years before Fashion will fetter women to hairpins again; long hair will come in again—woman is too fond of novelty to accept the new mode for all time. But—"for long hair there is now no mode in Paris."

## Teeth white and sound always

### -Safe from Decay-simply by restoring the natural action of the salivary glands

IN a smile, during a conversation—what a delight it is to glimpse the flash of white sound teeth. They are the essence of charm, almost a part of character itself.

Yet, even in America, how many, young and old, live-suffer-with dingy, unsound teeth that become more ugly with the years.

A modern dental authority says the reason for this decay is simply inactive salivary glands.

The function of our salivary glands is to cleanse the teeth-literally to bathe them day and night with their alkaline fluids-neutralizing the acids of decay as fast as they form. But our soft modern foods cannot give the glands enough exercise; unaided they become weaker-the acids accumulate-your teeth begin to discolor and decay.

To save your teeth you must aid your salivary glands-you must gently stimulate them day by day.

### Pebeco restores the alkaline flow —washes away the acids

PEBECO is a marvelous, natural, salivary stimulant. As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth, the salivary glands flow more freely.

With regular daily use Pebeco entirely restores the normal, protective flow of your glands. Their alkaline fluids bathe your teeth day and night and prevent the formation of bacterial plaques or film. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form.

Pebeco polishes beautifully without using any gritty substance. It keeps your gums clean and firm, your whole mouth normal and healthy.

the

ne ed.

is

ks
rd
nd
an
at

Do not let your teeth deteriorate. Keep them always white and sound. Send today for a ten days' trial of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc., Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, New Jersey. Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Company, Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. At all druggists.



FIRM, GLEAMING TEETH-how vital to appear ance and health. Keep your teeth permanently safe and white all your life with Pebeco.



KEEP THE LOVELINESS OF YOUR smile by aiding the salivar glands to cleanse your teeth as nature intended.

PEBECO WORKS by restoring the alkaline flow of your sali-vary glands, neutralizing the acids of decay as fast as they

Free Offer

Send coupon today for free generous tube of Pebeco

State

LEHN & FINK, INC., Dept. U-1, Bloomfield, N. J. Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco. PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL.

Street

City.

A Division of Lehn & Fink Products Co.

### Mothers!

You wouldn't drink regularly from a glass like this-

because you couldn't keep it perfectly clean; but you do drink from a glass like

because its wide mouth and straight sides make it simple to keep it clean at all times.

Why do you ever let your baby drink

from a bottle shaped like and run this the risk of drinking the germs that may be on the inner curves -when you can buy a nursing bottle

and be as sure of the cleanliness

like this-

of your baby's nursing bottle as you are of your own drinking glass?

This is the Hygeia, the Safe Nursing Bottle. It has a wide, open mouth, and straight sides that can be quickly reached for complete cleaning. No brush is needed for cleansing, nor funnel needed for filling. The breast-nipple is soft and flexible, and baby takes to it naturally. Sold by drug stores everywhere. Endorsed by thousands of doctors.



Hygeia The SAFE **NURSING BOTTLE** 





Mrs. Innet, a grotesque older woman, tries to stay the hand of time by the attentions of young men who call her Tottie!

### Age CANNOT WITHER the WOMAN of CHARM

₹ BY EMILY POST ₹

Author of Etiquette; The Blue Book of Social Usage

F YOU think of the most completely lovely older woman you can remember or imagine, I am sure that "a flapper of fifty" could never even remotely apply to her. I know, at all events, that my own ideal is Mrs. Wellborn, who looks exactly

to her. I know, at all events, that my own ideal is Mrs. Wellborn, who looks exactly what she is—a great lady.

Today at the age of sixty-five, she has the most beautiful figure—no, it does not in the least suggest a shingle warped in the rain! On the contrary she has a flat back, a perfectly poised head, a small waist, slender hips and that essential quality of dignity called "presence."

Her hair, steel-gray, is arranged in swirled perfection; her clothes although the last word from Paris, are always modified so that "line" and "suitability" shall be preserved. She uses powder, and on occasions, as I happen to know, a lipstick; but neither is plainly visible. She never uses an eyelash-pencil nor rouge—not because she disapproves of them but because, like bobbed hair, they are dangerous to distinction, which she recognizes as one of an older woman's greatest assets.

On the other hand the most greatest

assets.

On the other hand the most grotesque older woman I can think of is Mrs. Innet. No doubt she believes that by banting, shingling, dyeing, face-decorating, dressing girlishly and by twittering, fluttering and surrounding herself by not over-particular young women and men who call her "Tottie," (and by never looking in a mirror with her glasses on) that she has stayed the hand of time. At a distance or in a favorable light, the impression is of youth. But at first shifting of shadows, or close approach, Age literally hits you in the eye.

in the eye.

Mrs. Wellborn never, in any light, suggests a girl in her teens but even so the thought of age never occurs to you when you see her. At the approach of Mrs. Innet, your first thought is, "Here comes a young girl. No, she isn't! Heavens! HOW old is she?" This sequence of thought is inevitable because, being "out of key," her age challenges your attention. It happened that Mrs. Wellborn and Mrs. Innet were together in a store the other day. One saleswoman said to an-

HOW Mrs. Wellborn, who looks exactly what she isa great lady, meets advancing age, is told by Mrs. Post in this article on what good manners and good breeding dictate about personal



other, "There is that beautiful Mrs. Wellborn. Isn't she just like a queen? But, for pity sake, look at the organ-grinder's monkey she is talking to!" And they both laughed.

Between these two extremes, of course, are hundreds of twees. Women, whose

Between these two extremes, of course, are hundreds of types: Women whose appearance has remained marvellously youthful, others whose looks have worn very badly. "A woman is as young as she looks." True. But not always as young as she thinks she looks! And just how young any of us do look is a question we have small chance of getting a truthful answer to. We know very well that tact and kindness demand (except in China) of every one who is asked, "How old do you think I am?" an immediate subtraction of five, ten, even fifteen years, from you think I am?" an immediate subtraction of five, ten, even fifteen years, from the age the answerer really thinks is about right. One thing is certain. No woman nearing fifty, no matter how marvellously young she may be for that age, can possibly deceive any but the blind or the doddering into thinking her only twenty-odd. Least of all those who are only twenty-odd themselves.

"Beauty of youth," "Wisdom of age."

There it is. And by turning wisdom into foolishness we merely increase our liability. The only sensible, the only sane thing to do, is count the assets which belong to us and make use of them to the full. After living for half a century, it would seem only reasonable in all that time to have learned something of life; to have felt some things deeply; to have enjoyed and suffered; to have succeeded in this, failed in that, and—through darker hours far more likely than in light—to have acquired a depth of sympathetic understanding, as impossible to youth as for fifty to have the skin of fifteen. Why, oh, why then, does "Fifty" focus its entire mind on complexion?

Don't think for a moment that I ad-

mind on complexion?

Don't think for a moment that I admire or advise poked-away-on-a-shelf old age. I don't! To relax wiltedly and just let yourself slide down hill, is the exact opposite of what I think you should do. I think you should hold on with might and main, to heart and will and enthusiasm. Heart to understand, Will to keep abreast of the times, Enthusiasm which is the imperishable flower of youth and without which youth itself is old. But one point I make is that no woman should deceive herself into thinking that anything so superficial and easy as powder and lipstick will do as a substitute for the qualities named above.

ities named above.

There is nothing which Youth looks There is nothing which Youth looks down upon with such distaste as imitation of itself. Youth admires perfection of every sort—especially that which is derived from experience and knowledge. The reason why a young man often is fascinated by a woman older than himself, is because she knows more about the world than he does, because she has a polish which is produced by—he does not quite know what. But to hold his adoration, she must keep ahead of him. The instant he discovers that he knows more than she, her wings have been clipped and he no longer looks up but down.

We hear a great deal about the lack of respect which the modern generation is showing to the older. Respect for one's elders merely because they have been for a longer time in the [Turn to page 56]

This new, easy way to

### Polish Your **Furniture**

HAT'S the first thing a woman no-tices in your home? The FURNITURE! Whether it is of fine quality and designin good taste-attractively arranged and well cared for. She knows at a glance. Doesn't this make your furniture pretty important?

With but little time and effort you can make your furniture far more beautifulsparkling, glowing and contributing its utmost to the charm of your home.

All you need is Johnson's Liquid Wax. This imparts a hard, dry, exquisite lustre entirely different from the usual oily, dustcollecting furniture polishes. It prolongs the life and beauty of the original finish, whether varnish, wax or lacquer. Cleans, polishes, preserves and protects-in one operation. Covers up surface mars and prevents checking.

Johnson's Liquid Wax does not gather dust and lint or show finger prints—this makes it particularly good for the arms of chairs, for radio cabinets, desks, tables, stair rails, etc.



And it's so easy to use, particularly if you get a Johnson Furniture Polishing Outfit. This outfit includes a lamb's-wool wax applier, a lamb'swool mitt for polishing



and a 25c book on Home Beautifying—all for 75c.

Just pour a little Liquid Wax on the Applier and spread a thin, even coat. This instantly removes soiland finger prints,

depositing a thin film of Wax which gives the same protection as a sheet of plate glass on a desk or dresser top.

Allow five minutes for the Wax to harden. Then polish briskly with the lamb's-wool Mitt. Almost like magic the dulled surface changes to a beautiful glistening lustre. It takes only a few minutes—there's no hard work and your hands remain as clean and dainty as before you started.



Furniture Polishing Outfit we will send you one postpaid for 75c. You

should have no trouble procuring Johnson's Liquid Wax at your neighborhood store.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, "The Wood Finishing Authorities," RACINE, WISCONSIN

JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

## you want to lose weight!

THE road to weight reducing is through a diet-but you must make the diet appetizing. And that is exactly what Knox Sparkling Gelatine will dohelp you reduce by making your diet abbetizing.

You can enjoy many delicious desserts and salads by combining fruits or vegetables with Knox Gelatine which is free from sugar and fruit extracts.

These dishes will satisfy your natural longing for "delicacies" without disturbing your diet.

Here, for example, is an unusually delightful weight-reducing dessert made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine:

### Lemon Mist (6 servings)

1 tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
14 cup cold water 14 cup lemon juice
2 tablespoonfuls sugar Few grains salt
Grated rind of one lemon 2 eggs
11/2 cups boiling water

### TOTAL CALORIES: 42 (1 serving)

Scale gelatine in cold water five minutes. Boil water and rind of lemon for two minutes, add gelatine and air until disactived. Begarate eags and beat yolks until lemon colored. Stir bot mix-heat over boiling water until mixture thickens slightly, stirring constantly. Remove from atove, add lemon juice, gugar and salt, and chill. Beat egg whites until stiff and when jelly is nearly set, foll whites into it. Mold. And chill until set.

There are many tempting and non-There are many tempering and non-fattening recipes in our recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Econ-omy". Both will be sent free—if you mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c in stamps for postage.

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.





ackages contain the same plain Sparkling lated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has ra envelope containing lemon Ravoring.

### Age CANNOT WITHER the WOMAN of CHARM

[Continued from page 54]

world, has gone out of date. But respect for knowledge, and above all for achievement, inevitably will be given. The mistake that age

evitably will be given.
The mistake that age is apt to make, is in assuming that wisdom is automatically bestowed with fifty birthdays. Unfortunately, the mental processes of older persons unless their minds are unceasingly exercised, grow stiff and ponderous just like their joints and waist-measure. Young minds rush swiftly and, what age discounts, very often accurately!

To the normal boy or girl, silliness in an older person is unforgivable. And youth is supercritical of what it considers silly. Silliness of appearance is not half so bad as silliness of manner; and silliness of mind is worst of all.

On the subject of appearance: To look "smart" and at the same time to wear clothes that are suitable to our personal type and age, is by no means an easy thing to achieve. The woman who is shingle-slight and small, can find dresses by the hundreds in every store and specialty shop so that out of an immense choice she need concern herself only with choosing models that are not too flagrantly flapperish. But the tall and dignified type, choice she need concern herself only with choosing models that are not too flagrantly flapperish. But the tall and dignified type, like Mrs. Wellborn, unless she can go to the great make-to-order importers, or unless she herself is a skilled designer and needle-woman, which is unusual, is confronted by very real difficulty. The safe rule is "modification"—yet modification can with scarcely a touch become dowdiness!

ness! A good rule to be used as a measure of taste, is not to buy anything that you think makes you look "girlish." If at the age of fifty you are looking really girlish, the chances are that you are looking

rather silly.

Choose the clothes in which you look your becomingest best, by all means, but remember that it is dangerous to get the "youth-complex" in deciding "becoming-

ness."

The best way that I know of, to keep yourself to your own standard, is to have a full-length mirror—or better, two—hung in such a place as will reflect you (if possible, your side-view) suddenly and at a distance. It will give you a surprising knowledge of how you really look. A true vision of how you stand, what sort of silhouette you make, how your clothes fit and how smart—or otherwise—you appear. The mirror of your dressing-table gives you too near and too limited and too posed a reflection for a general view.

Personally, I'd like to disagree with

general view.

Personally, I'd like to disagree with custom on the subject of color. True, nothing is as dignified and as slenderizing as black. But unrelieved black is the worst color that could possibly be chosen for a sallow, faded face, which is flattered sometimes almost into beauty, by the right color, pale or vivid as the case may be. On a young blonde with a dazzlingly white skin the beautifying quality of black is, on the other hand, startling.

In the present day the color-lover, like me, can indulge her fancy in a riot of it

In the present day the color-lover, like me, can indulge her fancy in a riot of it and not be accused of trying to camouflage her age. Nothing can take the place of the utility or the smartness of black for town-wear! But, in the country, women of all ages wear colors of all shades which certainly add to the gayety and, I think, to the beauty of the summer-season.

There is no reason why a woman with that beautiful steel-gray hair should not wear all the blues and violets and cool jade-greens; or that the brown-haired and all the rusty roans too, should not wear petunia or orange or yellow or red in liberal quantities if becoming. There is no reason why an older woman should not wear a gay chintz bathing-suit. The only things that are completely taboo are the rolled-down stockings displaying naked fat white knees! There is no reason why a woman with



Silly manners are not often encountered. Only very rarely does one see a woman of middle see a woman of middle
age pouting, making
cyes, talking baby-talk
and being "cute." But
when one does, it is an
unforgetable sight.
Slang is something, however, that mothers

Slang is something, however, that mothers of sons should be warned against. School-boy slang is as catching as the measles and to hear a charming woman suddenly exclaim, "You've said a mouthful," or "Atta baby!" is to have her charm vanish like a broken bubble.

Silliness of mind is sometimes organic but usually it is just a brain gone flabby from want of exercise and the tonic of common-sense. One hears a great deal about the necessity for taking physical exercise but very little about keeping mentally fit. To simply let one's mind slump or to over-feed it with trash is exactly like lying in a hammock day after day eating five thousand calories of sweets. Precisely as one should take setting-up exercises every day to keep one's figure from going pear-shaped in the hips, one should spend at least a little time, even if it is only very little, warding off mental flabbiness by thisking studying or just one should spend at least a little time, even if it is only very little, warding off mental flabbiness by thinking, studying or just reading something that requires an exer-cising effort of the mind to understand, emorize or digest. To keep abreast of the times, to take an

To keep abreast of the times, to take an interest—an intelligent and an enthusiastic interest—in what is going on in the world, is to keep permanently young. The specialist is often limited to his own subject of music, politics, invention or whatever it may be; but the woman whose specialty is charm must cultivate a talent for at is charm must cultivate a talent for at least appreciating and sympathizing with the talents, impulses and emotions of

others.

One of the assets of the women of middle age is poise. A woman of poise is one who has learned to look at herself as well as at others, impersonally. She keeps her judgment, as it were, mentally apart; like someone looking from a window out at a crowded market-place, she watches the scene with keenest interest even though she herself does not run out of the house and into the crowd.

she herself does not run out of the house and into the crowd.

The beautifying assets of age are hard, very hard, to secure: vigilance against anything suggesting relaxed sloppiness of either mind or person is of first necessity; and, second, come will, character, self-control and heart. By these qualities alone, can she who has completed five or more decades, exchange the cancelled coin of youth for the securities of enduring charm.

charm.

Charm is the ultimate asset. When one says, "She has great charm," one has said everything! There is a superficial charm that, like a pretty cosmetic, seems satisfying until it begins to wear through. That sort of charm is most often a pleasant creeting an attractive appearance a small greeting, an attractive appearance, a small

Real charm often may be accompanied Real charm often may be accompanied by beauty but it is never separated from genuinely beautiful manners. Consideration for, sympathy with and understanding of the problems and feelings of others, is, I think, a fair definition of enduring charm; only it must not be forgotten that these attributes of charm, can never be these attributes of charm can never be acquired without the power to see, to feel and to understand, in other words, with-

Through youth we go up the path of life, our eyes always on the ascending road ahead until we reach the crest. Then steeply, or gradually, down the other side

we go!

Small good will it do us to turn our faces backward and seeing nothing but the path down which we have been slipping, futilely try to believe we are still on the ascent; and all the time forgetting that our greatest asset is the panorama of knowledge and of experience spread before us—if only we have sense enough to go down facing the view!

## you want to

T has been proved in dietetic practice that Knox Sparkling Gelatine greatly increases the nutrition value of many other foods.

For example, Knox Gelatine dissolved and added to milk will increase the nourishment of the milk by about 23%—the gelatine promotes the complete digestion of the milk.

Besides milk, other leading body builders, such as eggs and cream, become more delightful and nourishing when combined with Knox Gelatine in tempting puddings and desserts.

## BELATINE

Here is one of the many weight-gaining dishes you can make, easily and quickly, with Knox Sparkling Gelatine:

Huntington Cream
(6 servings)
lespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
olks 36 cup sugar Speck salt
40% cream whipped 24 cups milk
olan-che almonds chopped or shredded
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla

TOTAL CALORIES: 284 (1 serving)

Id two cups milk with almonds and salt over ling water. Soak gelatine in ½ cup cold milk minutes, then dissolve in hot milk. Beat to-her eng yolks and sugar and stir in hot milk, wly. Cook over boiling water two minutes constantly. Remove from fire, stir in lills and chill until nearly set. Fold in whipped am, heap up in serving glasses, thill and serve.

Many other body-building recipes will be found in our book "The Health Value of Knox Sparkling Gelatine". This, with our other recipe books, will be sent you free, if you mention your grocer's name and enclose 4c in stamps for postage.

Health Department

Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co. 108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.





ackages contain the same plain Sparkling lated Gelatine, but the "Acidulated" has

## Your Opportunity for Saving

YOU write your name on the coupon below. We send you free this big complete Catalogue for Spring.

And then you will have in your home what is much more than a book—you will have one of the great marvels of the world of business—a book that has back of it over 100 acres of fresh new merchandise for you to choose from—bought with over 60 million dollars in cash!

#### What This Means to You

This means that you, too, may share in the low prices made possible by this tremendous buying. It means that you may share in all the savings that 60 million dollars can secure.

savings that 60 million dollars can secure.

Cash buys cheaper than credit—always.

Things are bought cheaper by the car load than if bought by the dozen. These savings are yours.

Here is true cooperative buying. Eight million families buy through Ward's. Buying together, all of them get lower prices. Because these savings made through large buying are always passed on to our patrons in the form of lower prices. These savings are your savings—always.

### Is a Saving of \$50 Interesting to You?

There is a saving of \$50 in cash this season for you—if you use this Catalogue—if you send all your orders to Ward's. And this saving is a real saving because—

"We never sacrifice quality to make a low price." Because we offer no price baits. A low price at Ward's is a low price on goods of standard, serviceable quality. And your satisfaction is always guaranteed by—

### Ward's Original Mail Order Guarantee:

"Your money back if you are not satisfied." That has been the Golden Rule Policy at Ward's since 1872.

So send for the Catalogue. One copy may just as well be yours. It contains 86 departments—86 big stores—Automobile Tires and Accessories, Furniture, Stoves, Radio, everything to wear or use at money saving prices. Send for your Catalogue. You, too, can share in these savings on everything you buy for the Home, the Farm and the Family.

### Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive
Baltimore Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth





## Comfort / whatever weather comes

TO the family that is snugly warmed by ARCOLA Hot Water Radiator Heat, the arrival of winter blasts serves only to bring keener enjoyment and appreciation of the home. There is the feeling—"Why worry about the weather? We're warm and cozy!" Then comes the puzzling question why neighbors continue to endure old-time "spotty heating" devices, with their troublesome care-taking, their uncleanliness, fuel wastefulness and short life.

## ARCOLA Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

### Hot Water Radiator Heat

ARCOLA keeps all rooms uniformly filled with soft, radiant warmth. Merely set a dial and you have just the degree of warmth you want—ample, cleanly and healthful—no matter what the weather.

The Automatic Fire Controller means a big annual saving in fuel, soon repaying the cost of the outfit which lasts a lifetime. Remember, ARCOLA burns any fuel—coal, coke, wood, oil or gas. It is the ideal way to warm small homes, single flats, stores, shops, and small buildings (with or without basement).

You can profit very much by buying ARCOLA at the new low price. Ten months to pay! Find out more about it today — write for catalog free. Investigate this wasteless heating! Address, Department 8, 1807 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

## AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Sales Branches in Principal Cities

Makers of IDEAL BOILERS TYPE A, ARCO, WATER TUBE, SOFT COAL SMOKELESS; factory heating boilers and other heating, ventilating and cooling products.



The Wick House, at Richmond, shows the use of the Roman arch and the balustraded walls, characteristic of the English Georgian style

## The GEORGIAN HOUSE a HOME of FORMAL DIGNITY

Fifth in the Series of Houses That Have Character
By Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect

The dignified proportions of the columned porticoes of the Georgian Period are illustrated in the rich detail of this doorway at Reigate, England

HEN building in this country was taking on definite form and character, contemporary work in England was developing in very much the same manner. Because all this growth took place during the reigns of the Georges in England when we were a dependency of the mother-country, many authorities classify the architecture of both English and American as "Georgian."

But this is confusing for in many ways

English and American as "Georgian."
But this is confusing for in many ways the character of the two styles is essentially different. This difference is not always easy to describe. Because there is a difference, the English work is known as Georgian and the American work as Colonial. Perhaps by showing the spirit in which the two tendencies were worked out, the difference will be recognized more readily.

There were certain things which the builders had in common—tradition, books,

Collaborating with Daniel P. Higgins, Associate in the Office of John Russell Pope

ILLUSTRATED BY



training and a common inspiration in the work of Inigo Jones, who had demonstrated that architecture is an art in itself, not dependent on ornament but on line, mass and proportion—a worthy start for any builder. Later they had a common leader in Robert Adam, who first designed homes in the classic style.

A constant and friendly intercourse existed between England and America, existed between England and America, existed

A constant and friendly intercourse existed between England and America, except during the time the stand was made for independence. There was "give" as well as "take" on the part of the Colonials—and Mr. Ramsey, a recognized authority in regard to the work of the Georgian Period, asserts it is unbelievable that certain American architects visiting on the other side did not influence or contribute to many features of the English work.

Some of the similar examples were too

Some of the similar examples were too close together in date of construction to have been copied one from the other. The likeness must have been due to the use of the same models.

In England class distinction was closely drawn. One class was accustomed to accept as a matter of course, the authority of the class above it. Those who questioned such class distinctions usually betook themselves to the new country. The questioners, made of the fibre of pioneers, sought opportunity for independent thought and self-expression but harbored no spirit of rebellion until it was forced upon them.

The differences between the Georgian and our Colonial architecture was the

The differences between the Georgian and our Colonial architecture were the natural result of social conditions.

Jealous regard for class in England made definite distinctions in an ascending scale of magnificence, from the humble farmhouse to the imposing manor. The higher the rank, the loftier were the rooms and the more elaborate were the columns and pilasters and other ornamental features.

and pilasters and other ornamental features.

Our Colonial builders, on the other hand, recognizing no distinctions of class, carried out the development of the style with more regard for use. Buildings large and small and their dependencies were executed with equal care. In New England, particularly, some of the smallest old houses are the best and most characteristic of the style.

The English countryman was industrious and painstaking and his work had a

The English countryman was industrious and painstaking and his work had a quality of dignity and reserve which borders on the severe; like the Englishman himself, it has an air of elegance and—shall I say?—

[Turn 40 page 61]



This mantel, similar to the one Robert Adam designed for his own home in Bedford Square, London, has the fine chastity and delicacy of all Georgian interiors

## \$123 worth of Clothes in every Monday's washing



### 4° a week and you protect them just as you do fine fabrics

NE week's laundry for an average family worth over a hundred dollars! Look at their list-no fine things included, just daily necessities, just medium prices.

Compare it with your own. Your laundry is probably worth much more! The bigger the family the more the laundry is worth.

Years ago, when clothes cost less, ordinary soap seemed good enough. But now-more

than a hundred dollars' worth of clothes in a week's wash! Harsh soap is no longer an economy but a positive extravagance! For just 4c more than you pay

men's shirts suit men's underwear 2.00 pair pajamas housedresses 3.00 aprons 2.00 2 aprons
1 nightgown
1 muslin step-in
5 boy's blouses
1 pair boy's pajamas
7 pairs rompers
3 girl's dresses
4 vite of children's u 2.00 2.00 10.00 2.00 9.00 suits of children's underwear 4.00 girl's nightgown
dozen handkerchiefs 1.50 5.00 4 sheets
5 pillow slips
8 table napkins
2 table-cloths
Table doilies 8.00 5.00 4 bath towels hand towels kitchen towels \$123.00

Now let Lux save your hands in the laundry just as it does when you wash out a bit of finery—when you wash dishes

for ordinary soap you use Lux-save your clothes, add many extra weeks of life to every piece in your wash-dollars saved!

For years Lux has guarded the fragile beauty of your fine fabrics. You know how quickly it refreshes exquisite silk underwear and hosiery, your delicate woolens. You know how kindly Lux treats your hands.

Now, in the laundry, too, Lux works these same miracles. Charming little housedresses and aprons are dainty and pretty as fine fabrics. The children's clothes, your husband's shirts and underwear are so costly. Even towels and table linens are precious nowadays! Rich, creamy, sudsy Lux makes them *all* as fresh and sweet as new. And best of all, they *stay new* so much longer with Lux!

And your hands!—what a difference Lux makes in them. You know what harsh soap does to hands—how cruel those stinging, burning suds can be! Lux is as kind to them as the finest toilet soap. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Enough Lux in the big new package for two average washings

## Nature's Gift to Beauty

is embodied in this gentle, daily care that has brought the charm of natural loveliness to millions





The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three treespictured above-and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it isfor palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its green color.



OLIVE TREE

HE art of being beautiful today is simply The secret of keeping natural beauty ... the artificial complexion of yesterday has no place in the modern scheme of allurement.

Women have learned that natural ways are best in skin care; that gentle, common-sense care is far more potent than the most involved of beauty methods. For Youth is thus retained.

Keeping the skin clean, the pores open, is the secret. Doing this with pure soap . . . with soap made for ONE purpose only, to safeguard good complexions . . . is the important part to remember.

So, more and more every day, thousands turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive . . . a soap that is kind to the skin, a soap made with beautiful complexions always in mind,

> The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

Wash your face with soothing Palmolive. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thor-

oughly. Then repeat both the washing and rinsing. If your skin is inclined to dryness, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly before retiring.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. If you do, they clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

> Sallow, unattractive skin no longer excusable

Thus in a simple manner, millions since the days of Cleopatra have found beauty and charm.

No medicaments are necessary. Just remove the day's accumulations of dirt, oil and perspiration, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind to you. Your skin will be of fine texture. Your color will be good. Wrinkles will not be the problem as the years advance.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same as Palmolive. The Palmolive habit will keep that schoolgirl complexion.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Note the difference just one week makes.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped



The English furniture—the Hepplewhite armchair with Adam posts, the Adam day-bed and roundabout chair in Adam style—has the stately lines and formal finish appropriate to the Georgian home

### The GEORGIAN HOUSE a HOME of FORMAL DIGNITY

[Continued from page 58]

"standoffishness." Colonial work has the "standoffishness." Colonial work has the free grace and conscious charm of the man of the soil and at the same time is possessed of subtle and almost unsuspected dignity. The pioneers' spirit of adventure into new and untried fields is in its lines. It expresses the new vision and the desire for freedom which brought our forefethers here.

forefathers here.
In England there was

In England there was little variation from the use of brick, except for plaster and stucco, which, under the influence of the Adam brothers, was extensively used for plain and ornamented surfaces. In Colonial work there was always the there was always the necessity for adapting the design to new materials, which was done

with real sympathy and feeling for the material. So the Georgian style although it

material. So the Georgian style although it lacked the spirit of daring, was in many respects more perfect in workmanship and more true to studied examples.

The characteristic Roman arch was reminiscent of the American Colonial doorway where it was filled with rich detail. The latter usually limited this treatment to the entrance only, elaborating the fan- and side-lights with delicately leaded glass and richly carved moldings; this was natural because they worked mostly in wood. The English carried the arch a little farther than this, which was feasible with masonry construction, and often treated the first-story walls with a series of sunken arches protectingly series of sunken arches protectingly aming a square-head window with framing elaborate trim.

elaborate trim.

Also reminiscent of Italian work, flat horizontal bands were used across the façades, sometimes marking a floor-level and sometimes on a line with the secondstory window-sills. Often the walls were carried higher than the eave, forming a balustrade, with the roof sloping away behind it. This is a bit cold and formal



Also the English Hepplewhite seat with Adam posts (above), the American mirror (left) and the sconce (right), with its urn-like ornaments, belong to the aristocratic style of the Georgian era

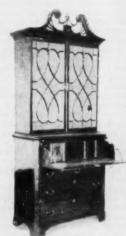
The overhanging cave gives a snug feeling of protection and comfort.

Structurally this balustrade feature is fraught with danger in climates subject to freezing weather. The expansion of the ice in the concealed gutter back of the wall is liable to cause leaks in the roof.

The wall-balustrades were often relieved by panels of open balusters, set so as to emphasize the windows below.

as to emphasize the windows below, or some other dominating feature.

The roofs, except in the town houses,



These American pieces—the secre-tary and book-case (above) and the writing-desk (left)—show the English influence. The table (right) is Duncan Phyfe's own design and purely American

were usually hipped—that is, they had the same slope on all four sides. Toward the end of the period the roofs were flatter. When the roof-slope was broken, the upper slope became very flat, often not more than just a deck.

More often than in

there was a break in the roof-slope, a sort of upstanding Dutch ef-fect, a cross between the long sloping lines of the Dutch gambrelroof and the stiff Swed-ish gambrel, examples of which are found also in this country in and around Philadelphia. Sometimes in the town-houses this was carried too far, the lower slopes of the roofs almost suggesting the French mansard, in which the first part of

the slope was almost vertical. Obviously, the reason for this break in the root was the reason for this break in the root was to obtain more headroom in the roof-story—a different reason from that which actuated the inventor of the French mansard. He merely camouflaged an ad-ditional story to get around the law which limited the height of the cornice. The attractive broken roofs of the free-stand-ing Georgian houses are the result of the reasonable application of the laws of proportion to meet a definite need. The

the reasonable application of the laws of proportion to meet a definite need. The mansard roof is an evasion and looks it.

The dormers were admirable. They were kept simple with only eave enough to form a drip. The tops of the dormers were sometimes gracefully curved, which made them seem all the more a part of the roof as dormers always should be.

The chimneys were not forgotten. The outlines of the Georgian chimneys with their rows of chimney-pots are very pleasing. The Englishman had great respect and affection for a chimney, which meant so much in those days in the comfort of the home. of the home.

The exterior appearance is an argument for the fireplace in the [Turn to page 62]





## **Alittle**

but it makes a dozen dishes far more tempting... Add delicious flavor to your food

By MRS. JANE STARR GRANT

RAMOUS chefs are considered artists.
They have a knack of making a common place dish really delicious. Their soups have a certain delightful tang—their salad dressings a uniquely tempting taste—that is why they have become

famous.

Such chefs claim that beef flavoring is the secret in preparing many dishes. It adds zest that makes them more appetizing. Not long ago only chefs used this beef flavoring. Today everyone can have

STEERO flavoring and bouillon cubes, made from meats, vegetables and spices, carefully blended, give a delightfully appetizing piquancy. All you do is drop a cube into a cup, pour on boiling water, let it cool, and delicious beef flavoring is ready to improve soup, salad dressing, vegetable, meat or egg dish.

I want you to know how the flavor of STEERO bouillon cubes improves dozens of dishes. Just mail the coupon below. I will send you a sample package free.

will send you a sample package free.

## CAULIFLOWER AU GRATIN

CAULIFLOWER AU GRAIN
Use cither small flowerettes or "midribs" of cauliflower. Burter baking
dish and cover with layer of cooked
cauliflower, aprinkle with grated cheese.
Have ready STEERO Cream Sauce
(see recipe below) and pour over part
of sauce. Add another layer of cauliflower and cheese, then sauce, until all
it used, sprinkling cheese over top.
Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minntes.

STEERO CREAM SAUCE

2 tablespoonfuls hutter 2 tablespoonfuls flour 1 1/4 cupfuls milk 2 STRERO bouillon cube



Mrs. Jane Starr Grant American Kitchen Products Co., Dept. 6-FA\_281 Water St., New York City Send me the free sample package of two STEERS

Sixty-four-page Cook Book (enclosed 10c.)

Address.

(FREE OFFER)





### Your Whole Appearance Depends Upon Your Hair

Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive. Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet. Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, every-

That is why thousands of women, every-where, now use Mulsified Cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you

If you want to see how really beautiful fingers, you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

After your hair look, just follow for the first property of the f

### A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little y

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. If you want to always be remembered for If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods to counter anywhere in

Just Notice the Difference

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fineers.

counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for

	Marine Marine
THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio	26M-
Please send me a regular 10c size package of FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet ent Froper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE	'Mulsified' itled "Why
Name	*******
Address	******
City or TownState	

More than a Shampoo it's "BEAUTY INSURANCE" Canadian address, 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ontario

### The GEORGIAN HOUSE a HOME of FORMAL DIGNITY

[Continued from page 61]

modern home. Aside from the comfort and romance of an open wood fire on

an open wood the on a chilly evening, the exterior of a house with chimneys from which dance fantastic shapes and shadowy forms, grotesquely prophetic of weather conditions, suggests comfort and fireside-hospitality within.

conditions, suggests comfort and fireside-hospitality within.

Then there are the garden-walls—England would not be England without these walls. Family-privacy is and always was sacred to the Englishman. To the Georgian house, adjoining walls seem particularly essential; in fact the house appears to be a part of the wall itself, which curves up gracefully to meet it. The Georgian walls, with their trim, graceful lines, their simple, flat capstones and urn-shaped decorations, are very beautiful. The ordinary sightseer often misses the beauty of the English walls in his baffled curiosity as to what may be on the other side of the wall.

Although the Englishman lived almost wholly within his caste, the influence of those higher up was strong. It happened about this time that, for his health's sake, the king was ordered by his physician to seek the country air and surlight, and

the king was ordered by his physician to seel the country air and sunlight, and it did not take long for the people to go flocking after him.

As Cowper described it:

"... now alike, gay widow, virgin wife, In coaches, chaises, caravans and hoys, Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys, And all impatient of dry land, agree With one consent to rush into the sea."

It takes but a little adjustment of lines

And all impatient of dry land, agree With one consent to rush into the sea." It takes but a little adjustment of lines as to vehicles of departure, to make this sally apply to the present day.

This outpouring into country-places had a definite effect on the building of the period although fortunately it was still under the control of trained architects. The façades or front walls of the row-houses they built in these country-places, took on a gayer appearance. This was evident in special features rather than in the masses of the buildings. Often, in an otherwise dignified row of houses, narrow balconies were added with light iron railings and posts, the roof curving gracefully up into the surface of the wall. We see many near-replicas of these balconies in downtown "old New York." Another house would have an entrance protected by a trellis of wooden latticework, put together in intricate geometrical designs. A very beautiful example is the entrance to "The Limes" at Kingstonon-Thames.

In the seashore-towns stucco was al-

the entrance to "The Limes" at Kingstonon-Thames.

In the seashore-towns stucco was almost universally used, with pleasing contrast between expanses of wall and massing of openings. A common feature was
a bow-window effect, which usually extended from the ground to the roof, the
glass and its framework conforming to
the curve with little reveal or projection.
The architecture of these suburban and
coast-towns is somewhat of a relief in
contrast to the austerity of the city-house.
The entrance of one of these houses at
Reigate is shown on a previous page and
is very typical of English Georgian work.
Offhand some might say, "What a beauti-

Offhand some might say, "What a beautiful Colonial doorway!"—but no. Although the simple curving iron balustrades spread out in an inviting manner, we halt at the bottom-step and wonder if we shall be able to get by the butler. The doorway is in excellent proportion but a little heavier, a little more staid than Colonial.

Colonial.

The doors, or door, seems to be in two parts, which is characteristically Georgian. Big buildings had two doors; therefore in the small buildings a molding was run down through the center of the door, apparently to make it look like two. Anyway, it leaves no doubt in your mind as to the center-line of the feature. You walk discreetly up the middle of the steps and stand humbly with heels together awaiting the result of your apologetic wielding of the knocker. You have an uneasy suspicion that eventually half of the door will open and the butler will

appear only to announce, "The master is seeing no one, today."

one, today."

In some of the rich plantation settlements of the South which developed in the latter part of the Colonial days without the background of fighting pioneers, the settlers clung very closely to English traditions and imitated English customs and buildings. In Charleston English traditions and imitated English customs and buildings. In Charleston, South Carolina, are some of these, which are entirely in the spirit of the English Georgian work and should be classed as

such.

These beautiful old houses are now in a state of decay. We regret that they could not have been maintained in their original splendor, until we realize that, like the palaces of earlier times, only the labor of many slaves could carry on the pretentious households that these must

pretentious households that these must have been.

Strange to say, the exterior severity of the Georgian houses was offset by elaborate and richly beautiful interiors. Here again Robert Adam was responsible. Much of the playfulness of Pompeian decoration inspired his work, both in wall-treatment and furniture.

He and his brother invented a new plaster ornament, which was applied in

He and his brother invented a new plaster ornament, which was applied in various ways. This was most successful in wall- and ceiling-decoration, expressing delicate designs in low relief. It was applied also to wood in some cases, and painted or gilded. Often it is found in the construction of mirror-frames.

The interior which Mr. Eggers has so delightfully drawn for us and which is

The interior which Mr. Eggers has so delightfully drawn for us and which is shown at the beginning of this article, is typical of the delicacy and reserve of Adam's work. The pilastered mantel and the frieze are decorated with plastic relief, and the ceiling is enriched in the same manner. The mirrored overmantel is framed in metal of exquisite design and workmanship. Adam often paneled his walls and decorated them in rich, low relief.

He was not satisfied with the furniture

He was not satisfied with the furniture of the time and so designed new pieces in keeping with his work. These new models were a bit stiff, due to his studied avoidance of the decadent influence prevailing in Europe and to his definite choosing of

architectural motifs as his inspiration for the structural forms and ornament. Chair- and table-legs were miniature columns; curved surfaces were decorated with acanthus leaves and plain surfaces with running geometrical and conventional forms. This greatly influenced the furniwith running geometrical and conventional forms. This greatly influenced the furniture-makers of the time, and even Chippendale decidedly changed his style as was shown by examples in the previous article. Sheraton, who was young, very closely followed Adam's lead. Hepplewhite, although he, too, was comparatively young, was established and followed Adam's influence with more reserve, adhering also to the influence of the time of the French empire.

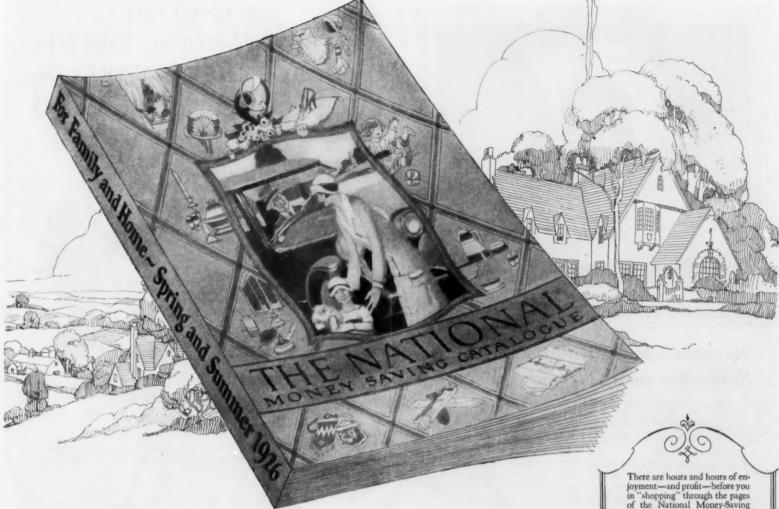
to the influence of the time of the French empire.

The work of all of these was reproduced by Duncan Phyfe in New York and in many cases improved upon. Duncan Phyfe was the only American furniture-maker who produced a type of furniture peculiarly his own, almost a composite of many of the English models.

composite of many of the English models. In the photographs this month, I am showing only a few pieces of English furniture to give you the background of the American work. I would rather show American models, of which you will be more apt to find reproductions in the shops. Any of the furniture shown in this issue and in connection with the previous article on the Southern Colonial house, is appropriate to use in the Georgian home.

article on the Southern Colonial house, is appropriate to use in the Georgian home. On another page of this issue, you will see that our architects this month have succeeded admirably in interpreting the Georgian spirit in their dignified, modern little Georgian house with its balustraded windows extending to the floor, and its doorway of formal proportions. The broken roof-slope and simple dormers are characteristic but the house itself is strictly on the "American plan."





### This Is Your Copy of The National Money-Saving Catalogue

Just fill out and return the coupon below and your copy of this valuable money-saving catalogue will be sent you FREE.

This new Money-Saving Catalogue will bring you page after page of pleasant surprises. Not only will you find wonderful selections of the latest and best New York fashions in men's, women's and children's apparel at the low prices that have made the "National" famous . . .

Not only will you find all those things of beauty that together go to make style in dress-things of exquisite taste seldom found outside the great Metropolitan stores.

But also this season the "National" brings you a much broader service: meets practically every need not only of the family, but of the house and home.

Here are rugs and curtains and draperies and wall paper to add new comfort and cheerfulness to your living room china and linen to make your dining table the envy of your neighbors—all sorts of household necessities and kitchen utensils to save steps and work.

the woman. Radio, automobile tires and accessories, and camp equipment for the men and boys. In fact, this Money-Saving Catalogue is a book of complete interest for every member of the family.

And in everything offered in the National Money-Saving Catalogue there is the good taste that the "National" through 37 years' experience has learned so well how to secure for you. There is the quality, the wear, the durability that has enabled us to say to every customer of the "National" for 37 years: "Your money back if you are not satisfied."

Most important of all, every piece of "National" merchandise is a real bargain—the price is the lowest, a true money-saving price—a price that stands the test of

Remember if you live east of the Mississippi River write to our New York house — if you live west of the Mississippi River, write to our Kansas City house—same merchandise, same prices, same catalogue, same prompt joyment—and profit—before you in "shopping" through the pages of the National Money-Saving Catalogee.

The men and boys will find wonderful money-saving opportuni-ties in the new Radio, Auto Acces-sory and Camping Equipment

Every woman or girl will be fasci-nated by the complete and beauti-ful assortments in the Silverware and Jewelry sections; in rugs and house furnishings, blankets and comfortables, in draperies, piece goods, kitchen ware and cutlery —and of course in the New York and Paris fashions that are as good as a shopping tour up Fifth Ave.

Be sure to fill out and return the coupon so that we can send your copy of the National Money Saving Catalogue at once—it means your biggest and best opportunity for better buying and money-saving for the entire family.

and vacuum cleaners for	service at both houses.	
NAT	ION	AL
		). ask
	NAT LOAK &	NATION LOAK & SUIT CO 233 West 24th Street 613 Hardesty Avenue

Hardesty Ave.  nsas City, Mo.  iver mail this coupon  west of the Missis- the Spring & Summer
iver mail this coupon west of the Missis- he Spring & Summer
*************





### No cream actually transforms the skin . . . No cosmetics successfully conceal its blemishes

But scientific care can help your skin to function happily, and so develop and preserve for you the lovely characteristics of a naturally clear fresh skin

A LOVELY SKIN is, prosaically, a layer of active tissues. It excretes certain wastes through the pores. It must be fed, else it be-comes too relaxed and impoverished to work. And it must keep working, else the wastes pile up and mar the skin with blemishes, coarse pores and sallowness. Correct care of the skin means simply keeping the skin cells beautifully

The Elizabeth Arden Treatment is based on three fundamental steps: Cleansing, Toning and Nourishing. Cleansing—with pure melting Venetian Cleansing Cream—to dislodge all those impurities which clog the pores and cause black-heads and coarseness. Toningwith Ardena Skin Tonic and Special Astringent-to close the mouths of the pores, tone and firm the skin, and keep the circulation through the skin tissues brisk and active. Nourishing — with Orange Skin Food or the delicate Velva Cream to prevent or correct wrinkles and

Follow the same three steps in your Self Treatments at home. Just a few minutes each night and morning, using the corrective Preparations and method developed by Elizabeth Arden, will accomplish wonderful results for you.

### ELIZABETH ARDEN recommends these Preparations for your care of the skin at home:

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Removes all impurities from the pores. Cleanses thoroughly, and soothes the skin, leaving it soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

it soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and clarifies the skin. A gentle bleach and astringent. \$5c, \$2, \$3.75, \$4.75.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out wrinkles and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Keeps the skin soft and smooth. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. St, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. A soothing and penetrating oil, rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, tightens the skin. \$2.25, \$4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, corrects their laxness and refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2.50.

Venetian Amoretta Cream. An exquisite protective cream, gives a smooth natural bloom to the skin. Prevents roughness and chapping. A becoming powder foundation. \$1, \$2.

Poudre d'Illusion. Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent. Illusion (a peach blend), Rachel, Ocre, Minerva and White. \$3.

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations and Babani Perfumes are on sale at smart shops everywhere

### ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St. PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries PALM BEACH: Via Mizner LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St. BOSTON: 24 Newbury St.
DETROIT: 318 Book Building
© Elizabeth Arden, 1926

SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.

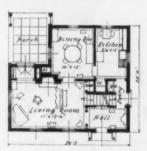
### An ENGLISH GEORGIAN HOUSE THAT IS THOROUGHLY AMERICAN

Especially designed for McCall's by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, Collaborating with

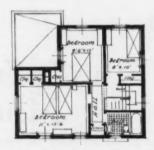
MARCIA MEAD, McCall's Consulting Architect



THIS fascinating six-room nouse exemptions in this issue. Building-historical type described, in detail, elsewhere in this issue. Building-cost \$6000 to \$6500, estimated at about 45 cents a cubic foot. HIS fascinating six-room house exemplifies the finest features of an



First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan.

THE house presented here is of the English Georgian period, as described by Miss Mead and Mr. Higgins elsewhere in this issue.

Because of the rather rich style of the period, the first-floor plan was designed with a little more formality than is usually found in the small house.

Flanking the entrance of the living-room, which is of generous size, are two small columns. The windows in the living-room are double-hung but, in the true Georgian manner, come down to within six inches of the floor. There is also a dignified fireplace. dignified fireplace.

The charming triangle of porch, living-room and dining-room, and the always-to-be-desired direct connection from the

kitchen to the main entrance are obtained. In the adaptation of this old-world style

to our needs, the architects have given us a thoroughly American home. To create this

a thoroughly American home. To create this design for a modern, comfortable, historically correct home at small cost, is an achievement which the skill of the trained experts of the Architects' Small House Service Bureau has worked out admirably. Further service of the Bureau to smallhouse builders is described by Mr. Holden on another page of this issue. Turn to it and learn how to avail yourself of the aid of expert architects for a fee so low that the hundreds of dollars, thus saved, may be invested in other features of your new home—better structural material, new home—better structural material, mechanical equipment or furniture.

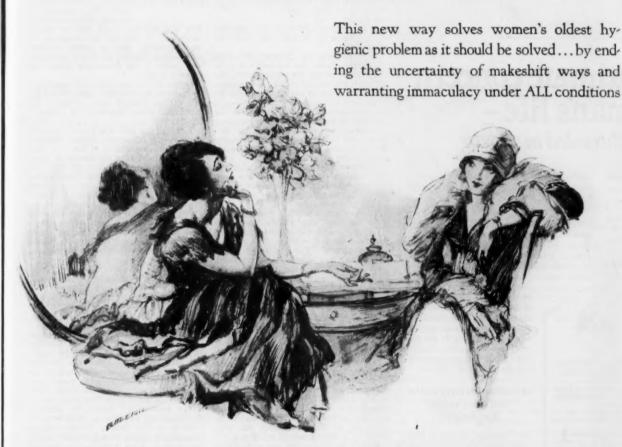
T wo complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for this small Georgian house will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans, on paper, \$3; on cloth, \$5; extra specifications, \$2.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs, send for McCall's Service booklet, The Small House (price ten cents), showing four-to seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

\*Supp

## Above All Things This Brings You Peace-of-Mind

under the most trying of hygienic handicaps



By Ellen J. Buckland, Graduate Nurse

SHEEREST, gayest gowns; your filmiest, daintiest things—wear them without a moment's thought! Social activities, meet them in confidence. Dance, dine, motor for hours . . . unhandicapped, without a doubt or fear.

Eight in every ten women in the better walks of life have adopted this new way. It ends the uncertainty of the oldtime sanitary pad by providing protection which is absolute. It will make a great difference in your life.

### These three factors changed the habits of millions

This new way is Kotex, the scientific sanitary pad. Nurses in war-time France first discovered it. It is made of the super-absorbent Cellucotton covered with specially processed, soft-finished gauze.

It absorbs and holds instantly sixteen times its own weight in moisture.

It is five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads.

Each Kotex pad is deodorized by a new secret disinfectant. Think of the amazing protection this feature alone gives

There is no bother, no expense, of laundry. Simply discard Kotex as you would waste paper—without embarrassment.

### You can get it anywhere, today

If you have not tried Kotex, please do. It will make a great difference in your viewpoint, in your peace-of-mind, and your health.

60% of many ills, according to many leading medical authorities, are traced to the use of unsafe and unsanitary makeshift methods.

Thus today, on eminent medical advice, millions are turning to this new way.

A fair test will convince you of its advantages beyond all question. No other method will ever satisfy.

Kotex comes in sanitary sealed packages of twelve, in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super. At all better drug and department stores, everywhere.

Today begin the Kotex habit to health. Note the improvements, mental and physical, that it brings. Write today for "Personal Hygiene" booklet. Sample of Kotex mailed free on request.

THE CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO., 166 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

You'll appreciate these 3 factors



Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of the ordinary cotton pad, and it deederizes, thus assuring double protection.



2 No laundry. As easy to dis pose of as a piece of tissue-thus ending the trying prob



Easy to buy anywhere. Man; stores keep them ready wrapped in plain paper—sim ply help yourself, pay the

\*Supplied also in personal service cabinets in

women's rest-rooms by The West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX



Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen Kotex-Super: 90c per dozen



### The most intimate concern of awoman's life-

should not be shrouded in secrecy

A WHOLE MEDICINE CHEST IN ITSELF Zonite kills germs. That is why Zonite is valuable for so many different purposes. For prevention against colds, coughs, grippe and influenza.

cotts, coughs, grappe and influenza.

For a daily mouthwash to guard against pyorrhea and othergum infections. For cuts, wounds, burns and scratches.

For use as a deodorant. Remember that Zonite, though a very powerful antiseptic, is non-poison and absolutely safe to use.

IGNORANCE of physical facts never brought happiness to any woman.

Wrong information is often worse than no information, and feminine health is too important, too vital a matter to be regarded in a haphazard way. Unless there is frank discussion, there can be no real enlightenment. The modern woman wants to know the truth and

then judge for herself. She wants the benefit of every new idea.

### Recent advances in practice of feminine hygiene

The recent advances in the prac tice of feminine hygiene have all come about as an answer to one existing evil. And that is the evil of poisonous antiseptics. Every physician and nurse is familiar with the effects when delicate tissues come in contact with bichloride of mercury or the compounds of carbolic acid. Yet until lately there was no other recourse for fastidious women who demanded an efficient cleansing agent—who demanded a true antiseptic insurance against disease

### Every woman has reason to welcome Zonite

But fortunately this state of affairs is now a thing of the past. No longer need a woman run the risk of using powerful poisons for the purpose of feminine hygiene. No longer need she fear accidental poisoning in the home—a calamity all coo common when the poison bottle is left within reach of little children who can not read the "skull-and-crossbones" warning. No longer need she face any of these dangers, for Zonite has ar-

Zonite is a powerful antiseptic. In fact, Zonite is a real germicide, for it actually kills germs. It doesn't merely check germ-growth temporarily like the mild, sweet-tasting and bubbling anti-

In bottles, 50c and \$1

at drug stores Slightly higher in Canada

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c direct to the Zonite Products Co.

septics. It kills all the germs present and prevents their multiplication. But besides being a power-ful antiseptic, Zonite is an antiseptic which, in its many uses, is harmless to human beings.

The most remarkable feature of Zonite is its great germicidal strength. It has more than forty times the strength, for instance, of peroxide of hydrogen, and is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be safely used on the

No wonder then, that Zonite has been welcomed with satisfaction. A powerful antiseptic that can even be held in the mouth! In fact, dental authorities are recommending it highly for preventive oral hygiene. Suggestion: ask your dentist or physician for his opinion of Zonite.

### A booklet that every mother will want to give her daughter

The important subject of feminine hygiene is thoroughly covered in a dainty booklet prepared by the Women's Division expressly for the use and convenience of women. The information it contains is concise and to the point. A delicate subject is treated with scientific frankness, as it

should be. Send for it. Read it. Pass it on to others who need it. Thousands of women are today running untold risks through the use of poisonous, caustic antiseptics. This book will bring all such women abreast of the times in a very important matter of health and comfort. The booklet is free. It is daintily illustrated and mailed in social correspondence envelope. Use the coupon below

Zonite Products Company Postum Building, 250 Park Avenue New York, N. Y. In Canadas 163 Dufferin Street,



State



BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

Acting Director, The Atlantic Division, The Architects' Small House Service Bureau



HE service that the architect renders to the small-home owner is of four different kinds:

1. Preliminary Services: the selection of a scheme or finding out what the client wants.

Preparation of Contract Drawings

2. Preparation of Contract Drawings and Specifications: the expression in technical terms, giving the arrangements, the materials and the methods of construction.

3. The Award of the Contract: the invitation to contractors to make proposals. The comparison of these proposals, the election of the most favorable proposal. selection of the most favorable proposal, and the drawing of the terms of the contract; also, where necessary, the obtaining of the consent of the Building Depart-

of the consent of the Building Department having jurisdiction.

4. Supervision: the interpretation by the architect of the terms of the contract, the architect being armed with authority to see that the owner gets what

thority to see that the owner gets what he has contracted for.

The problem which has faced the Bureau has been one of divising means whereby the expenses of the architect in rendering these services may be reduced to a minimum. The system of readymade plans has already been explained. This provides that the owner will be guaranteed from the start a proper set of plans at minimum cost and that he can put the balance of his money to other uses.

The information-sheets, through their system of questions and answers, permit the owner to reach his necessary decisions more quickly than otherwise and they conserve the architect's time.

When the owner cannot be suited with

a plan chosen from stock, a "change-sheet" can be made by one of the Bureau Architects at a charge arranged on an hourly basis. There are limits to the changes that can be made. Building is an art. The untrained and those trained in only one of its departments can play havoc by a single ignorant mistake. Owners are demanding not only better

drawings but also taking more interest in a correct set of specifications. The speci-fication is the bill of particulars for the

work. It cannot be made until the owner gives it his closest attention and

selects the materials to be used. Obviously there-fore the Bureau cannot offer a ready-made set of detailed specifications. It made set of detailed specifications. It does, however, offer a general outline-specification wherein are raised the necessary points to be determined before the contract is let. Before asking for even preliminary bids,

prospective home-owners are advised to put careful thought into specifying the particular items necessary to complete

particular items necessary to complete the specifications.

In asking for bids it is wise to consider carefully the character, ability, financial strength and reputation of the men who are to figure. Under the system of plans on approval it is possible to get three sets of figures and if all prove too high, to return the documents and receive a refund making the cost of the estimate very low. No refund should be expected on the specifications since they should be filled out in full before figures are taken and so used up. When, however, the blue prints used up. When, however, the blue prints are returned in good condition, it should be possible to receive three sets of figures for this cost :

for this cost:
3 sets of specifications.......\$6.00
Service-charge withheld in refund... 5.50
2 hours consultation with a Bureau

This is a very reasonable figure to pay

This is a very reasonable figure to pay for high-class professional advice.

After figures have been accepted, plans should be filed with the local Building Department, where required. The owner can save money by doing this himself. For this, extra sets of plans, usually on cloth, will be needed. When owners are puzzled by conflicting requirements, consult the nearest Bureau Architect.

sult the nearest Bureau Architect.

The architectural profession, through the American Institute of Architects, is offering in the Bureau Service regular professional service in a new and special way so as to bring it within the range of the man of small means and also in such the man of small means and also in such a way as to call on the architect for ad-vice as he would call on his doctor.

### DATA ABOUT BUREAU FEES AND SERVICE PRICE LIST

One complete set of scale-drawings with details and specifications will cost between \$20.50 and \$30.50 (rate of \$5.00 per room). This carries with it the right to crect one house only from the design.

If you are to have several contractors submit bids you will need extra sets of drawings. Blue prints of the drawings cost \$3.00 per extra paper set; \$4.00 cloth set.

Extra sets of specifications cost \$3.50 each.

Sets of contract documents, fifteen cents each.

A deposit of \$5.00 must accompany all orders for plans. No plans may be taken from the Bureau Office unless paid in full. Plans taken on approval may be returned if an owner decides not to use them, less a deduction of \$5.50 for service charge, and deductions at costs as given in Paragraph 2 for all solied copies of documents, specifications and blue prints. No rebate will be given unless all copies are returned. If the owner requires changes in the plans, changes will be made at the following rate: First fifteen minutes of Burcau Architect's time free; after that at the rate of \$4.00 per hour. The Specifications supplied are necessarily in general terms. Where alternates are given a selection of materials should be made. This should be done under the guidance of some familiar with the building of small houses. Where the Bureau's Architects are consulted, the first fifteen minutes of consultation will be given free; after that the charge will be at the rate of \$4.00 per hour. During construction in order to each that the plans are properly executed the Bureau recommends at least three visits of supervision by a competent architect. Where the local representative of the Bureau is selected, charges will be made at the rate of \$4.00 per hour charges and the second of the time the architect is absent from other work) plus travelling expenses. The minimum fee for any visit will be \$4.00.

In many towns it is necessary to obtain a building permit by filing the plans with the Building Department. The owner may do this work himself, or his contractor may do it, o

REQU	EST	FOR	INF	OR	MA	TI	0

REQUEST FOR INFORMATION	
Please send Information-Sheet Number 5	
Name	
TownState	
Remarks	

Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

the

th

bu

he

in

us

Ju ba too an

> Ur Ph

are

1926

to the ete

der cial cho ans ets re-ind ow. the led so ints uld res

## Tortured hours of pain that you can save yourself -

### With the same effective surgical dressing hospitals use for burns

UST an ordinary burn . . . Only a cut on the J hand . . . yet what hours of gruelling pain from these common injuries! What ugly, lifelong scars -hideous disfigurement even-they can inflict.

For over 30 years medical science has successfully used one famous dressing for the most severe burns and wounds. Instantly soothing, sure in its healing power, Unguentine has saved untold suffering and thousands of lives.

Now, this remarkable dressing can be kept and used right in your home.

### Stops pain instantly . . Prevents dangerous infection

ALL pain stops as soon as Unguentine is applied.

The relief is almost miraculous.

Clean, beautiful healing begins. Unguentine has prevented thousands of cases of blood poisoning by its thorough antiseptic action.

No matter how small the burn or cut—treat it at once!

When an accident happens apply Unguentine quickly! Just spread it, thick, over burn or wound. If necessary, bandage lightly.

Buy a tube of Unguentine for your medicine chest, today. Be ready for those unavoidable kitchen burns and scalds, the painful scratches and bruises children are always getting, and the more serious accidents where Unguentine may save life itself.

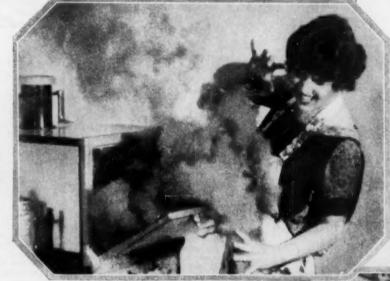
Send today for a free trial tube. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto. At all druggists'-50 cents.

### These Great Industrial Plants also use Unguentine

FORD MOTOR CO. AMERICAN RADIATOR CO. BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS CADILLAC MOTOR CO. STANDARD OIL CO. UNITED FRUIT CO. WESTINGHOUSE ELEC. & MFG. CO. AMERICAN CAN CO.

ENDICOTT JOHNSON CORP.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY DUPONT POWDER CO. THE YELLOW CAB CO.



### In Every Kitchen

they happen-explosions and stove burns. A husband writes: "My wife was badly burned in an explosion of the gas oven. . . . The skin on her face was seared off. I carried a tube of Unguentine in my toilet kit and applied a thick coat. When the physician came he advised only Unquentine. My wife recovered and does not have one scar on her face."

### Children

are always getting hurt—keep Unguentine on hand to relieve their pain and prevent infection. One mother writes us: "Our oldest boy cut his hand on a penknife. It was badly infected and had not cleared up in three weeks. I was becoming very much alarmed and suggested using Unguentine. The pus diminished with each dressing and tonight there is none at all. The cavity is rapidly filling with new tissue."





Properly Cared For

even a bad burn can be made to cause very little trouble. A man who was hanging draperies in a hall says, "A false footing caused a slip and I grabbed a red hot steam pipe! When I got onto the ground the hand looked to be a total loss. But the foreman smeared on Unguentine. In an hour I was using the hand. In four days it had healed

6	Towns of the last
Q	Norwich
—a	trusted name on

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. M-14 Norwich, New York Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and "What to do," by M.W. Stofer, M.D.

City and State.....

a generous tube

### For all the clothes that touch his Tender Skin

BABY woolens encountering laundry soap so soon become stiff and harsh, unkind to tender skins!

Diapers chafe and irritate. Pretty little frocks fade, tiny socks blur.

Mother's hands grow chapped and rough, harsh servants for silky bodies, toil-worn guests at bridge or dinner party.

Toss all of baby's clothes into Lux! Dance them up and down in its fluffy bubbling suds. Out they come—soft, unshrunken, colors fresh, unfaded, fabric unharmed. And your hands -how white and smooth they are!

There's no harmful ingredient in Lux. Nothing to injure the most delicate fibres. It won't mat woolens or shrink them-keeps them wonderfully soft and fluffy. Anything that's safe in pure water alone is safe in Lux. Keep all of baby's little woolens, his wee shirts and bands, his dainty dresses and tiny socks fresh and sweet with Lux! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### How to keep woolens soft, unshrunken

WHISK two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a washbowl of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. Do not rub. (Rubbing injures the delicate fibres, makes woolens stiff and matted.)

Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. If suds die down in washing, too much water has been used in cooling, and more Lux should be added to

For colored woolens make suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep colors from running. Lux won't cause any color to run not affected by pure water

Woolens should be dried in an even tem-perature. Heat increases shrinking. Do not dry woolens out of doors in cold weather or on windy days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

### THOSE WHO WON PRIZES

Results of the "Neighbor" and "Mother" Contests

### WHAT I OWE TO MY MOTHER

First prize, \$150

IRST I owe to my mother the gift of life for I was the eighth in a family of ten children. My mother

family of ten children. My mother believed that children are life's best gifts and the reason for marriage.

She devoted her life to us, always at home and always busy, and it was such a comfort to know we would find her there, that it is small wonder we never loitered on street corners but hurried home from school to do our part of the family work—and receive our reward in her anyroyal.

family work—and receive our reward her approval.

I owe my happy outlook on life to mother. Her life was simple and held many hardships, yet she kept a serene spirit and found happiness in little things—a beautiful sunset, the first spring robin, a well-browned loaf of bread from her oven. "Don't miss the happiness every day holds for you," she often cautioned.

She took pride in her work and held an ideal of excellence before her children, unconsciously teaching us the beauty and dignity of work well done. And she followed example by precept and pressure if necessary. I have tear-salted many a pan of dishwater when doing over a poor job; remembering what good medicine it was for me, I have this morning laid back some greasy silver before my own twelveyear old daughter to do again.

I was held strictly responsible for my

year old daughter to do again.

I was held strictly responsible for my part of the family-work, and I see now that it was the finest of discipline, kindly, but firm and progressive. I graduated from keeping the woodbox full, to keeping the chickens watered and fed, from dishwashing to cooking, from sewing carpet rags to mending, from mending to making my own clothes.

rags to mending, from mending to making my own clothes.

We "bugged" the potatoes, weeded the garden, picked the berries, and dropped corn, beans and potatoes into the rows for planting but we also fished in the old Huff Branch, gathered flowers, climbed all the trees, created whole circuses within our own family circle, and rode the horses and mules over the place and about the countryside, working and playing as only a healthy, happy and well-managed brood of sisters and brothers can.

Mother taught us the value of money, and its wise expenditure. We were paid

and its wise expenditure. We were paid for some of our work, and allowed some cash to spend and some to save. At first

cash to spend and some to save. At first we bought our own hair ribbons or ties, but as we earned more we bought our own clothes. You feel mighty proud of clothes you have earned and you take mighty good care of them, too.

She sang as she worked, old hymns and the old tunes and songs of her girlhood days. She read the Bible to us. I used to call it the "so Book," because she taught us it was "so." God was an ever-present influence in our lives. He knew about us and loved us, and would help us to grow up into the sort of sons and daughters mother would be proud of.

In a recent quiet hour with my mother I tried to express my ever-growing appreciation for her beautiful and fruitful life, my growing amazement at how she actu-

my growing amazement at how she actu ally managed us all. Here are her words: I had to learn what would count in the long run.

long run."

My mother can never die. She will always live, in her children and in oursshe is sure of that immortality. Her faith
in God, her courage in meeting life unafraid, her diligence and her respect for
her life work—how tremendously it has
counted in the long run!—Bonnie Terrell
Morgan



Because many contestants asked that their letters should not

asked that their letters should not be published, we give, here, only the names of the prize-winners: First prize, \$250—Mrs. Mary Richert, California; Second prize, \$150—J. R. Berger, Kansas; Third prize, \$100—Vera E. Gris-wold, Nebraska. In the contest on What I Owe My Mother, letters, came from

My Mother, letters came from young mothers, bearing their motherhood as a high charge; from flappers, grateful to mothers who had saved them from the worst evils of flapperdom; from the worst evils of flapperdom; from

grandmothers who wrote of their pioneer mothers; from business men and professional women, ac-

men and professional women, ac-cording their success to their mothers. All honor her for the faith, the obedience, the honesty, the many sterling qualities she instilled into them. The letters

instilled into them. The letters form a gallery of noble portraits of the motherhood of the land. The two first prize-winning letters are published on this page.

The complete list of prize-win-

The complete list of prize-winners is:
First prize, \$150—Bonnie Terrell Morgan, Arizona; Second prize, \$100—Mrs. Chas. B. Hazard, Mississippi; Third prize, \$50—Ella A. Sturgis, Massachusetts. \$10 Prizes—Mary Wells, Iowa; H. E. Stover, Pennsylvania; L. Richard Nease, Georgia; Helen D. Van Dermark, Oregon; Sarah C. Noell, North Carolina; Mary Carolyn Davies, Massachusetts; Hilda M. Rosenquist, South Dakota; Lilla E. Payne, New York; Catharine R. Santelli, New York: Mrs. Cara McQuade, California. \$5 Prizes—T. V. Robins, Ohio; A Marie Murray, New York; Elsa S. Conners, Ohio; Marian E. Casey, District of Columbia; Mrs. Clara J. Billings, Kansas; Emma S. Forster, Arkansas; Mrs. John W. Smith, New York; Evangeline H. Brownlee, Vermont; Mrs. Geo. S. Carll, Junior, District of Columbia; Miss Cline Noble, Massachusetts; Hazel Jackson, Kentucky; R. E. Bamberger, Pennsylvania; Convict 76180, New York; Helen Lee, Massachusetts; Mrs. M. D. Stuart, Ontario, Canada; Mrs. Saidee L. Slover, Texas; Mrs. Violet Walace, Florida; Jennie S. Owen, Kansas; Mrs. Ila Mae Talley, Iowa; Jean J., New York.

### WHAT MY MOTHER'S MEMORY MEANS TO ME

Second prize, \$100

Y MOTHER was one of those who crossed the continent when travel was not the easy thing it is today, to settle on the wide prairies of the Middle West at a time when there was nothing but wild, unbroken prairie as far as eye could see.

She came here to live in a little, shabby, unpainted house of four rooms, hastily constructed of the native timber which soon warped and let in the rain and wind and cold and snow. PEERING, prying neighbors; chronic borrowers; ubiquitous, omniscient neighbors; those who park their children with you; who burn rubbish when your wash is on the line; neighbors whose dogs on the line; neighbors whose dogs and cats and musical instruments make day and night hideous; who gossip and who use your telephone ad lib; bootlegging neighbors—all these kinds of neighbors are mirrored in the thousands of letters, brimming with humor and kindliness and realism, which were submitted in our recent contest on Things I Wish My Neighbors Wouldn't Do. Because many contestants

and cold and snow.

That shabby, ill-built house sheltered her five children and there she mothered them with such devotion that they never them with such devotion that they never knew the lack of physical well-being. In-to the little, low, old chamber the snow would drift at night and lie in swirls on the coverlets and floor; but at the farther end the stove would be warm and glowing and my mother's cheery call would hurry to from our warm beds to dress in its us from our warm beds to dress in its grateful warmth. And she was always cheerful.

No matter what the weather, we could be sure of a smile from our mother; and the wind did not blow that could keep her from ever disappointing us in any

She rode twenty miles in a bob-sled when the thermometer registered thirty below, to bring her little children some toys for Christmas. Just so unselfishly did she always give of herself to her little brood, for in those days of hardship and poverty she had little else to give.

She must often have been very home-sick for her native mountains and for the friends she had left so far behind. Never did she show any but a smiling face to her children although I know now that

her pillow must often have been wet with tears of sorrow, pain and homesickness. My dearest recollections are of the tales she used to tell of her old home and the old, old songs she sang, forgotten now by all except those few who treasure them forever in their hearts.

She had not had narv advantages when she was young but all the more avidly she wished them for her children and de-nied herself in every way to procure

She was so proud of us, so sure, too, of She was so proud of us, so sure, too, of our ability to do anything we wished to do that unconsciously she stimulated us to greater effort. She was a hard-working woman in a time that knew nothing but hard work; but all her scant moments of leisure she spent reading her Bible from which she drew her daily meed of

courage.
With all her hard work she was the kindest of neighbors and never a sick room but was cheered by her presence while she left a goodly supply of food in the kitchen; and everyone in trouble turned to her naturally. She not only taught her children honesty and integrity, she lived a daily example they were never to forget. to forget.

to forget.

She was one of the finest types of womanhood and motherhood I have ever known, and she lives always in the memory of her children and her friends.

All that is good in us we owe to her; and however much we might have tried her by our shortcomings she was always patient, kind and sympathetic, covering her sorrow at our failure with a smile of encouragement and giving us freely of her own vast courage and determination. She was an old-fashioned mother, God bless her, and every day of my life God bless her, and every day of my life I am glad that she was mine.—Mrs. Charles B. Hazard.

# Why Quaker Oats breakfasts "stand by" you through the morning

### A 10-Second Education in the Scientific Reasons

DO you feel hungry, tired, hours before lunch? Don't jump to wrong conclusions. Almost 90% of the time you'll find it's largely brought on by an ill-balanced breakfast.

Thousands have unenergetic mornings for that reason—from breakfasts lacking one or more essential food elements.

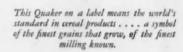
To feel right, you must have well-balanced, complete food. You can't deceive nature into accepting breakfasts that lack even a single element toward correct food balance.

That is why Quaker Oats is so widely urged today. The oat is the best balanced of all cereals grown.

Contains 16% protein, food's great tissue builder; 58% carbohydrate, the great energy element; is well supplied with minerals and vitamines. Supplies, too, the roughage essential to a healthful diet to make laxatives seldom needed.

Few foods have its remarkable balance. That is why it stands by you through the morning.

Why deny yourself the natural stimulation of this rich, warm food?



### Quick Quaker cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

### The world's fastest and most easily prepared breakfast

Put on the scales of scientific analysis, Quick Quaker holds supreme as the ideal starter for an active day.

Measured in deliciousness, none compares. The flavor is rich and wonderful, for all that rare Quaker flavor is there; the famous Scotch flavor that comes of large, plump grains milled as only Quaker experts know.

Judged from the standpoint of easy preparation Quick Quaker is the world's fastest breakfast. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes, ready before the coffee.

Why start the day, then, with less nourishing, less delicious foods? Quaker Oats and milk has become the dietetic urge of the world.



### Somebody's going to be late!

SUNDAY morning breakfast and the second plateful! The savory stack of golden-brown Pillsbury's Pancakes holds the center of the stage. Boy-like, he directs the glistening stream of syrup over the light, tender cakes . . . unconscious of time, unmindful of the mild reproach in his sister's glance. Here's a banner breakfast-a real treat and a whole store of energy. Delicious, digestible . . . no wonder the taste tempts and suggests a second serving!

Somehow, everybody's a boy when it comes to Pillsbury's pancakes. They are so light and fluffy, such a delicate golden-brown, so delightful in flavor, your pancake appetite arises anew! Of course there's a secret to it—the famous Pillsbury formula, the exact blend and balance of superfine flours that insures perfect pancakes every time.

It's so easy to serve pancakes when you use Pillsbury's Pancake Flour. Every needed ingredient of highest quality is in every package. Nothing to add but water or milk - just six minutes from package to table. Buy it and try it now.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY



# Pillsbury's Pancake Flour

Made by the millers of Pillsbury's Best Flour



One of the family

#### McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS

UR booklets, listed below, contain in handy form, information supplied by specialists in homedecoration, cookery, child-care, etiquette, entertaining, household-management, small

1926

entertaining, nousehold-management, small house building, health and good looks.

Decorating Your Home. By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. The principles of interior decorating simply expressed; rules of color, design, harmony, balance; correct floor-coverings, curtains, drapery, lighting.

decorating simply expressed; rules of color, design, harmony, balance; correct floor-coverings, curtains, drapery, lighting.

The House of Good Taste. (New Edition). By Ruby Ross Wood. Pictures of lovely interiors.

The Modern Home. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Devices and methods to lighten housework.

The New Hospitality. By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Correct table-setting and service for family-meals or guests.

Time-Saving Cookery. (New Edition). Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen; Sarah Field Splint, Director. How package-goods, wisely used, come to your rescue in preparing meals.

Master-Recipes. (New Edition). Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen; Sarah Field Splint, Director. The master-recipe is a key-recipe which, with its variations, gives you many recipes in each for souffles, desserts, soups, candies, cakes and so on.

Some Reasons Why in Cookery. By May B. Van Arsdale, Director of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University, Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. New, accurate methods developed in the food-workshop under Miss Van Arsdale's directions.

Menus for Two Weeks. By E. V. McCollum, of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University, Delicious, appetizing dishes for feeding your family the health-giving "protective foods," milk and leaves. (No charge for this leaflet except a two-cent stamp for posting).

enamel. I made win-

dow-curtains of a

THE FRIENDLY BABY. By
Helen Johnson Keyes;
approved by Charles
Gilmore Kerley. M.D.
How to take care of
your child from the
day of his birth until his eleventh year.
THE FRIENDLY MOTHER. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A.
Dorman, M.D., Head of the Maternity
Division of The Woman's Hospital,
New York City. Advice for the
mother-to-be.

New York City, Australian Margaret Book of Manners. By Margaret Emerson Bailey, Etiquette for every

A Book of Manners. By Margarett Emerson Bailey. Etiquette for every occasion.

Parties All the Year, By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Suitable parties for each month and season.

What to Serve at Parties. (New Edition). Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen; Sarah Field Splint, Director. For luncheons, dinners, Sunday-night suppers, bridge-parties—for every gay event at home.

The Small House. Compiled by Marcia Mead, McCall's Consulting Architect. Designs and floor-plans by America's foremost architects for moderately priced houses, ranging in building-cost from about \$5,000 to \$16,000.

Down the Garden Path.. By Dorothy Giles, of the Garden Club of America. Succinct directions for flower- and vegetable-gardening.

The Family Budget. By Isabel Ely Lord, Instructor in Household Accounting. Home Study Department, Columbia University. A system of budgeting to allow for comfortable living, education, recreation and saving.

A Little Book of Good Looks. Approved by Dr. Fred Wise, Instructor of Dermatology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, and Head of the Vanderbilt Dermatological Clinic. The methods of Fifth Avenue beauty-shops, corroborated by a great specialist. Care of the skin, hair and hands. Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents; or any twelve for a dollar.

Each booklet (unless otherwise noted) is ten cents; or any twelve for a dollar. Enclose money, and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



# "Julie's a Wonder!"

By MARJORIE ADAMS

THE town people see Julie going down the street in a dress that's like burnt maple for color and Fifth Avenue for smartness. "Julie's a wonder!" they say.

Ask her (if you can catch her when those laughing eyes aren't laughing too much) how she's earning enough to dress herself and mother and sister beautifully . . . to the little iov-trips where they've always and mother and sister beautifully...to take little joy-trips where they're always wanted to go... and is having fun doing it! Chances are she'll say, "Oh, I got tired of wearing straight lines and tailor-mades!"

But later, out comes the pathetic little atory of drab dresses that had fairly made her cringe. She wanted bright things, she says. Gold in them, tawny yellow, bluish mists. Not only for herself, but for her mother and her grade-school sister. She had little money; not much notion of styles or right silhouettes. But she earned it, ledrned it in happy night-time hours after working in an office by day.

"How?" you ask, and then she'll say.

"How?" you ask, and then she'll say, quite simply, "The Woman's Institute."

THEN perhaps she leads you down a darling hallway to a bright wing of the house, and opens a door. "I want to show you the dresses first." But you scarcely hear her in your amazement. You are show you the dresses first." But you scarcely hear her in your amazement. You are staring at a filmy crepe, looped with velvet; an exquisite corn-flower, smartly trimmed in white; or a violet like crushed grapes, touched with cobwebby lavender lace. Richness is in that simple, clean, gay little room where Julie stands looking at you, laughing!

"I've been making mostly evening things this last year," she explains. "I design them myself."

"But how?" you insist.

Then out rushes the story. "I wanted beautiful dresses—dresses that were more than clothes with price-tags on them. So I sent a coupon to the Woman's Institute.

"And I'll never forget the night I stood before my mirror and tipped it slowly, slowly, so as to see every inch of the first lovely party dress I'd ever made. Lessons put a kind of a spell upon me. I'd work way into the night, stopping only when mother would insist that I go to bed.

"You know what the Institute does. It starts you making things you want most . . . shows you the loveliest, quickest way to make them. My new clothes cost less than anything attractive I could get ready-made — much less — and were far more becoming. It was fun making things for mother too. She had never had such good-looking clothes. And the precious things I could produce out of almost nothing for 'Lizabeth! The girls at the office begged me to sew for them. The Institute

helped in every way; helped me copy high-priced things in windows; taught me to make without bothering about patterns. The first year's earnings seemed like a fortune.

"People ask if I'm happy. Do you think they need to ask? I'm doing what I like best to do and getting paid for it. The Institute keeps on giving me the friendliest help. Their magazine, Fashion Service, lets me know the coming modes. We have the clothes we want—mother, 'Lizabeth and I. A lot of luxuries we couldn't otherwise afford. The Woman's Institute certainly has solved the clothes problem for us."

W OULDN'T you, too, like to find some way to solve the clothes problem? Wouldn't you be happier almost every day of your life if you always had stylish, becoming dresses to wear, especially if you could have them for a half or a third of what you are now paying?

There is a way for you to be as well dressed as any woman you know. Right at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, you can learn to make any garment you desire—in the very newest and latest style—for just the cost of materials.

It makes no difference where you live because all

It makes by te-me has the clost of materials.

It makes no difference where you live because all of the instruction is carried on by mail. It is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as your desire and just when it is convenient.

much or as inter time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. The Woman's Institute has been teaching dresmaking and millinery by mail for ten years, and it has taught nearly a quarter-million women and girls. It is the largest woman's school in the world, and the success of its students is an indication and a promise of what it can do for you.

The Woman's Institute is located in Scranton, Penna., but it has students in every section of the United States and throughout the world. Right in your own neighborhood there are women and girls who have solved their clothes problem and found more happiness than they ever dreamed possible through the help of the Woman's Institute.

Institute.

The Institute is willing and anxious to help you, no matter where you live, no matter what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just mark and mail the convenient coupon to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 3-B, Scranton, Penna, and you will receive, without cost or obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of earning money besides.

#### WOMAN'S INSTITUTE Dept. 3-B, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below—

[Home Dreasmaking; | Millinery | Advanced Dreasmaking (for the woman who sews) |

Professional Dressmaking | Cooking

(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

The Woman's Institute is associated with and under the same management as the

# Glorify Your Kitchen

[Continued from page 46]



I know, is fascinatingly like an old-fashioned garden—quaint and pretty yet without the slightest things to detract from its essential practicality. The walls are covered with an oil-finished cloth of an early English design with small roses climbing over an ivory background. This beautiful wall is washable and sanitary. The woodwork is stained the green of the foliage and is finished with waterof the foliage and is finished with water-proof varnish. The chairs, table and stool are painted in an old ivory enamel, with rose-colored enamel socks on the legs.

Rose-colored elament socks on the legs.
Rose-colored oilcloth covers the top of
the table. White and cream bowls, plates
and jugs of thick crockery, some with
rose designs, are seen through the glass
door of the kitchen dresser. And in this enchanting room where there is so much rose color, gray granite cooking-vessels are particularly pleasing. Humble unbleached muslin, light weight, bound with a green colorfast cotton, hangs at the windows and casts a lovely mellow light over a kitchen which seems more like a

over a kitchen which seems more like a rose garden than a mere room.

Of the floors I have seen in these and other kitchens where bright colors abound, there are an infinite variety. Linoleums, perhaps, provide the largest number of harmonious designs and one is certain to find among them a pattern to fit any need. An excellent tile pattern of gray tones was used in the rose kitchen, while need. An excellent tile pattern of gray tones was used in the rose kitchen, while plain brown linoleum covered the floor of the jonquil kitchen. A composition floor had been put in my kitchen at the time the house was built, and had remained glaringly red until I remade the kitchen when I coated it with the deepest and softest brown tone I could find in floor paint. A slight bit of red here and there in kitchen decoration adds cheerfulness paint. A slight bit of red here and there in kitchen decoration adds cheerfulness but an entire kitchen floor of red would be feverish! Use neutral tones for floors and leave the gay touches for other places.

enamel. I made window-c u r t a i n s of a bright East Indian cotton print, a sunproof fabric, whose design as well as the shelves on the wall reflected all the colors from bowls and jugs. The whole effect was one of good cheer, equally charming in all weathers and as engaging as a bright piece of peasant embroidery. My family fairly chirped about in this gay atmosphere, though heretofore they had avoided as much as possible the bleak laboratory which had been my kitchen.

My renovated kitchen was no less efficient than before, though pleasant disguises hid many of its utilitarian features. My pottery receptacles and some pretty glass ones, for example, made to resist oven-heat, could be used for mixing, baking, and gracing the dinner-table—a triple service which diminished dishwashing. The gay enamel on my shelves, window-sills and every tiny projection of woodwork really aided sanitation. Though they appeared to be only decorative, they were very practical, for the hard enamel, as smooth as glass, covered the particular places where dust lodges most quickly and which require the most cleaning. The enamel fills and coats the wood surface so thoroughly that dust does not penetrate and is easily cleaned by lightly wiping off with a damp cloth.

Every one of the beauties and comforts of this chatty, companionable little workshop met with deep appreciation from Every one of the beauties and comforts of this chatty, companionable little workshop met with deep appreciation from Ellen, the day-worker who came in to help me. Not a neighbor could entice her away to attend to their most urgent needs for laundry or cleaning until after she had done my work!

It was she who pointed out to Mrs. Leonard, for whom she also worked, how she could make her kitchen into an exceptionally attractive room without much expense.

Another kitchen with charm, of which



INNERS, dances, theatres, shopping or the clubalways some engagement for the popular woman in the busy life of today-hardly a moment left for herself. What a temptation to use some of the quick beauty treatments that promise such marvelous results!

But no skin can long remain beautiful unless it is kept absolutely clean and science has not yet been able to produce a lasting substitute for soap and water cleansing. Are you one of these women busy with countless social or household duties, yet anxious to preserve the freshness and beauty of your complexion? Then begin today the regular use of Resinol Soap and find your skin automatically cared for.

There are three excellent reasons why this soap has for nearly thirty years appealed to thousands of fastidious women and satisfied every need of the skin.

First, it is a decidedly pleasing toilet soap, giving a quantity of creamy, pore-searching lather that thoroughly cleanses the skin and invigorates it at the same time.

Then its ingredients are absolutely pure and wholesome. There is no trace of free alkali—that harsh, drying chemical which makes so many soaps injurious to the skin and hair.

But best of all it contains the soothing Resinol proper-ties which give it that distinctive, refreshing fragrance and rich color, and cause it to keep the skin clear and velvety. It leaves nothing to be desired for a toilet soap.

If your complexion is now marred by blackheads, blotches, roughnesses, etc., apply Resinol and see how quickly it clears them away. This soothing, healing ointment has been successfully prescribed for years for skin disorders. Itching rashes, slight or serious, chafings, or the smart of a burn, cut or sore quickly respond to its first application. No home should be without it. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and



## ISABEL MAYS

[Continued from page 9]

"No time for it."

"No time for it."

"But you have now," his wife reproached him. "I wish you would do something like that. Not here, perhaps, but in Canada or Wisconsin. I can't get him away," she turned with a humorous regret to me.

"I couldn't tell how you'd set if I did."

regret to me.
"I couldn't tell how you'd act if I did."
"Walker!" she protested. "That's one
of his oldest jokes. As if he didn't know.
Why, it just discourages me to think how I would do. It seems so-so unenterprising.

Going up the stairs for the night Isabel Mays slipped a hand about her husband's arm. He must be tired, she said. Naturally Mays denied this; but in their room he dropped for a little into a chair before starting to undress. She found a score of preparatory things to do, first in regard to his ease and then purely feminine: there was a small line of bottles to be balanced, precariously, on the washstand, the collapsible lead foil tubes of toilet preparations were gathered and a particular kind lapsible lead foil tubes of toilet preparations were gathered and a particular kind
of hair brush laid out in readiness. "Why,
Walker," she said, frowning at the contents of her bag, "he's a lot like you." It
was a tribute to their bond of marriage
that he understood at once her meaning.
"He seemed to be all right," Mays admitted indifferently. "But then, why
shouldn't he? Writing books can't be so
much different from everything else."

shouldn't he? Writing books can't be so much different from everything else."
"It is, though, I'm sure." She was holding a nightgown beautifully sheer, with scallops, blind embroidery but no lace. Just to feel the texture, it was obvious, to follow the embroidery with a finger tip, gave her a sharp pleasure. "You can't think how I love all the things you give me," Isabel told him. He cleared his throat and said that she didn't get enough; he wanted her to have, well—whatever there was.

he wanted her to have, well—whatever there was.

"I have," she assured him, and she stopped to touch him, gratefully, on the cheek. "What was I talking about? Oh, yes—Mr. Hergesheimer. It's his life that would be different from ours. And yet he is so much like you, fidgety and wants—" "To talk," her husband put in.
"I understand, but I can't explain it to you. I can't even when it's yourself." She stood gazing with a sense of temporary loss about the inadequate room. "I'm sorry they wouldn't take us at the Inn," he said, meeting her expression of mock dismay. "I had Miss. Cartner tele-Inn," he said, meeting her expression of mock dismay. "I had Miss Cartner tele-graph but it was too late. We won't have to stay here long."

have to stay here long."

"It's absurd for me to pretend to mind, Walker," she instantly replied; "particularly when you remember. . . . Anyhow it's clean, and that's the main thing, and the food wasn't really bad. You see, I'm spoiled now. A little of this will be good for me. It's as I said down on the porch. I only wish we could have more of it. Why can't you go away with me, Walker, for a long trip this time—to South America or Los Angeles or Alaska. We don't need any more money, it seems wicked need any more money, it seems wicked what we have now, and you do get just a speck tired. Of course, I worry about you."

"Tve tried to explain to you," again there was a trace of impatience, almost an irritation, in his voice. "It isn't the

an irritation, in his voice. "It isn't the money but the responsibility—what to do with it. We're fixed now so that if we don't go on we'll drop back—"
"Can't you unfix that? We'd still have enough and you know I'd be satisfied."
"No, I can't. It wouldn't be fair to Ennis. Questions come up all the time, patent suits and development and rascals and investments. We never know what's going to be in the mail; and then you must remember I've been mostly on the ground." ground.

"I know you're away from home a great deal too much."
"That's right, Isabel, I am. But how

"That's right, Isabel, I am. But how can I help it; and it isn't as though I could take you with me. These new oil towns are pretty hard. If you make a face at this I don't know how you'd get over some of the sheds I have to stay in."
"Don't think I'm complaining, Walker." This time she bent and kissed him. "It's a little for me, of course, but most on your account. I hate to think of you taking those rough journeys and getting I don't know what to cat and sleep on. And our

house is so pretty now. Do you ever look at the garden? I wonder sometimes if you even stop to smell the lilacs in May."

May."
"If you could hear me talk about it—" He turned so that he could follow her as she brushed her hair. "I want to talk about you, really. I never can get enough and there" said there.

"Walker, look how much shorter and thinner my hair is. And the grey!" "Nonsense!" Walker Mays declared; "it's as long and just as brown as the day

I married you.

"it's as long and just as brown as the day I married you."
"But I could sit on it then. Don't you remember?"

"It was good enough, but I like you better the way you are. You get prettier, Isabel."

"Well," she returned, "I want you to think so. Do you suppose little Walker—but I can't call him little any longer—will be taller than when he left us?"

"Certainly he will, he was growing by the week while he was home."

"And stronger?" Her tone darkened; it held sorrow and hope and an instant defensive ring.

"He'll be strong enough," Mays avoided her direct question. "Walker will have to depend on his mind more than the others and that will be fine for him. He'll go right ahead."

"I know that" now, with the rest.

and that will be fine for him. He'll go right ahead."

"I know that," now, with the rest, there was a breath of humility; "but I wanted him to be handsome. Isn't is silly of me! Really, I ought to be ashamed of myself. I hoped he'd be like a god, tall and straight, with a face like a flame. And strong. But all women adore that."

"You're too much for me, Isabel," he acknowledged; "I can't follow you. It's because you've read so many books. More than that fellow—II can't remember his name—has down stairs. Don't you worry.

name—has down stairs. Don't you worry, though; Walker's going to be a fine boy. He is now."

He is now."

"Yes . . . of course." There was a sudden crystal brightness in her eyes, and she turned away, still busy with her hair before the glass. "I read because you're away, but I'm glad I like to. And, Walker. I'm mad about Joseph Conrad now. I couldn't read him for the longest while, until I just made myself finish The Secret Agent. There's a sentence in it about a second-hand furniture store . . . and a Agent. There's a sentence in it about a second-hand furniture store . . . and a sister. I wish you'd try one, I'm certain you'd enjoy it—they're about the sea."

"They may be but I'm not," he answered. "You know how oil and water are"

"I suppose it doesn't matter." She was both cheerful and resigned. "I don't want to bother you about it. And then you use your eyes a lot on reports and prospectuses.

"Not on prospectuses," he corrected her; "I keep a girl specially to slide them into the waste-paper basket."

"Well, that's done, at last. It makes my arms ache, sometimes, to brush out my hair." He reminded her that, times without number, he had begged her to have a maid. "I couldn't quite manage that," she confessed. "I guess there's too much of the past in me still. I guess I'll never get rid of some things. I couldn't have her looking at all my clothes, Walker; I like to lay them out and fold them and put them away; and she'd make me nervous. But there ought to be a man to take care of you." At the mere thought of a personal servant, a valet, Walker Mays said, "ha!" Nothing more.

The following day, at noon, there was a severe thunder shower. I was sitting on a log, watching the guide prepare lunch, when the rain fell; and instantly he dropped all that he was doing and gathered as much of himself as possible inside a raincoat. It got very dark—the lake, against the storm cloud, was slate green and then purple—and lightning fell with a shattering of live wood in the forest at our backs. If he had known this was going to happen, the guide asserted, he would have stayed at home with a job of carpentering on the porch. I asked him if he was a good carpenter; but, wholly missing the significant emphasis of the word carpenter, he said, with a tart modesty, that others would have to speak.

[Turn to page 74]

The

THRIFT

**BOOK** 

OF

A

NATION



imes imes

it\_"

talk ough

and

red;

you

pret-

er—

g by

d; it stant oided

ll go

't it amed, tall ame. hat." he It's

as a

ou're

lker, hile,

ecret ut a nd a tain

ater

vant you and

cted hem

akes out

too

Till

hes, fold he'd be nere alet,

he

-the

fell

vith

We are style headquarters. From the designing rooms of New York and Paris come the new modes shown in our catalog. You pay nothing extra for style - but you get it, and quality besides, when the World's Largest Store. We guarantee a saving.

Spring is cleaning time. New rugs; a davenport for the living room; a new vacuum cleaner; a bedroom to be kalsomined. Everything you need to make your home at-tractive is priced in the Thrift Book to save you money. And we give Real 24-Hour Service.



Men order from the World's Largest Store because they find it convenient and eco-nomical. Style apparel and sturdy work clothing are displayed at attractive prices in our new catalog. Nine million families buy from the book of 35,000 bargains. You should have it, tool

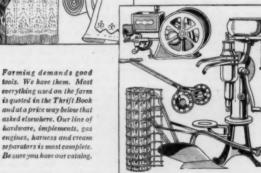


All aboard for Vacation-landl Atent, a cooking out-fit, a cot, your car—and the open roadl Let us help you have your cacation. The things you want are in our new catalog at the lowest prices quality goods can be bought. Guaranteed, of

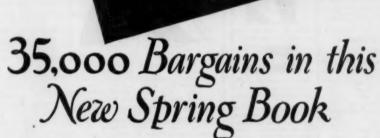


goods, draperies, fabric for course, mean real economy.

It is easy to order from the
World's Largest Store.



Do you, too, love to sew? Then you need out new cat-alog. Forour display of dress every personal or household purpose, is the finestwe have ever offered. The prices, of



Sears.Roebuck and Co.

With this new catalog-"The Thrift Book of a Nation"-you have access to 35,000 bargains, the greatest store in the world!

So complete is this book that practically every need for the family, the home, the farm, and the shop can be supplied from its pages — at prices that insure big savings.

Millions buy from the World's Largest Store because they have found here the
quality they prefer; have learned that 99 out of every 100 orders are actually shipped

within 24 hours after they are received; have proven to their own satisfaction that they make real savings.

Thrift does not imply self denial. It only means buying right because if you pay less for the things you need, you can have more of the things you want. Our new catalog is ready. Your copy is waiting for you. Just fill in and mail the coupon.

Street and No ....

Chicago - Philadelphia - Kansas City - Seattle - Dallas

We give real 24 hour service

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.

Chicago - Philadelphia - Kansas City - Dallas - Seattle , Send me free your big Spring and Summer Catalog. 60-M-21

Name ..

Postoffice.

Rural Route

State.

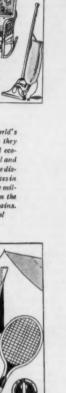
WORLD'S LARGEST STORE

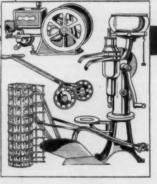
OPERATE SUPER - POWER WE OWN AND BROADCASTING STATION WLS-TUNE IN ON 345 METERS













# Foot pains vanish in 10 minutes or —this test is free

Millions have found a new way to end foot and leg pains. Specialists everywhere are urging it. Normal strength is restored by natural means. A test will amaze and delight you. Make it under this free offer.

NCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit over twenty million people. Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, paining feet and legs. Many think their pains result from being irred or that they come from remaining feet and legs. But in thousands of cases there is an even more serious cause. Only recently has science discovered it. Now for the first time misland authorities are realizing how serious foot troubles may become. They tell you not to neglect the slightest twinge of pain—the symptom with which nature warns you.

When certain muscles

#### When certain muscles

#### weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones.

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch few people know about, extending across the foot from the little to the big toes. The other extends along the foot from heel to toe, forming the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones of these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists, modern shoes, and other things, too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones apread from overstrain and arches sag.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush delicate blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

#### Science corrects misplacements Nature heals and strengthens Pains vanish like magic

Pains vanish the magic

Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple yet astonishingly effective remedy. To strengthen the muscles ceverise is necessary. So science provides a thin, strong, super-clastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design.

#### WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Write to us for our free book, illus-trated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubies. How to stop foot and leg pains quickly.



ARCH BRACES



Rigid supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band care soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the sightest twinge of pain.

So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish, high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot.

They urge you to make the test offered you here, without hesitation or delay.

#### Make this amazing 10-minute test

Make this amazing 10-minute test
Over a million men and women are enjoying
normal, healthy feet as strong as an athlete's. We invite you to make the test that
performed a miracle for them.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch
Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted
with the instant and lasting relief, take them
back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply
you. With a half inch strip of paper measure around the smallest part of your instep,
where the forward edge of the brace is shown
in the circle diagram, or send us the size
and the width of your shoe.

The same day we will send you a pair of
Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Simply pay the postman \$1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for
stout people or in severe cases, we recommend
our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, \$1.50.
Wear them two weeks. If not delighted
return them and we will send every
penny back immediately.

© J.A.B.Co. 1926

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO., 272 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Obio Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Bruces in style checked.

Wonder Style, \$1.00 | Miracle Style, \$1.50

I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measurement.

P.O. State

#### ISABEL MAYS

[Continued from page 72]

The rain stopped as abruptly as it had come, the trees were a glistening green in the sun, the shore beyond the lake took on a chalky-blue midsummer perspective, and a great variety of birds burst into congratulatory and self-important song. The duties of getting lunch my companion took up once more with a long grumbling: this was the last season he'd guide; he didn't have to—it seemed—for nobody. His sciatica would be back on him, he had felt a twitch of it last Thursday . . . or perhaps it was last Thursday a week.

He boiled potatoes and cooked bacon, made toast at my repeated request, and produced a liquid blackness that for unadulterated tannin had never, I was certain, been surpassed. Last year he had ished a gentleman who had never failed to have bass by the hour for lunch. He glanced at a large silver watch tied to his The rain stopped as abruptly as it had

to have bass by the hour for lunch. He glanced at a large silver watch tied to his suspenders and, once more, stopped everything while he rested through that time appointed for the guides of Maine to rest. Then, with an air of public and virtuous woodcraft, he poured a bucket of water on the long-dead fire, concealed some potato skins by a stump, and we left the shore for an afternoon of fishing. On the float when I returned I saw Mrs. Mays, in white with fine polka dots of black and a ruffled affair that served as a cape; and, I was so glad to see her, just to approach the place where smiling she stood was so pleasant, that, when I landed, I wanted to embrace her. Instead, I asked if she had seen her son. They I asked if she had seen her son. They had spent most of the day with him . . . the launch had broken down for some

the launch had broken down for something like an hour. And I couldn't imagine how brown he was, exactly like all the other boys; and he had actually swam. Not for a great distance or very fast, but to swim at all—

She expected from me the sympathy and understanding that, naturally, she got. I would never see young Walker Mays, I hadn't the smallest interest in him, but, because of Mrs. Mays, I was willing to sit on the float and talk about him with no thought of dinner.

We really did sit, on the thwart of a

with no thought of dinner.

We really did sit, on the thwart of a hauled-up skiff, and, not talking much then, we looked over into the water, where a school of enormous black bass waited in the clear dark water for the food which came to them without the price of effort. No one was allowed to molest them; there was a law, it seemed to me, passed by the State for the comfort of that individual gathering. "If you could only catch some like that." Mrs. Mays, had put into words the thought, the fallacious hope, that keyed up the spirits of all the fishermen who, on all the mornings, went out from that wharf. I had been at the Miroir Lakes for a week, and I admitted to her, where those fish were concerned I had very nearly reached the exasperated point of feeding them with a stick of dynamite.

reached the exasperated point of feeding them with a stick of dynamite.

She laughed in exactly the right manner and at the right time. I was, she said, for who I was, funny. But I protested that I was entirely serious, and she made a slight gesture as though she would lay a restraining hand on mine. Then, hesitating, she began to talk about books: she ...d only lately come to the enjoyment of Mr. Conrad; Mr. Galsworthy must have an ineffable personality; Sherwood Anderson sometimes wrote so beautifully that it hurt her heart. This, of course, was my world, I knew it intimately, from instinct and long experience, yet living in Darien, Ohio, she knew it fundamentally as well as I did. All that she said was inimitably correct.

I told her this, and, with a flush of pleasure, she agreed that she had, well—perhaps a feeling for some books. It seemed that she wrote to New York for whatever she wanted . . . she could always tell what that would be. But I didn't like her for a natural discrimination in creative letters; that wasn't, after all, rare. I even doubted if it was a svaluable as I had heard; it was a—a downright loveliness that engaged me. I studied her face again . . a nice face and an ingratiating expression. Then her eyes met mine, she flushed a little, and I explained how attractive I found her.

"Why is it?" I demanded. "Women, in their hearts, know about these things;

why are you so fascinating?"
But inevitably she only laughed; yet privately, I could see, she had accepted all I said as her right. Mrs. Mays was used to that—no one she allowed to see it could resist the ingenuous warmth of her charm. She was, without the least visible conscious effort, young still; time hadn't spoiled or detracted from her. In losing most of her grace, the sheen on her

hadn't spoiled or detracted from her. In losing most of her grace, the sheen on her hair, the freshness of her cheeks—though they were still naturally colorful—she had kept the spirit that, twenty years ago, had animated her.

She was like newly-minted gold; that was it; yet, at the same time, there was her grey hair, the senior Walker Mays and a delicate son. But a great deal of her hadn't been spent, hadn't been reached; it was bright and new and ringing. All my exasperation at the guide and the futile fishing, the annoyances incidental to the Miroir House, when I was with Isabel Mays I forgot. Things that were heavy became light, trouble melted away; I was filled with a sense of well-being like the perfect result of a perfected champagne.

away; I was filled with a sense of wellbeing like the perfect result of a perfected champagne.

We walked slowly back to the hotel together, and, on the grass in an angle of the porches, we found Mr. Mays with a paper from Darien. "That's why he wouldn't go with me," she explained. "When Walker's away he reads every line of The Examiner. Either The Examiner or trade journals."

"Isabel can't make me literary," he informed me; "I guess she's pretty near given it up for hopeless. She'll have to do the fancy reading for the family." His scrupulous dress recalled to me my own appearance, in canvas shoes and an open collar, and I left almost immediately. In my room I had a drink of the Scotch whiskey I had brought and kept locked in my bag. The evening—I didn't know why—was specially gay, happy; I tried on all the ties I had with me. Isabel Mays! I'm not certain that I didn't speak her name audibly. When I went down for dinner I found the Mays had been moved to my table. been moved to my table.

Nothing, for me, could have fallen bet-ter; and the waitress who, until then, had only irritated me became a source of amusement. She brought Mays the best potato unquestionably which had been seen at the Miroir House that season, but seen at the Miroir House that season, but mine was hardly more than a fragment, and we made endless high-hearted comments on the significance of her partiality. Then, after stewed dried apricots and a yellow cake armoured in its icing, we returned to the lawn and smoked under a hard clear sky in which the stars seemed more remote than ever before.

The Mays, it developed, were leaving for Ohio in the morning, I was returning on the Bar Harbor Express a few hours later, and so I was comparatively silent,

later, and so I was comparatively silent, intent on the meetings and separations of life. We made our promises to come, in the fall, to Darien and Pennsylvania; but

we made our promises to come, in the fall, to Darien and Pennsylvania; but with mine there was a sense that I would never be in Darien or see the Mays again. This, mysteriously, was stronger than my determination and serious assertion to the contrary. There would be, certainly, a letter or two, in both directions, and then . . . good-by to Isabel Mays.

I regretted this because she was a woman in which a life-time was too short to enjoy. I liked Mays too—he was at ence present and withdrawn; he took part in the conversation at intervals, but mostly he was still, speculating about the affairs of commerce or finance or manufacturing. Everything else he had with a magnificent simplicity surrendered to Isabel; he dwelt, like a sage, secure of the high peak of his admiration for her. Well, he was safe!

bigh peak of his admiration for her. Well, he was safe!

It would be pleasant, she thought after a little, to see the water; Mays declined, and we walked through the rough slippery grass, we crossed the road, and came to the lake, hidden in the night. There was the splash of a jumping fish. Where, I asked her, did she suppose they kept them through the day.

She made no reply—we were again seated on the convenient skiff—but she sighed: the night, she said, was so beautiful. I was conscious, [Turn to page 76]

pi

ple of jus

eas ap

> pro Be

WC

the

Cr pro tra

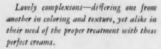
thi bus the mu

plis wh

fec vid









# Achieve new beauty for your complexion with these perfect creams

This way that thousands of women praise, can bring greater freshness and more vivid charm to your skin

Nothing more precious than a beautiful complexion . . .

Nothing more worth while than a few minutes of daily care to achieve this beauty . . .

For it is astonishing, how much can be done with just a little daily care with these perfect creams. Perhaps you do not realize that it is really quite

easy to make your complexion lovelier—to give it new clearness and vividness—to make it more appealing in every way.

Really quite easy. Most complexions will show the first signs of improvement in a very few days. Not perfect, so quickly, of course. But enough improvement noticeable to encourage and please you.

See if this doesn't happen to your own skin. Begin today to give your skin the care that has brought greater loveliness to so many thousands of women. Get Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Perfect Vanishing Cream and begin the proper treatment. See for yourself how these per-

fect creams bring entrancing new beauty to your complexion.

Do not let yourself think that you are too busyto give your skin the care it needs. For much can be accomplished in a very little while with these perfect creams—provided you keep up

your treatments faithfully. If you do, you may be one of the many women who have noticed the first improvement in as little as three days. Many women have told us that this happened with them—in only three days.

# Will you do this a few minutes night and morning?

Then it is simply a question of keeping on with the proper treatment. "Proper" is important, because each skin requires its own type of care. Here on this page are a few general directions about how to use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Creams. We have a booklet which goes into the matter more specifically. It contains many interesting and important facts. We will be glad to send it to you on request.

But whatever treatment is best for your skin, be sure to use Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Perfect Vanishing Cream. They are so gentle in their action, yet so thorough. They are

pure and fine in every way—both as to ingredients, and in the way they are made. For you probably know that Daggett & Ramsdell's Creams are backed by thirty-five years of

experience—and prestige.
Try them as soon as possible—the results you want to achieve will be yours so much sooner.

Control of the second of the s

#### Just three minutes every night for a thorough cleansing

1—Smooth a cool, restful coat of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream over your face and neck with your finger tips or with cotton wrung out of cold water.

2—Leave the Perfect Cold Cream on for a minute to sink deep in your pores where the unseen dirt is lodged.

3—Now wipe off the cleansing cold cream and the dirt that clings to it with upward strokes of a soft cloth. Then, if you wish—dash cold water over your face to close the clean pores. And there you are—with your skin pore-clean . . . soft and relaxed as a child's. Then smooth on a little more Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and leave it there to revive your skin through the night.

# Just before powdering do this . . . .

To give to your face a wondrous smoothness to which the powder will cling much longer and look much more natural, smooth on just a little Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream before you powder.

This perfect cream will give your skin that final "dress-up" before going out. It quickly vanishes, never to appear again.

# DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM

## PERFECT VANISHING CREAM

Triple Offer Free—Mail the coupon for trial tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Creams and the new book entitled, "Beauty Interviews with Famous Skin Specialists" in which these authorities explain the right way to care for your skin under all conditions.

DAGGET	T &	RAMSDELL, Dept. 5116
214 West	14th	St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me free trial tubes of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Perfect Vanishing Cream, together with your beauty booklet.

with your beauty booklet.
Name.
Street

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)



Street and No. City State

#### ISABEL MAYS

[Continued from page 74]

without words, of her delicate response to a mood of nature. She was like a windharp of the emotions in whatever surrounded her. To Isabel Mays the individuality of places, of moments, were as actual as personalities, loved or dreaded, were to others. But I wanted her to talk, innocently explain herself, and I broke down the silence which, then, she preferred. Her life, she said, had been very un-

Her life, she said, had been very un-eventful, happy and mild and, she sup-posed, successful. Immediately I asked posed, successful. Immediately I asked about the success, but she insisted that it had all been due to Walker, he ought to tell me. I didn't, however, wait to hear him. "I'd like you to tell it," I repeated. "Remember that if he does he'll say that you did it all."

"I never thought of that," she admitted.

you did it all."

"I never thought of that," she admitted.
"He really is dreadful about me, isn't he? People must get to hate me after they hear him. You know how it is about paragons. But I'm not a paragon—heavens, no! We're rich now," she said suddenly; "isn't it strange! It struck me again—it always does—last night when Walker wanted me to have a maid. But we weren't once. You'd think we were poor then... you would have me tell you.

"Walker had a nice position in the bank—he was getting six thousand dollars a year, and that's a lot for Darien, but it would never be any more, you must remember that, it's important. The bank was, at the top, an institution with a family in the town. Well, we had Walker's salary, and a respectable amount put away and little Walker, who would be delicate all his life. And then Ennis Jasperman came to us one evening after supper and asked Walker if we had any confidence in him. Of course we had. Ennis was one of our oldest and best friends, but he had been away a lot—he was always discontented with what he had—and we didn't know just how he was doing.

"It seemed that he had made an invention that would improve the manufacturing of gasoline from casing—head gas—

tion that would improve the manufactur-ing of gasoline from casing—head gas ing of gasoline from casing—head gas— that's the gas that comes out of a certain kind of oil well—and he wanted Walker to go in with him. He'd have to leave the bank and give every particle of his time to Ennis, and we'd have to put all the money we had in the world into it . . . and little Walker probably never could make a living for himself.

"You must see how hard it was for us

—we had the greatest belief in Ennis, he's absolutely brilliant, and we wanted to get along. I did, and, yes, Walker did too. Ennis talked to us and explained everything—we could all begin with it tomorrow—until long after midnight, and then he left us staring at each other. It seemed like a miracle, the one chance in the world, but what if it all failed? Most of those things did—the patents were the world, but what if it all failed? Most of those things did—the patents were stolen or it wouldn't work or it would rain at the wrong minute; you know what I mean! At first we were both against it, the chance was too sickening, and then I weakened a little. I went upstairs and looked at young Walker Mays, his hands were so thin they were just nothing, and so when I came down I was as far away from deciding as before. Walker said no, and we started to go to bed, but at the foot of the stairs it began all over again and we went back and tried all over again and we went back and tried to remember every single thing Ennis said."

A fish jumped with a minute splash and one of the inconceivably distant stars

A fish jumped with a minute splash and one of the inconceivably distant stars fell with a momentary stream of light bright and cold. I knew enough of Walker Mays to realize that he had been protecting his wife and child; there was no doubt about the determination of his character, he had the brilliant speculative courage, it was practically genius, that had made American business so romantically and materially triumphant; but, he had felt, he couldn't... under the circumstance... take such an appalling chance. The dangers of poverty to sensitive women and largely helpless children were too fearful.

"Of course you realize that we did it," she continued. "Yes, we told Ennis in the morning. And three years later, a month less, really, Walker was offered two hundred thousand dollars for a small part of his interest." Isabel Mays was slightly breathless at this. It was, entirely in her explanation, Walker; just as he would have given the praise all to her. Both would have been wrong... and right. It was Walker and Isabel together who had succeeded. They were indivisibly one. They were married. But how inconceivably lucky he had been! He would never learn about the qualities in her that he hadn't required; those she had for her private support; but his ignorance, in her wise tenderness, would never bring him harm.

## FOR THE NEWLYWEDS

[Continued from page 2]

a study like this in my daughter's home, and it seems to be a remarkable success. It is a very small room, but it is his, and she says she has never gone in it except to dust, and to put a flower on

the desk.

Now that I have given a bit of advice to the wives, it is no more than fair that I add a word for the husbands. I think one thing that most busy men do is neglect their wives. Not intentionally, perhaps; but is is so easy for a man to come home from the office, or any work, eat his dinner, and sit down with his pipe and his paper, and be perfectly contented. and his paper, and be perfectly contented not to say a word for a couple of hours, not to mention suggesting that they go out for a while. Usually he has had people with whom to talk all day, and usually he has had lunch with some of his friends, and usually a few particular friends have dropped in to ask him if he "has heard this." Now maybe the wife has been home alone all day, and she needs conversation and companionship to keep her cheerful, to keep the daily grind from becoming monotonous, to keep from getting in a rut. It's nice to vary the evenings at home with a dinner out occasionally or a show, days or a game of bridge And don't a dance or a game of bridge. And don't forget the anniversaries, birthdays, and holidays. It requires only a minute to pick up a bunch of flowers, a book, a box of candy, or a bit of jewelry, and these little attentions mean so much to most

women.

It is a wonderful thing to have youth, and life, and hope before you, and above everything else to have confidence and to have love. So keep close together, share

everything, be considerate of each other's feelings, and be polite to each other. I believe to my soul that half the wrecks in married life come through people forgetting their manners.

ting their manners.

There is nothing on earth that so grinds one as to be met with discourtesy and rudeness in daily life. I have watched for fifty years, and I have found that the nasty little cancer that eats the deepest and hurts the worst in married life, is lack of courtesy, just common, everyday politeness in the way you address each other and in the attention you pay each other, in the way you eat mon, everyday politeness in the way you address each other and in the attention you pay each other, in the way you eat your food, in the way you conduct yourself in the privacy of your bed-chamber. Be gracious! More men and women have lost themselves to each other by being rough and careless and sickening each other concerning the little niceties of life, when merely to keep up things in the way they began would have saved the whole situation.

I have had a lot of stuff poured in me that has taught me a great many things, aside from my personal observation. At this minute if I should be asked to name the biggest rock on which matrimony stands, I would put my fingers on the thing that starts discontent and unhappiness, as lack of courtesy between men and wives, which very shortly culminates in disgust and disrespect.

There cannot be love where there is not respect. So try with all your might to remember the little things, that run up to such a big average in the final accounting.

in

did

and r. It e in

Most were ould

ning. up-

just m I fore. o to egan tried aid." blash stars light

alker tect-

that nanbut, opal-y to chil-

onth hun-rt of ghtly

her rould Both

one. ceiv-

him

ther's er. I ks in orget-

dis-fe. I

that est in com-you ntion u eat your-mber.

have

each f life, the I the

n me hings, n. At name

mony the appi-

re is might

the





# Shop on Fifth Avenue—through the pages of the new Hamilton catalogue!

The smart styles we sell New York Women in our Fifth Avenue shop are illustrated in this beautiful new and enlarged catalogue. Its pages are full of advance style notes . . . the new lines . . . the new

brilliance of exquisite colorfulness in the smartest vogues for Spring. The house of Hamilton has indeed surpassed itself this season with the new mode's every requirement! The deluxe edition of the Hamilton catalogue will convince you!

Hamilton's prices for the Spring season are the lowest since 1915! They are always the lowest for the quality offered—not the cheapest, for we know that to sacrifice quality for price will not

bring permanent customer satisfaction. We manufacture our garments at lowest possible costs and sell them directly-without middleman's profit—to you. Our economies this season make possible the most unusual savings! The purpose of this advertisement is to URGE you to send TODAY for your FREE COPY OF THE ENLARGED, MONEY SAVING HAMILTON CATALOGUE



## We Guarantee Hamilton Prices to be the Lowest in America!

Actual Photographs used in this catalogue show exactly how the garments look when

garments look when worn. You are there-fore as safe in buying from this very beauti-ful catalogue as when you shop in person.

If, before June 1st, you can buy the same or similar merchandise of equal value for less we will immediately refund the difference.

DRESSES—SKIRTS
MILLINERY—SHOES
WAISTS—SWEATERS
CHILDREN'S AND
GIRLS' CLOTHING

HAMILTON GARMENT CO. COATS-SUITS UNDER WEAR BOYS' WE BOYS' WEAR BOYS' WEAR BOYS' WEAR BOYS' WEAR BOYS' WEAR BOYS' WE BO

## HAMILTON GARMENT CO. BAD GREEN B2 307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY GENTLEMEN: Please send me FREE your Catalog of FIFTH AVENUE Styles for Spring STREET If you prefer, just send a one cent government post card.

# Mother—His future

# now depends upon your milk



## A new Swiss food-drink for nursing mothers ... promotes the flow of milk in a healthy, natural way

"OUT of every hundred babies that die during the first year of life, more than eighty are artificially fed."

So writes that eminent authority, Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, Commission Public Health, City of Chicago.

But so many mothers despair at meeting the added strain of breast-feeding. Their

bodies are already weak-ened. Nerves and digestive powers are at low ebb. The flow of milk diminishes. Thus Baby's very life may be at stake.

Now modern science offers you a natural way to keep your health and strength while nursing. To build you up during pregnancy. To meet the added strain upon

free interesting booklet.

your system. To soothe frayed nerves-to overcome digestive troubles.

It is a new Swiss beverage called Ovaltine. It promotes the natural flow of milk. Increases its nourishing power. Baby thrives lustily! 20,000 doctors endorse Ovaltine. Hundreds of hospitals now prescribe it. Send for

Supplies what your daily fare lacks

Most mental and physical breakdowns of nursing mothers are due to two things: overstrained nerves and weakened digestion. Usually caused by faulty diet. Ovaltine overcomes this trouble in a natural way. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is lacking. One

cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second-Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foo which may be in your stomach. Thus a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This quick assimilation of nourishment

is restoring to the entire body. Aids digestion in a noticeable way. Thus it meets the added strain on Thus it your system. At birth it promotes the flow of milk. The milk is enriched in nourishment: Baby thrives.



You will love the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years.

Now in universal use in England and its colonies.

More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for nursing mothers, but also for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

#### Send for free booklet

We have issued an interesting booklet on the use of Ovaltine. It represents the combined experience of some of the best doctors in the world, especially on the complicated ques-tion of a mother's diet during pregnancy and nursing period of her life. It is free. Mail

Free booklet!



	R COMPANY, Dept. 142 abash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send booklet on the	me free your interesting ae use of Ovaltine.
Name	
Street	
Cit.	State

## BELLARION

[Continued from page 7]

of the laborers, who presently announced himself the master of the homestead, came hurrying to bid them stay and rest and join the household at dinner. After dinner the friar must rest awhile,

and Bellarion beguiled the time of waiting, which was also the time of siesta in which all labor is suspended, by wandering in the vineyard. But for the fact that this vineyard bordered on the road, Bellarion's association with the friar would have ended there, and all his subsequent history must have been different indeed. The minorite's siesta was shorter than might have been expected, and when something less than an hour later he resumed his journey, so confused was he by sleep and wine that he appeared to have forgotten his companion. Had not and Bellarion beguiled the time of waithave forgotten his companion. Had not Bellarion seen him striding away along the road to Casale, it is certain the young would have been left behind. Nor he manifest much satisfaction when Bellarion came running after him.

Bellarion came running after him.

They did not, however, proceed very far on foot. Very soon they were overtaken by a string of six or seven mules with capacious panniers slung on either flank, the leading beast bestridden by the peasant who took these wares to market either on his own or another's behalf.

"The blessings of God upon you, brother," Fra Sulpizio hailed the muleteer.
"Will you earn it by a little charity be-

brother," Fra Sulpizio hailed the muleteer. "Will you earn it by a little charity besought in the name of the Blessed Francis? If your beasts are not overladen, will you suffer them to carry a poor Franciscan and this gentle lad into Casale?"

The muleteer swung one cross-gartered leg over to the side of the other and slipped to the ground, that he might assist them to mount, each on one of the more lightly laden mules. Thereupon, having begged and received Fra Sulpizio's blessing, he climbed back into his own saddle and they were off at a sharp trot.

ing, he climbed back into his own saddle and they were off at a sharp trot.

To Bellarion the experience of a saddle, or of what did duty for a saddle, was as novel as it was painful, and so kept his thoughts most fully engaged. Thankful was he when they stood at last before the brown walls of Casale. These surged before them suddenly in the plain as they took a bend of the road; for the city's level position was such as to render it level position was such as to render it inconspicuous from afar. The road led straight on to the San Stefano Gate, towards which they clattered over the draw-bridge spanning the wide moat. From that gateway, cool and cavernous, they emerged into one of the streets of the busy capital of the warlike State of Montferrat.

HE event which was to turn the course THE event which was to turn the course of Bellarion's existence into entirely unintended channels was upon him so suddenly and so unheralded that he scarcely realized it until all was over. He and the friar had supped in the unclean and crowded common room of the Hostelry of

the friar had supped in the unclean and crowded common room of the Hostelry of the Stag. Having eaten, he sat back in his chair, a little torpid and drowsy now. Last night he had lain in the open, and he had been afoot almost since dawn.

He must have slept some little while, a half-hour perhaps, for when he awakened the patch of sunlight had faded from the wall across the alley visible from the window under which they sat. At the open window, behind and above Fra Sulpizio, there was the face of a man. Upon the edge of the sill, beneath this face, were visible the fingers by which the man had hoisted himself to survey that interior. The questing eyes met Bellarion's, and seemed to dilate a little; the mouth gaped suddenly. But before Bellarion could cry out or speak, the face had vanished. And it was the face of the peasant with whom they had dined that day.

The friar, warned by Bellarion's quickening stare, had swung round to look behind him. But he was too late; the window space was already empty. "What is it?" he asked, unmistakable uneasiness now in his glance. "What did you see?"

Bellarion told him, and was answered by an oath which left him staring. But it was not only the friar's speech that was thus suddenly changed. His countenance was transfigured. A spasm of mingled fear and anger bared his fangs, his beady eyes grew cruel and sinister. He swung aside as if to depart abruptly, then as abruptly halted where he stood.

On the threshold surged the peasant, others following him. The friar sank again to his stool at the table, and composed his features. "Yonder he sits, that friar rogue. That thief." Thus the peasant as rogue. That he advanced.

The cry, and more than all, the sight of the peasant's companions, imposed a sud-den silence upon the babel of that room. the peasant's companions, imposed a sudden silence upon the babel of that room. First came a young man, stalwart and upright, in steel cap and gorget, booted and spurred, a sword swinging from his girdle of hammered steel, a dagger hanging on his hip behind. A little crimson feather adorning his steel cap proclaimed him an officer of the Captain of Justice of Casale. Behind him came two of his men armed with short pikes.

Straight to that table in the window recess the peasant led the way. "There he is. This is he." Belligerently he thrust his face into the friar's, leaning his knuckles on the edge of the table. "Now rogue...." he was beginning furiously, when Fra Sulpizio, raising eyes of mild astonishment to meet his anger, gently interrupted him.

"Little brother, do you speak so to me! Do you call me rogue? Me?" He smiled sadly, and so calm and gently wistful was his manner that it clearly gave the peasant pause. "A sinner I confess myself, for sinners are we all. But I am conscious of no sin against you, brother, whose charity was so freely given me only today."

I am conscious of no sin against you, brother, whose charity was so freely given me only today."

That saintly demeanor threw the peasant's simple wits into confusion. He was thrust aside by the officer whose eyes had sharply scanned the friar.

"What is your name? This man charges you with theft."

"With theft!" Fra Sulpizio paused and sighed. "What need have I to steal, when under the protection of Saint Francis I have but to ask for the little that I need? What use to me is worldly gear? But

what use to me is worldly gear? But what does he say I stole?"

It was the peasant who answered him, having recovered somewhat now. "Thirty florins, a gold chain and a silver cross from a chest in the room where you rested."

Rellation remembered how the frien had

Bellarion remembered how the friar had scught to go stealing off alone from the peasant homestead, and how fearfully he had looked behind him as they trudged along the road until overtaken by the muleteer. And by the muleteer it would be, he thought, that they had now been tracked. The officer at the gate would have told the peasant of how the friar and his young companion in green had ridden in; the peasant would have sought the muleteer, and the rest was clear.

Meanwhile, the friar was answering: "So that not only am I charged with stealing, but I have returned evil for good; I have abused charity. It is a heavy charge, my brother."

"What is your name?" the officer demanded.

"What is your name?" the officer demanded.

"My name?" The friar was looking at him from eyes that seemed to have grown beadier than ever in that white pitted face. "I'll not expose myself to ribald unbelief. You shall have written proof of my name. Behold." And from his gown he fetched a parchment, which he thrust under the soldier's nose.

The officer conned it a moment, then his eyes went over the edge of it back to the face of the man that held it. "How can I read it upside down?"

The friar's hands, which shook a little, made haste to turn the sheet. As he did so Bellarion perceived two things; that the sheet had been correctly held at first, and that it was his own lost letter. He had a glimpse of the abbot's seal as the parchment was turned.

The officer laughed aloud, well pleased with his corn exercises and the exist. manded.

ment was turned.

The officer laughed aloud, well pleased with his own cleverness and the quick fruit of it. "I knew you were no clerk," he mocked him. "I had more than a suspicion who you really are. Though you may have stolen a friar's habit, it would need more than that to cover your ugly pock-marked face and that scar on your neck. You are Lorenzaccio da Trino, my friend, and a halter is waiting for you."

The mention of that name made a stir in the tavern, and brought its tenants a

in the tavern, and brought its tenants a step nearer to the group about that table in the window recess. [Turn to page 81]

# At Miss Farmer's School of Cookery

Change of this *one ingredient* has always meant trouble with the baking

AT Miss Farmer's famous school of Cookery in Boston all sorts of baking powders are received for testing. And they have one teacher on whom they always try out these new baking powders. But they have never succeeded in deceiving her.

"Invariably," says Miss Alice Bradley, who directs the work of the school, "invariably—even though, in an attempt to fool her, we put the new baking powder in a Royal can this teacher comes and reports trouble with her baking."

Miss Bradley says —"We can always depend on Royal to give us good results. It is so satisfying to have one product which completely justifies our confidence in it year after year."

For the regular class and demonstration work of the school, only Royal Baking Powder is used.

THE question—"What is the best and most health-

at of of

en to w

le, id at st, ad a-

ful kind of baking powder?" was recently answered by a large number of doctors in New England and in New York State, and by hospital dietitians and domestic science experts throughout the country.

81% of the doctors answering from New England—

83% of the doctors answering from the State of New York—

82% of the hospital dietitians—881/2% of the domestic science

experts-

said "Cream of Tartar baking powder is best."

Royal is the Cream of Tartar baking powder.

For more than fifty years this choice ingredient—a derivative of luscious grapes—has

been imported for Royal Baking Powder from the sunny grapelands of the Mediterranean.

Today, throughout the world, Royal is recognized as the standard baking powder—unhesitatingly recommended by health and food experts and used in millions of kitchens daily wherever housewives are most critical of the flavor and wholesomeness of the foods they serve.

#### 2c worth insures success

Experience has taught these careful cooks that Royal is the most economical because they can depend on it to give them the same satisfying success with their baking every time. Only 2c worth of Royal makes a large layer cake lusciously light and tender.



CREAM CARAMEL CAKE:—Place in mixing bowl 2 unbeaten eggs, % cup brown sugar and ¾ cup heavy cream. Beat with egg beater until the mixture is somewhat thickened. Add 1% cups flour, 2½ teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ½ teaspoon salt which have been sifted together. Add 1 teaspoon cocoa and beat thoroughly. Pour into a square cake pan oiled and lined with oiled paper, and bake in a moderate oven.

ORANGE FROSTING: — To the grated rind of 1 orange add 1 table-spoon orange juice and ½ teaspoon lemon juice. Let stand fifteen minutes. Strain and add slowly to 1 egg well beaten. Stir in Confectioner's sugar until of the consistency to spread.

IRISH BREAD:—Mix and sift 2 cups bread flour, 5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Work in 3 tablespoons butter, add ½ cup raisins, ½ cup currants, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds and 1 cup milk. Mix thoroughly and bake in an iron frying pan for one hour in a moderate oven.

Popular
Recipe Book

∼ FREE

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 102 East 41st Street, New York

Send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 delicious, tested recipes for all kinds of foods.

Name.....

Address .....

McC.

ma Be fai So gu of

hin of ac "V to tim

an tic fri ne wh

de she spo Lo Fu his rag an of up

tha tha

ha wa asi

he tio

ter

cre



I have so many things to tell you is morning, I don't know where to begin.

To start with—while the cherries

To start with—while the cherries make a delightful contrast with the white frosting on this Lady Baltimore Cake, you can, of course, use any other decorations you fancy, such as nut meats or raisins. Both the cake itself, and its tempting filling, are those used in the "original" Lady Baltimore Cake, about which Owen Wister's hero exclaims, "Oh my goodness, did you ever taste it? It is all soft and it is in layers and it has nuts—but I cannot write more about it. My mouth waters too much."

Here is the recipe for making the famous filling of "nuts" hespeaksof:

LADY BALTIMORE FILLING

la cups granulated sugar % cup boiling water Whites of two eggs Vanilia % cup chopped raisins % cup shredded figs % cup chopped dates % cup chopped nuts % cup chopped nuts % cup chopped nuts % cup chopped nuts

Cook the sugar and water until it spins a thread. Pour the syrup on the stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until light and fluffy. Divide the mixture in two parts and flavor one part with vanilla, and to the other add the raisins, figs, dates, puts, and cherries. nuts, and cherries.

Spread this mixture between the

layers and cover the top with the remaining part of the white icing.



In making the frosting the degree of heat at which it should thread is about 238° F., but as there is such a variation in atmospheric pressure in different localities, no hard and fast rule can be given.

Pour the hot syrup very slowly on the beaten egg whites. Other-wise, you may have little particles of cooked egg in a rather thin, watery frosting instead of the smooth, fluffy consistency you should have.

should have.

Sprinkling a little Swans Down
over the top of your cake before
pouring the icing on will help to
prevent its running.



For a cake which does not require a boiled icing, you can easily make a very dainty frosting by mixing 1½ cups confectioners' XXXX sugar (sifted), ¼ cup of cream or milk, and a teaspoon of vanilla. Such a simple icing adds greatly to ginger bread or cup cakes.

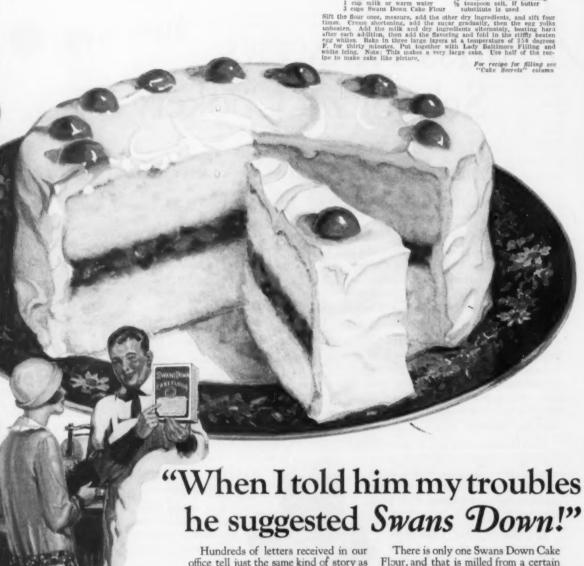


Many of the letters which reach my desk every day include requests for information on the best kind of pan for Angel Food, a suitable knife

pan for Angel Food, a suitable knife for removing cake from pan, how to measure ½ tablespoon, etc., etc.

If you are interested in the answers to such questions, in accurate measurements, or in handy utensils for making cake, don't fail to read the Special Cake Set Offer on this page. Any woman who keeps house is delighted with this set, and from the letters we receive, we have decided it is one of the most popular gifts for a bride's shower that anyone ever thought of. e ever thought of.

Always cordially yours,



(All me

office tell just the same kind of story as that written by this Michigan woman:

"I used to dread entertaining because such occasions called for cakes and I could never make a cake that I was not ashamed to pass around.

"One day I told my trouble to our grocer; he suggested that I try Swans Down Cake Flour—and much to my surprise my cakes are now as good as any I ever tasted.

"When I stop to think of the spoiled cakes I used to make and compare them with those I make now, I must say I consider Swans Down a most remarkable economy in baking."

If you have never tried this guarantee of delicious cake, just get a package and stir up your simplest recipe with Swans When you cut that cake note

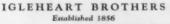
You'll want this cake set!

carefully the texture and the taste, and see for yourself if it isn't far more delicate and tempting than any cake you ever made with bread flour. Flour, and that is milled from a certain grade of selected, soft winter wheat. Only the choicest inner portion of the kernel is used; one hundred pounds of wheat yield but twenty-six pounds of Swans Down. And this is fairly powderlike in fineness-twenty-seven times as feathery fine as good bread flour.

Swans Down is naturally so rich in itself, less shortening can be used; while it is so very much finer and airier that even with fewer eggs, your cake has the delightful fluffiness of real swan's down.

Swans Down makes just as remarkable a difference in pie crust and bis-

cuits - in fact, in every kind of flour mixture not raised with yeast.



2702 First Avenue

Evansville, Indiana

Also Makers of Instant Swans Down and Swans Down Wheat Bran

SWANS DOWN
Prepared (Not Self-Rising)

CAKE FLOUR



#### BELLARION

[Continued from page 78]

It was a name known probably to every man present with the single exception of Bellarion, the name of a bandit of evil fame throughout Montferrat and Savoy. Something of the kind Bellarion may have guessed. But at the moment, the recovery of the abbot's letter was his chief con-cern. "That parchment's mine," he cried. "It was stolen from me this morning by this false friar."

The interpolation diverted attention to

The interpolation diverted attention to himself. After a moment's blank stare the officer laughed again. Bellarion began actively to dislike that laugh of his. "Why, here's Paul disowning Peter. Oh, to be sure, the associate becomes the victim when the master rogue is taken. It's a stale trick, my young cockerel. It won't serve in Casale."

Bellarion bristled. He assumed a great dignity. "Young sir, you may come to regret that tone. I am the man named in that parchment, as the Abbot of the Grazie of Cigliano can testify."
"No need to plague Messer the Abbot,"

Grazie of Cigliano can testify."
"No need to plague Messer the Abbot,"
the officer mocked him. "We have means
to discover all we need here in Casale.
A taste of the cord, my lad, a hoist or
two, and you'll disclose all the truth
for us."

"The hoist!" Bellarion felt the skin roughening along his spine. Was it to be taken for granted that he was a rogue,

taken for granted that he was a rogue, simply from his association with the spurious friar, and were his bones to be broken to make him accuse himself? Was this how justice was dispensed? He was bewildered, and, as he afterwards confessed, he grew suddenly afraid. And then there was a cry from the peasant, and things happened quickly and unexpectedly. Whilst the officer's attention had been on Bellarion, the false friar had moved very softly and stealthily nearer to the window. The peasant it was who detected the movement.

who detected the movement.

"Lay hands on him!" he cried in sudden alarm lest his florins and the rest should take flight again, and that alarm spurring him, himself he leapt to seize Lorenzaccio by the left arm and shoulder. Lorenzaccio by the left arm and shoulder. Fury blazed from the bandit's beady eyes, his yellow fangs were bared in a grin of rage; something flashed in his right hand, and then his knife sank into the stomach of his assailant. It was a wicked, vicious, upward, ripping thrust like the stroke of a boar's tusk, and in the very movement that delivered it, he flung off the body of the peasant so that it hurtled into the arms of the two soldiers, and momentarily hampered their advance. That moment was all that Lorenzaccio needed. He swung aside, and hoisted himself to the sill of aside, and hoisted himself to the sill of the window, crouched there, measuring his outward leap, and was gone.

He left a raging confusion behind him, and an exclamatory din above which rang fierce and futile commands from the rang herce and tuttle commands from the Podestá's young officer. One of the menat-arms supported the swooning body of the peasant, whilst his fellow vainly and stupidly sought to follow by the way Lorenzaccio had gone, but failed because he lacked the bandit's vigour.

Bellarion, horror-stricken and half-

Bellarion, horror-stricken and half-stupefied by the murderous things he had witnessed, stood staring with bewildered eyes at the wretched peasant whose hurt he judged to be mortal. From this abstrache judged to be mortal. From this abstraction he was roused by a gentle tugging at his sleeve. He half-turned to face a woman who had been dining at the inn. "Away, away!" she muttered feverishly. "This is your chance. Bestir!"

His first emotion was resentment of this misjudgment; his next a foolish determination to stand firm and advance his explanations, insisting upon justice being done him.

done him.

"Make haste, child," the woman urged him breathlessly. "Quick, or it will be too late." He looked beyond her at the others crowding there, and he met glances that seemed to invite, to urge, whilst from one bloated face came an eloquent wink, whilst the fellow jerked a dirty thumb backwards towards the door in a gesture there was no misunderstanding. Then, as if his sudden resolve had been reflected in if his sudden resolve had been reflected in his face, the press before him parted, men and women shouldered and elbowed one another aside to make a way for him. He plunged forward. The company closed behind him, opening further ahead, closed

again as he advanced and again opened before him, until his way to the door was clear. And behind him he could hear the young officer's voice raised above the din in oaths and imprecations, urging his men-

at-arms to clear a way with their pikes. All this Bellarion guessed by the sounds behind him rather than saw. For he gave no more than a single backward glance at that seething group as he flung across the threshold, out of that evil-smelling chamber into the clean air of the square. chamber into the clean air of the square. He turned to the left, and made off towards the Cathedral, his first thought being to seek sanctuary there. Almost at once he realized that thus he would but walk into a trap, and so he dived down an alley just as the officer gained the tavern door, and started after him, his two pikemen and the other soldiers clattering at his heels.

Bellarion swed on, and only once was

two pikemen and the other soldiers clattering at his heels.

Bellarion sped on, and only once was he in any danger. That was when the straight course he laid himself brought him out upon an open square, along one side of which ran a long grey building with a noble arcade along the ground level. Caring nothing what any might think, and concerned only to cross that open space as quickly as possible, Bellarion dashed on and gained the narrow streets beyond. Still intent upon keeping a straight line, he turned neither to right nor to left. And presently he found himself moving no longer between houses, but along a grass-grown lane, where the ground underfoot was soft and moist. It ran between high brown walls, an untenanted place, where there were no passers-by to halt and stare, no idlers to gape in wonder as he raced past.

Some way he went at that same headlong pace, then ceased a little to give his aching lungs relief, nor knew how nearly spent he was until the peace of his surroundings induced that lessening of effort. He could hear, he fancied, a murmur in the distance and the rapid fall of running feet. The pursuit still held, it seemed.

feet. The pursuit still held, it seemed. Panic spurred his flanks again. But though it might be urgent to resume his flight, it was more urgent still to pause a mo-ment first to recover breath. He had come to a halt beside a stout

He had come to a halt beside a stout caken door that was studded with great nails, set in a deep archway in that high wall. To take his moment's rest he leaned against these solid timbers. And then to his amazement, under the weight of his body, the ponderous door swung inwards, so that he almost fell through it into a space of lawn and rose-beds that was narrowly enclosed within tall boxwood hedges, very dense and trimity cut.

narrowly enclosed within tall boxwood hedges, very dense and trimly cut.

It was as if a way of escape had suddenly been opened to him. It was as if a miracle had happened, as if that door had been unlocked for his salvation by supernatural agency. Thus thought he in that moment of exaggerated reaction from his panic, nor stayed to reflect that in entering and bolting that door, he was as likely to entrap as to deliver himself.

ing and bolting that door, he was as likely to entrap as to deliver himself.

Bellarion listened, and smiled a little. They would never guess that he had found this door ajar. They would pass on, continuing their now fruitless quest, whilst he could linger until night descended. Perhaps he would spend the night there, and be off in the morning by the time the gates of the city should have been reopened. been reopened.

Thus he proposed. And then the steps outside came to a sudden halt, and his heart almost halted with them.
"He paused hereabouts," said a gruff voice, "and went no farther. Use your

voice, "and went no larther. Use your eyes. It's plain to see. No one has gone past this door to-day. He's here." And on the word a heavy blow, as from a pike butt, smote the timbers, and brought Bel-

larion to his feet.

"But this door is always locked, and "But this door is always locked, and he could scarcely have climbed the wall."
"He's here, I say. Don't argue. Two men to guard the door, the rest with me to the palace. Come."
Bellarion wondered if prayer would help him. He could think of nothing else that would.

THESE grounds into which he had stepped through that doorway in the red wall seemed, so far as the tall hedges would permit him to [Turn to page 82]



McC





For more than fifty years Frostilla Lotion has been used by thousands of women for ketping hands soft in spite of housework—for preventing and soothing chapped, rough skin.

# Is the skin on your body softer and whiter than your face and hands?

The most important step forward in complexion care—the sure way to prevent chapped, rough skin.

HAVE you ever wished that the skin on your face and hands was as soft and smooth as the skin on your body? Most women have looked wistfully at their body skin so satin soft and clear - and have wondered if there isn't a way to make their face skin just as lovely.

There is a way to stop this "un-equal ageing." Unequal because the face skin looks older, not so fresh and lovely as the body skin. And that way is Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

For over fifty years women have used Frostilla Lotion to keep their hands soft and white in spite of housework. Now it is being used by discriminating women to keep also the skin of their face and neck beautifully white and smooth

For Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is the

same as the moisture Nature supplies through tiny glands under your skin. It does exactly the same work that the natural moisture of your body does.

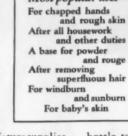
You need Frostilla Lotion because your own natural supply is not enough. Enough for your body skin, because that is protected by clothing. But your face, neck and hands are exposed—the natural moisture is dried out too quickly. More moisture-"precious mois-' we call it-must be added if the skin is not to become dry, harsh, old looking. Frostilla Lotion is the best way to insure this extra amount.

You need Frostilla Lotion always - when cold weather, raw winds and artificial heat dry out the moisture of the skin just as

you need it for the hot sun and summer burns. By using Frostilla Lotion regularly you can keep your complexion as soft and lovely as the skin on your body. It is quickly absorbed without stickiness or greasiness. The fragrance is delicate and alluring.

Send for a free trial

bottle today. See for yourself how Frostilla Lotion can keep your skin supple, soft, fresh. Mail the



Most popular uses-



Two sizes-35c and \$1.00



THE FROSTILLA COMPANY, Dept. 502 , Elmira, N. Y.

	me your free bottle of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion, the lotion the t and young in Nature's own way.
Name	
Screet	
City	State
	(In Canada: 10 McCaul St., Toronto)

## BELLARION

[Continued from page 81]

discover, to be very spacious. Bellarion went forward to investigate, stepping cautiously towards a deep archway cut in the dense wall of boxwood. Beyond a wide sweep of lawn whereon two peacocks strutted, sparkled the waters of a miniature lake, where a pavilion of white marble, whose smooth dome and graceful pillars suggested a diminutive Roman temple, appeared to float. Access to this was gained from the shore by an arched marble bridge.

From this high place the ground fell way in a flight of two terraces. Below, another emerald lawn was spread, sheltered on three sides within high walls of yew.

another emerald lawn was spread, sheltered on three sides within high walls of yew. Here figures sauntered, courtly figures of men and women more gaudy and glittering in their gay raiment than the peacocks nearer at hand. Beyond, on the one open side, another shallow terrace rose, and upon this there was a great red house that was half-palace, half-fortress. So much Bellarion's questing eyes beheld, and then he held his breath, for his sharp ears had caught the sound of a stealthy step just beyond the hedge that screened him. An instant later he found himself confronted by a woman, who, with something furtive and cautious in her movements, appeared suddenly before him in the archway.

For a half-dozen heart beats they stood thus, regarding each other, and the vision

thus, regarding each other, and the vision of her in that breathless moment was one of her in that breathless moment was one that was destined never to fade from Bellarion's mind. She was of middle height, and her close-fitting gown of sapphire blue laced in gold from neck to waist revealed her to be slender. There was about her an air of delicate dignity, of command tempered by graciousness. For the rest, her hair was of a tawny golden; her face was small and pale, too long in the nose, perhaps, for perfect symmetry, yet for that very reason the more challenging in its singular, elusive beauty. Great wistful eyes of brown, sive beauty. Great wistful eyes of brown, wide set and thoughtful, were charged with questions as they conned Bellarion. "Lady!" he faltered. "Of your charity!

I am pursued. "Pursued!"

I am pursued."
"Pursued!" She made a little gesture of distraction, clasping her long tapering hands over which the tight sleeves descended to the knuckles.
"Come," she said, and beckoned him. "I will hide you. If you are found here all is lost. Crouch low and follow me." Obediently he followed, almost on all fours, creeping beside a balustrade of mellow brick that stood breast high to make a parapet for the edge of that very a parapet for the edge of that very spacious terrace. They came in safety to the foot of the arched marble bridge.

"Wait. Here we must go with care." She turned to survey the gardens below, and as she looked he saw her blench, saw and as she looked he saw her blench, saw the great golden eyes dilate as if in fear. He could not see what she saw—the glint of arms upon hurrying men emerging from the palace, and ahead of them a brisk young officer. But the guess he made went near enough to the fact before she cried out: "Too late! If you ascend now you will be seen." And she told him of the soldiers. Again she gave evidence of her shrewd sense. "Do you go first," she bade him, "and on hands and knees. If I follow I may serve as a screen for you." screen for you."
"The hope," said Bellarion, "is slender

"The hope," said Bellarion, "is slender as the screen your slenderness would afford me, lady. If only it had pleased Heaven to make you as fat as you are charitable, I'd not hesitate. As it is, I think I see a better way."

"A better way? What way, then?"

He had been using his eyes. Beyond the domed pavilion a tongue of land thrust out into the lake, from which three cypresses rose in black silhouette against the afterglow of sunset, whilst a little alder presses rose in black silhouette against the afterglow of sunset, whilst a little alder bush, its branches trailing in the water, blunted the island's point. "This way," said Bellarion, and went writhing like an cel in the direction of the water. "Ah but wait?" she cried on a strained note. "Tell me, at least...."

She broke off with a catch in her breath. He was gone. He had slipped in, taking the water quietly as an ofter.

the water quietly as an otter. Suddenly from the alder-bush on the island's point a startled water-hen broke

forth in squawking terror, and went scudding across the lake, its feet trailing along the water into which it finally splashed again within a yard of the farther shore. From within the bush itself some slight momentary disturbance sent a succession of ripples across the lesser ripples whipped up by the evening breeze. Then

whipped up by the evening breeze. Then all grew still again, including the alarms of the watching lady who had perceived and read these signs.

She moved like one impelled by natural curiosity to meet the soldiers who came surging up the terrace steps. There were four of them, led by that same young officer who had invaded the inn. "What is this?" the lady greeted him, her tone a little hard. "What are you seeking here?"

"A man, madonna," the captain an-

man, madonna," the captain answered her shortly, having at the moment no breath for more. Her sombre eyes went past him to dwell

upon the three glittering gallants in the courtly group of five that followed at the soldier's heels. "A man?" she echoed. "I do not remember to have seen such a

of the three at whom the shaft of her irony was directed two laughed outright in shameless sycophancy; the third flushed scarlet, his glance resentful. He was the scarlet, his glance resentful. He was the youngest by some years, and still a boy. He had her own brown eyes and tawny hair, and otherwise resembled her, save that his countenance lacked the firm strength that might be read in hers. His stripling figure was gorgeously arrayed in a kilted tunic of gold brocade with long, green, deeply foliated sleeves, the ends of which reached almost to his toes. His girdle was of hammered gold, whence hung a poniard with a jewelled hilt, and a ruby glowed in his bulging cap of green she. One of his legs was cased in green. she, One of his legs was cased in green, the other in yellow, and he wore a green shoe on the yellow foot, a yellow on the green. This, in his sixteenth year, was the Lord Gian Giacomo Paleologo, sovereign Marquis of Montferrat.

His two male companions were Meser.

His two male companions were Messer Corsario, his tutor, a foxy-faced man of thirty and the Lord Castruccio da Fenes-

trella, a young man of five-and-twenty.

Meanwhile the captain was flinging out an arm in command to his followers. "Two of you to search the enclosure yonder about the gate. Beat up the hedges. Two of you with me." He swung to the lady. "You saw no one, highness?" Her highness was guilty of an evasion. "Should I not tell you if I had?"

"Should I not tell you if I had?"

"Yet a man certainly entered here. Of that I saw clear signs."

"Signs? What signs? A poor warrant that for this intrusion, Ser Bernabó."

The captain stared at her in dismay. "Highness, you mistake my motives."

"I hope I do," she answered lightly, and turned her shoulder to him to greet the Lady Dionara who had joined them. He commanded his two waiting followers. The others were already in the enclosed garden. "To the temple!"

At that she turned again, her eyes indignant. "Without my leave? The temple, sir, is my own private bower. He could not be there. I am but come from there."

"Your memory, highness, is at fault. As I approached, you were coming along the terrace from the enclosed garden."

terrace from the enclosed garden."

She flushed under the correction. "Your eyes are too good, Bernabó." In a tone that made him change countenance she added: "I shall remember it together with your reluctance to accept my word.

your reluctance to accept my word."

The captain stood a moment hesitating.
Then he bowed stiffly from the hips,
tossed his head in silent command to his
men, and so led them off, over the marble
bridge. He drew blank as did the soldiers
sent to search the enclosure. Baffled, he
returned to the Princess Valeria.

"You come empty-handed, then," she
rallied him.

"I'll stake my life he entered the gar-

"I'll stake my life he entered the garden," said the captain sullenly.

"You are wise in staking something of

no value.' Bernabó, thus humiliated, retired crest-fallen, and the three gentlemen who did not conceal their amusement at his failure,

went in to supper.

[Continued in MARCH McCall's]



Address

State .....

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

cudlong shed lore. light

ples hen ived natwho here ame inn. nim, you

well the the oed. h a her ight

the

boy.
wny
save
firm
His
d in
ong,
s of
His
ence
and
reen

vers.
sure
the
ung
ss?"
ion.
Of

nay. ntly, reet iem. folthe

ple, ould re." As the our one she with

rble iers he she

estdid ure,

DEPT. 200

# Is your home becoming to you?

SOME WOMEN weartheirhomes like a becoming garment. What is the secret that lets these clever women make their homes so beautifuland so essentially their own?

You will find a big part of this secret made clear in a fascinating booklet, Wallpaper -Room by Room. A handy, practical manual on interior decoration. Handsomely illustrated in full color. Written in clear, non-technical language. Should be read by every woman who wants to make her home more beautiful. Sent postpaid for 25 cents in stamps or coin.

Read this booklet now and do your redecorating early before the spring rush begins. If you do, you will get considerably lower prices and much better work

Wallpaper Manufacturers Association of the United States 461 Eighth Avenue, New York



Canalaman	Feeless Mark Control
send me vour	Enclosed is 25 cents for which booklet "Wallpaper-Room
by Room."	wanpaper-Room

VANITIES FOR LOOSE POWDER CANNOT SPILL

It's the only spill-proof loose powder vanitie in the world—so practical— so ingenious. Now, carrying loose powder becomes a pleasure

If you want to use your favorite loose powder on every occasion, you cannot afford to be without a Norida.

Drug and Department Stores have them. Be sure you ask for





The Vanitie for Your Favorite Loose Powder





## CAN WE EVER HAVE RELIGIOUS UNITY

[Continued from page 8]

It left its theolegitimate boundaries. logical, ecclesiastical and ritualistic quar-rels at home. It made no attempt to found leagues, dictate civil politics, or re-

reis at nome. It made no attempt to found leagues, dictate civil politics, or revive arid controversies It was a penitent body assembled to change its mind; to conform it to the mind which is in Christ Jesus; to find out how the Faith cherished by all Christians alike could be applied to the healing of the world's wounds and to the solution of its problems.

The Royal Reception took place immediately after the close of the Cathedral service. The Te Deum, heard as never before in manifold tongues, had scarcely ended, and the benediction been given, before we found ourselves in the lovely seventeenth century Palace listening to the voice of the King of Sweden. With him sat the Queen, the Crown Prince and Princess, and the members of the Court. Before him in an ancient hall of the Palace were the delegates from the Churches. Before him in an ancient hall of the Palace were the delegates from the Churches. "Sixteen hundred years ago," the King observed, "the trusted men of the Church met at Nicea to give expression to their faith in our Saviour, and in the being and revelation of God. The meeting now held here, more than one and a hall thousand years later, has a not less important aim. It will endeavour to make clear what Christianity ought and can do, faced with the burning questions of our time which demand the joint and conscious efforts of all its best forces." all its best forces

all its best forces."

After such auspicious beginnings as these, the addresses and debates could scarcely fail to keep the high level that had been reached by the Bishop of Winchester and the King of Sweden. Speaking for myself, I was moved by the judicial temper and poise of the Conference. It sat as a High Court of Jesus Christ as its Lord. Its contacts were well made, its reactions contacts were well made, its reactions helpful, its tone beyond criticism. Those who took part included Dr. Deissmann of Berlin, Pasteur Gournelle of Paris, Bishop Berlin, Pasteur Gournelle of Paris, Bishop Gleditsch of Nidaros, Norway, Archbishop Stephane of Sofia, Professor Runestan of Upsala, Principal Tasker of Cheltenham, England, Bishop Cannon of our Southern Methodist Church, Sir Henry Lunn of London, Mrs. Cadbury, Lord Parmoor, the Reverend Henry Carter, Dr. Lynn Hough, the Bishop of Lichfield and Bishop Brent of Buffalo.

All too seldom do we Christians get

Brent of Buffalo.

All too seldom do we Christians get the chance to realize the oneness of our religion, notwithstanding its many and regrettable divisions. But as those who heretofore had been arrayed as foes, whose dear ones had perished on battle fields stretched across three continents, saw in each other the unmistakable signs of Christian life, and love, and peace. They knew that an International had been germinated at Stockholm which no political States could usurp. I obtained from the lips of the leading German delegate, a former official of the Prussian government, sentiments which did honor both to his head and his heart. I sat entranced ment, sentiments which did honor both to his head and his heart. I sat entranced while Selma Lägerlof, the popular novelist, told a packed Church that if we never cease to love those whom we lose, we can never lose those whom we thus love.

Certain general lines of thought emerge as one looks back upon these unforgettable two weeks spent in Sweden's Capital Foremost among them is the truth

ital. Foremost among them is the truth that the real conflict of tomorrow will not be between the different branches of not be between the different branches of Christianity, nor between Christianity and the parent religion of Israel. It will be waged by an insolent and flesh-worshipping Paganism, as opposed by a regenerated and reorganized Christian Church. But a few hours distant by travel from Stockholm lies Russia, justly feared by Finland and Sweden. Behind the veil which the Soviet Republic has drawn across that interminable land which 700,000 Communists absolutely dominate, are elements of good and evil that defy analysis at this juncture. From Moscow the emissaries of Bolshevism are penetrating to every European, and many Asiatic lands. The strength of their propaganda lies in the foul tyranny of the past. Its weakness is in the still fouler tyranny of Sovietism itself. They warn us that unless nominally Christian States Christianity, nor between Christianity and

repent of their damnable crimes, and combine to redress the patent wrongs of mankind; to re-order internationalism; to secure peace with justice between nations,

mankind; to re-order internationalism; to secure peace with justice between nations, these inevitable reforms will be tackled by those who are primarily apostles of fury and destruction. Which shall it be? Perhaps amid the wild tumult of the world one could detect an answer in the banquet given by the City of Stockholm to those who had gathered from the four corners of the earth to recreate the spiritual harmony which is the sole antidote for the poison of militant Bolshevism. Golden Hall, in which the feast was held, is covered from floor to ceiling with mosaics of the leading events in Swedish history. The mighty tower at the southeast corner of the building is decorated with a sculptured group of St. George and the Dragon. The great bells of the tower chimed their melodies as the guests assembled; candelabra without and withtower chimed their melodies as the guests assembled; candelabra without and within the Hall blazed with broad flares and brilliant electric lights. The organ played the Coronation March, and the hymns and melodies of the various nations represented. The Lord Mayor of Stockholm, who was ill, deputized his principal Commissioner to welcome the delegates. General Akerman proposed the toast of the Royal Family. The Patriarch of Alexandria, who has since died on his way home from the conference, spoke on Christian Unity. The Bishop of Winchester idealized in felicitous terms the Ecumenical Conference of a thousand years hence, when the delegates would arrive by aviation the delegates would arrive by aviation and herald in one language the Christian-ization of the world. It was a satisfying -extemporaneous, wise, eloquent

ization of the world. It was a satisfying address—extemporaneous, wise, eloquent and witty. I had to respond for American Protestantism in behalf of Cooperation and Good Will. The long lines of guests in every imaginable uniform, both clerical, military and lay, reluctantly left the memorable scene in the wake of the Crown Prince and Princess. It had been a red letter night.

The following points should be emphasized to extend the influence of this great Christian assembly. In the first place, it is not too much to perceive in the Conference a commendable Internationalism equally opposed to national bigotry and sentimental cosmopolitanism. Every citizen can be all the better an American because he is also a Christian and a humanitarian. We share the aspiration of rightminded people in all lands that God's design for the individual, the nation and the race shall be fulfilled in Christ's rule. Again, the significance of the Conference. Again, the significance of the Conference, apart from what it said or did, should not be overlooked. The simple fact that hundreds of men and women from widely different religious organizations and lands should thus meet and counsel together is found to the content of the country of the cou should thus meet and counsel together is of outstanding consequence. The size of the different delegations, the high and responsible positions held by many of the delegates and the elevation of their debates gave unusual meanings to the gathering. It has left new affections in the hearts of all its participants, and given them fresh insights into the general trends of twentieth century life. The personal contacts it made possible have developed lasting friendships between members of nations and churches hitherto far apart. Third, the unanimous agreement that Third, the unanimous agreement that Christianity is a religion with a profound spiritual dynamic rather than a merely christianity is a rengion with a protound spiritual dynamic rather than a merely ethical or philosophical system animated the entire proceedings. Profound differences between the various groups there were, due to temperamental traits, ecclesiastical traditions and political or social settings, but with the open expression of these differences there was the reiterated assurance of inward life and concord in the Lord of all, expressed with tenderness and a courtesy that disarmed criticism. No delegate left Stockholm who does not believe that neither the Church nor the world can ever again be as they were before this great meeting was made. As I watched the towers and spires of that fair city sink below the horizon, I was conscious of the glorious work it had witnessed for the advance of the Kingdom of God and the unity of His people.

nd of to seed of seed

the the

ha-

zen be-an-cht-od's and ule. nce, ould that lely

onal ped of

that

rely ated ffer-

here ccle-ocial

n of ated

not the

that



# FREE—10-Day Tube Mail Coupon

# Now they've discovered

cloudy teeth are not naturally "off color" - simply dulled with a dingy film that hides them and invites gum troubles

Now restore your teeth to dazzling whiteness, your gums to healthy firmness this remarkable new way that dental authorities urge. Send coupon for 10-day test; note the amazing difference in your teeth

BELIEVING your teeth are naturally dull is a great mistake. Science has proved otherwise. Permitting your teeth to be other than clear and beautiful is an injustice to yourself.

Largely on dental advice, millions are

now multiplying the beauty of their smiles. New methods of tooth cleaning and gum care have been found.

In a few days you can work wonders with your teeth. Can

give them whiteness and clearness that amaze. But not with ordinary brushing.
Just send the coupon and a 10-day supply of the correct way will be sent.

#### It's film that hides pretty teeth and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

#### Mere brushing won't do

Ordinary dentifrices and cleaning won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with

your tongue. Note how your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent-different in formula, action and effect from any other known. Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

#### It removes that film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once. Removes that film, then firms the

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.



Run your tongue across your teeth and and you will feel a slippery viscous film

## FILM the worst enemy to teeth

You can feel it with your tongue

## FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube to

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY Dept. 209, 1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

Address

Only one tube to a family. 196
Canadsan Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada



## Make beautiful LePage's Craft articles and win money

in Cash Prizes

th Cash Prizes

thoo.oo in cash prizes for those
who write us the best letters describing an article they have
made with glue. We are especially looking for new ideas for
LePage's Craft. It is not necessary to buy LePage's Craft Library in order to enter this contest though it might be helpful
in showing articles that have already been made.

\$1000.00

ready been made.

1st prize, \$200; and prize,
\$100; 3rd, 4tl., 5th and 6th
prizes, \$50 each; 30 prizes of \$10
each; sixty prizes of \$5 each.
Contest open to everybody. In
case of ties, each tying contestant
will be awarded the full amount
of each prize tied for. Ends July
18t, 1936. Check square in coupon asking for free folder which
gives complete contest details.
Mail coupon today.

E DAGE'S GLUE

In Bottles and Tubes

LePage's Craft is the fascinating and easy new way to make things at home. Easier and quicker than sewing. You can make articles that are dainty, practical, useful and attractive, to sell at church fairs, to decorate your home, for gifts, party favors, bridge prizes; toys for the children to make on astormy days; and also articles made by LePage's Gesso Craft, which opens a wonderful new opportunity for making gifts and articles for home decoration.

In your fingers lies an unsuspected gift of skillfulness, waiting only for these four mew charming LePage's Craft Books to bring it to life. You have probably always used LePage's Glue to memd things. But you have no idea what lovely things you can make with LePage's until you get these books. They contain 136 pages of illustrations of things to make and easy-to-follow directions for making them.

Send this coupon and 10 cents (stamps or coin) for LePage's Craft Library

LePage's Craft League, 266 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass. Gentlemen: I have checked the square (or squares) below, to indicate the material I would like to have you send me. (Note: Check either one or both of the squares.) Check here if you are ordering LePage's Craft Library, and if so, enclose to cents, stamps or coin.

Check here if you want a free copy of LePage's Contest Circular giving full information about the prizes to be won.

Name.	×	*	*	*	*		*	*	*	×		*				*			*		*		*			
Street.																										
City														2	٠	21	r.									



lar electric cook stove were used. Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 18 inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment—all under automatic control. Oven big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Oven has unbreakable "Pyrex" Glass door.

Write today for big illustrated catalog and my introductory offer, apecial low price for limited time only. My price will amaze youl Selling direct gives you big savings! Cash or easy payments.

num-rust-proofandeasy to keep clean. No Three wire special wiring necessary. Attach to any floor socket or wall plug. On cast-ers, move any where. All complete

Canadian Address: Georgetown, Ontario

## HELEN OF TROY

[Continued from page 15]

up as their own child, and later made him into a shepherd.

But Paris was beautiful, and his beauty was to bring disaster, death, to him, for it was to call down upon him the eyes of the gods who exalt and who abase. It happened that King Peleus was bethrothed to Thetis, the marine goddess who rises from the waves, fair as Aphrodite. In view of the royal state of Peleus, the wedding feast was noble and was bruited over the whole of the known world, that is, the little world about the Aegean Sea. To this feast were bidden the mortals and the gods. Among these immortals were Venus, Hera, and Pallas the wise. But of the gods one was forgotten—Eris. Outraged in her dignity, Eris came uninvited to the wedding feast, and to avenge herself, threw among the guests an apple upon which she had inscribed: "To the fairest." We may imagine the stir that went about the assembly when this inscription was read, how mortal and immortal women looked into their mirrors of burnished silver, and into the more eloquent mirrors of their lovers' eyes. Almost immediately, speculation must have turned to quarrel, and the three goddesses, Venus, Pallas and Hera, confronted one another demanding that all should recognize their superior fairness. fairness.

fairness.

However, the question proved impossible of solution. We may imagine confused argument, judges set up and then cast down, possibly fighting. But at last we hear that the proclamation of the most beautiful woman shall be made by the most beautiful man of the region, and that man is Paris. The shepherd, playing his pipes, is suddenly exalted as judge among gods.

his pipes, is suddenly exalted as judge among gods.

Here again we strike the simple Greek conception of the gods; like human beings, they cheat. The three goddesses offer bribes to the shepherd so that he may be moved to proclaim fair her who is most corrupt. And it is Venus who wins. She offers Paris the possession of the most beautiful woman in the world. Because Paris is young, because the romance of the unknown woman draws him, he accepts the bribe of Venus. Whereupon Venus, whom at this stage we should more properly call Aphrodite, directs his steps to Sparta and to the palace of King Menelaus.

King Menelaus.

It is conceivable that Helen and Paris fell in love at first, for the young shep-herd had the bearing of a prince. Also, Paris had no difficulty in causing himself to be recognized as a prince. His beauty, his air of breeding, his prowess in sports, all this shed about him a halo, to which was added the infinitely more powerful was added the minitely more powerful diadem set upon his brow by grateful Aphrodite who announced that Helen's fate was written, that she must abandon Menelaus, abandon her child Hermione and flee with Paris.

It is interesting to note that the Greeks first sent an embassy to Troy, demanding the restoration of Helen and of her property. But King Priam and his son Paris found themselves bound in honor as well as in desire. Priam could not deliver into the hands of the Greeks the son who had come back to him, come back with a woman whose beauty was so blinding that Priam's these were as water. Priam's knees were as water.

The expedition was prepared for nine years. One may imagine that the siege of Troy was a considerable matter. Here was an old city, well-fortified, containing a large and industrious population, grangeries wells, a city exprisonal by numerous a targe and industrious population, gran-aries, wells; a city garrisoned by numer-ous and barbarous troops led, not by Paris the shepherd, but by well-known warriors, such as Hector and Aeneas. At last the Greeks landed upon the Trojan shore. Soon after the arrival of the Greeks, Menelaus challenged Paris to single com-hat This offer Paris rejected much to the

Menelaus challenged Paris to single com-bat. This offer Paris rejected, much to the wrath of gallant Hector, who charged him with being more beautiful than valiant. Helen appears to have been incensed by her lover's apparent cowardice. She curses him. And it is presumed that Hector, who was always a friend of Helen, though no lover, was amused by this, and that he undertook to protect her against any evil that might impend. that might impend.

Already, therefore, there is disunion at

Troy, disunion Litween the lovers them-selves. The people are restless, realising

that the gods have, by bringing Helen into their walls, laid upon their shoulders a wrath which they fear. And they fear still more the arms of the Greeks. They were fated, and the old prophecy held good—the son of King Priam had come back to light a torch and burn down the walls of Troy. Thus one can understand the revolt of the Trojans, who realized that Helen was accursed, and sought to expel with her the evil that stood within their walls. Thus the people proposed to Paris that he should surrender Helen to the Greeks. But with time the disaster which was promised comes to pass. A poisoned arrow found its mark in the body of Paris and while Helen, her beautiful eyes raining tears, her golden hair disordered, flung herself raving by his couch, Paris sickherself raving by his couch, Paris sick-ened and died.

And now indeed the situation of Helen And now indeed the situation of Helen was terrible. Much blood had been shed, much pain endured by a population weary of war, which would gladly have been rid of the Greeks, and which naturally blamed Helen for all these disasters. Paris, who loved her, was dead; Hector, who had protected her, was dead. King Priam was old, and Cassandra walked the palace, a figure of woe and of revenge, tearing her hair, wringing her hands, mingling her lamentations with those of old Oueen Hecuba. In those days the palace

ling her lamentations with those of old Queen Hecuba. In those days the palace must have been a place of terror, animated by the tears of the women who could look forward only to death or to captivity.

But even so, the thrall of Helen was strong, though she was over forty. The two sons of King Priam, Helenus and Deiphobus, claimed her hand; no doubt according to the Greek primitive custom, she must marry a brother-in-law. She chose Deiphobus.

she must marry a prother-in-law. She chose Delphobus.

At last Troy fell, not by assault, but by the subtle shaft of Ulysses. To him we owe the stratagem of the wooden horse, which the Greeks erected upon the slore; then they withdrew with their fleet, so that the Trojans might believe that the siege was raised and the victory theirs. At this point one may question whether the loyalty of Helen was with the Trojans or with the Greeks, for it is said that with Trojans or with the distribution of the walled resund the jans or with the Greeks, for it is said that with Deiphobus she walked round the wooden horse and that she suspected a stratagem. According to this account, believing that the Greeks had concealed themselves within the horse, she called to them, imitating the voices of their wives, so that they might betray themselves. But Ulysses, the wise, stopped their mouths. However, whether Helen sought to expose the Greeks or not, the warriors ap-

But Ulysses, the wise, stopped their mouths. However, whether Helen sought to expose the Greeks or not, the warriors appeared from the flanks of the wooden horse, and flung the gates of Troy open, poured into the city, sword in one hand, torch in the other, followed soon after by the hordes of the returning Greeks. Then comes the familiar picture of a sacked city, men-at-arms rushing through palace and hovel, putting to the sword, men, women, children. We have a vision of the broad marble corridors of the palace, lit up as in the daylight with the flames of the burning city. Trojan girls are captured and dragged out by the hair, Greek soldiers took the treasure chests... and all this is but a detail when we conceive the rush of Menelaus, followed by his soldiers, seeking in the burning palace the woman who was stolen from him, the woman for whom so much blood has been poured out. Thus we may imagine Menelaus rushing towards Helen, sword in hand, determined to end with her life an epic of blood and shame. But Helen holds him back, and says to him: "Would you not protect your own honor first? I will lead you." The Greek chief is simple and rough. He allows Helen to lead him to the chamber where her husband lies, and slays him.

But Helen is spared. She is spared perhaps because she is still so beautiful that a

But Helen is spared. She is spared perhaps because she is still so beautiful that a haps because she is still so beautiful that a man's hand must turn against himself if he raise it against her, for the gods have given her a beauty which still glows immortal, though thousands of years have passed. She takes ship with Menelaus and sails back to Greece, leaving behind her the memory of the smoking ashes where lies Paris.

The story ends with Helen once again a queen, still loved, still dominating by eternal beauty.

eternal beauty.



Here's What It Will Do

With this range you can do all your cooking under the perfect heat control of electricity and yet at a cost that is only one-third of what it would be if a regu-lar electric cook stove were used.

Special Low Factory Price and 30 Day Trial Offer

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO. 1007 Union Ave., Alliance, Ohio

ill

to of olt en th ls. he ks. as rris n-

he he ht m,





TIME-18 Minutes Per Load

THE old saying that "It all comes out in the wash" has been revised to read "it all comes out in the Spin-Rinse"—all the soap, softener, soil, etc., left after the gently powerful Savage Rotary "Cone" Washing action.

Science and the Savage Washer and Dryer have relieved the user's hands and back, as well as the "set" tub and the wringer of their washday job. Here's how it's done:—Load your Savage Wringerless with soap and water through the "Spin-Rinse" hose; in fifteen minutes, or less the entire load, of 10½ pounds of dry clothes, is immacu-

theentire load, of 10% pounds of dry clothes, is immaculately washed and blued. Tilt the aluminum spinner-basket to horizontal position, then "Spin-Rinse" with, water hot as you want it, direct from the faucet. In TWO MINUTES you have "Spin-Rinsed" out all soap, softener, etc. Shut off the water at the faucet and in ONE MINUTE MORE the entire load is "Spin-Dried" ready to hang on the line.

"Spin-Dried" ready to name on the line.

Meanwhile, the "Constant water-level" device, an exclusive Savage feature, has maintained the proper water-level, drained off the soiled water from the bottom of the tub—purifying it for the next load. When finished the Savage Rotary Pump empties the tank in two minutes. No drain connection needed.

No set-tubs, no wringer,



This is only part of the "Spin-Rinse, Spin-ry" story. The coupon or a postcard brings Dry" story. The co

SAVAG	E	ARN	IS C	ORPO	DRATION
155	5 S	avage	Ave.,	Utica,	N.Y.
Dealers .	_	Write	for	Sales	Proposition.

SAVAGE	3
WASHER & DRYER	2
SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION, Utica, N.Y.	1
Send me the whole story of	1

"Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry"

Name	***************************************
Street	
City	State

monsieur, you have had a madness, but that is past. Now now you dream, and you will never

The words ended in a strange rattling sound that made Bill's blood run cold. The next moment that horribly intangible figure had leapt upon him suddenly out of the shadows; he was fighting for his

It was a sickening struggle—that fight with the unknown. It lasted for perhaps thirty seconds, but it was an eternity to Bill. He felt exactly as if he were battling with a huge snake caught in the folds of a cloak. Once or twice, his grasp seemed to close on flock but it dilutered from his to close on flesh, but it slithered from his hold like running water. The thing was much smaller than himself, yet the horror of the combat was such that at the outset he felt himself to be utterly outmatched. He put forth the whole of his strength. His enemy had a certain wiry force, but there was no real power behind it. When, at last, a sinewy tenacle that might have been a human arm, but was far more like a reptile encircled Bill's neck, and something pointed pricked his throat, the instinct of self-defence gave Bill his chance. He tore himself free.

Again he heard that rattling sound, but it died into a gurgle as his assailant to close on flesh, but it slithered from his

Again he heard that rathing sound, but it died into a gurgle as his assailant squirmed on the ground. Then there was a violent reaction; the writhing horror seemed to gather itself together, lifted itself before his eyes, and a moment later was fleeing towards the sentinel fir-trees.

Bill sprang forward in pursuit.

The fugitive was lost to sight ere he reached the fir-trees, but he heard the sound of his flight under the beech trees the avenue.

Then he saw, fifty yards or more away, bent figure running swiftly along adge of rhododendron that bordered the hedge of rhododendron that bordered the low rose-garden. Only a glimpse he had, then it vanished. But even as it did so, he was in hot pursuit. As he crashed through the stunted yew-trees that bordered the cliff-path, he heard the unmistakable sound of footsteps below him. Then he was on the zig-zag path that wound down the sheer face of the cliff to the bathing-pool. As he neared the bathing-hut he found the path again, and suddenly—very suddenly—close to the hut, where the moonlight fell white and revealing, stood—Benedict!

"What are you doing here?" Bill cried. "I came down to bathe, monsieur."

"To bathe! At this hour?" Bill spoke with open incredulity.

with open incredulity.
"Yes, monsieur!" There was enmity—deadly enmity—behind the words.

"I don't believe you," said Bill.
Benedict shrugged, very slightly, scarcely

Benedict shrugged, very slightly, scarcely disrespectfully, in reply; but his breathing came quickly—a fact he could not hide, and his face was deadly pale.

"Open that door!" Bill commanded, indicating the bathing-hut before which Benedict stood like a sentry on guard.

Benedict shifted his position somewhat. Obviously the order was unexpected. "The hut is locked, monsieur," he said. "I do not keep the key. Madame has that."

Was he mistaken, or did he hear a faint sound that came and went, behind that closed door? Keen suspicion prodded Bill into instant action. "Possibly the door is open," he said. "We will try."

He moved forward resolutely, but in a

He moved forward resolutely, but in a moment Benedict blocked the way. "I tell you, monsieur, the door is locked." "Out of my way!" said Bill. He caught him by the shoulders, ex-

rie caught him by the shoulders, expecting a fierce resistance, but none came. He set his hand to the latch and opened the door. Bill peered in.
"Benedict! Benedict!" gasped a voice. The moonlight streamed through a window in the roof. He saw a huddled figure though it had been flung upon cushions.

as though it had been flung upon cushions and rugs upon the floor. He heard again, that terrible, rattling sound.

"Great heavens above!" he said. "The man is dying!" He entered without further hesitation,

He entered without further hesitation, and bent over the stricken, helpless thing that had completely bassed him so short a time before. A white, agonized face, with a livid scar across it, looked up to his. There were no further words.

Bill knelt to lift the gasping, convulsed form. "Quick, man?" he called to Benediet. "Can't you give me something for him? Can't you—" His own voice died.

## A MAN UNDER AUTHORITY

[Continued from page 24]

There came a rending, choking soundand silence.

and silence.

Bill laid down the thing he held, and got up. He went out into the moonlight and stood there for several seconds, steadying himself. Then he turned.

"Benedict," he said sternly, "for your own sake, I warn you you had better speak the truth. Who was that man?"

Benedict stirred with a sullen movement, but his face remained as usual completely expressionless "That" he said.

pletely expressionless. "That," he said,
"was Madame Verlaine's husband."
"Then he recovered from his wound?"

"Then he recovered from his wound?"
Perhaps Benedict recognized the advantage of brevity also, for he answered him
like an automaton. "Yes, monsieur."

"Tell me what happened!" ordered Bill.
Again, almost imperceptibly, Benedict's
shoulders went up at his tone, but he
made no other protest. He replied:

"He remained in the desert and let all
the world think that he was dead. There
were reasons. He had debts. Also, he had
the drug habit. He desired revenge on his
son and Madame, and he chose that way.
When he was well enough, he followed when he was well enough, he followed them, wherever they went. But some-times his drug habit prevented. He knew he was dying. He has been dying for years. He hoped to see Monsieur Gaspard die first.

'And you were his accomplice!" said

Benedict's moustaches twitched a little.

Benedict's moustaches twitched a little. "I am a servant of the family, monsieur," he said, with dignity.

"And you have fulfilled your trust by teaching Monsieur Gaspard the drug habit and standing by while he suffered torture too deep for words!" said Bill.

"I obeyed my orders, monsieur," said Repedict.

Bill realized that it would be easier to Bill realized that it would be easier to demolish a stone wall than to confound this man. He had obeyed his orders with exactitude, and it was evident that he took a grim pride in the fact. Bill began to feel that the situation was beyond him. "Where has this man been all the summer?" he demanded. "Not here, surely?" "No, monsieur. Not all the time. He was in London, and he came down now and then—at night."

"Ah! Then he was here the night of the storm!" said Bill, with sudden enlightenment.

the storm!" said Bill, with sudden enlightenment.
"Yes, monsieur, on the night of the storm," Benedict agreed.
Bill turned. "I must get back to the house. We must get the doctor. There will have to be an inquest. Lock the place, and let we have the key."

and let me have the key."

Benedict complied. He had apparently decided to accept the fact that Bill had taken command. There was a subtle change in his manner as he handed him the key.

But Bill was too absorbed to notice. His thoughts had gone back to Gaspard, left alone in that lonely house, and he was already hastening back to his charge. As he went, he heard again the murmur of the sea as it washed the rocks by the bathing-pool and the persistent rattle of the nightjar somewhere along the cliff.

Late one afternoon, several days after the horrible night encounter on the cliffs, the Reverend Bill Quentin rode up the Beech Mount drive and tied his horse to one of the beech trees. The hall-door was open. He entered without hesitation, as one who possessed the right.

The drawingroom-door was aiar. He shed it open. "Eve!" he said.

She was there at her writing-table where he had found her on that night when first she had yielded herself to him.

She sprang up with a low cry and drew back swiftly, pushing the chair between them. "I didn't hear you come," she said. He came to her, his pulses beating madly. How could he wait?

She put out her hands appealingly. "Oh, have come hack only to fatch Gasagard.

I have come back only to fetch Gaspard. He is with you, I know. I was writing to try and thank you for all your care of him. Here is the letter."

She proffered it with the air of one trying to appease wrath.

He took it and put it aside. There was

He took it and put it aside. There was a certain grimness about him in that moment. "As I told you before," he said,

"I don't want any letters. I want you." He looked at her intently. "Eve, why

tently. "Eve, why did you go away?"
She shook her head, trying desperately to smile. "I had to go—you know why. I couldn't face you after—after—" She broke off and passed rapidly on. "And I haven't come back to embarrass you now. But when I realized what had happened, and that Benedict—"
"Benedict is gone" be take to the state of the state o

and that Benedict—"
"Benedict is gone," he told her. "He
made himself scarce the night of the discovery—the night you left. Good heavens!
Is it only four days ago? Where have you

een?"
"I went to Paris," she said. "I am going

back there now."

"And why didn't you send your address—at least to Gaspard?" he said.

dress—at least to Gaspard?" he said.

She answered him almost like a prisoner replying to a question from the judge. "I was not sure what would be best. It—it was rather a shock to me, and I was stunned by it just at first. And then I knew Gaspard would be safe with you. So I waited."

"And you thought I could wait too?" he said

he said

She turned her eyes suddenly to his. "My dear friend," she said, "it was mainly for your sake I stayed away. If I could have spared you the pain of ever seeing me again, I would have done so. It was all over—all over—that afternoon. I quite realized that."
"What was all over?" he said.

She answered him unflinchingly, "Our summer idyll."

summer idyll."

"Is that what you call our love?"
She bent her head. "It will be much less than that very soon."

"Will it?" he said.
She went on as though he had not spoken. "You will marry a woman worthy of you, and all this scandal will be forgotten. I shall go back to France with Gaspard, and go on living for him as I have done all these long years since—since the romance of my girlhood died. After all, it is far best. I was never suited to you. It—it was nothing more than a to you. It-it was nothing more than a

'Nothing more than a dream!" He repeated the words slowly, as though questioning if he had heard aright, "Shall I tell you what it was to me?"

She made a protesting gesture. "Isn't it

She made a protesting gesture. "Isn't it better to forget it now that it is over?" o "Eve!" he said.
"Don't you realize that that is the only way?" she insisted. "Though this thing has happened and my name is cleared, it has not made any real difference. The notoriety remains—and for a man in your position—a man under authority—responsible as you are to the Master you serve—"

He broke in upon her. "O God in Heaven," he said, "make her understand!"

He moved forward with the words and

He moved forward with the words and in a moment he was holding her, holding her though her hands were against his breast, resisting him.

"Don't you realize," he said, "that this

love of ours—my darling—is the gift of God? Whatever you are—whatever I am—makes no difference? He has sent it

to us. It is for us to receive it with thankful hearts and keep it—holy."

He drew her to him though still she sought to resist him.

"Don't you understand?" he said. "I would have made you marry me in any case, because I know—I know—it is His Will."

Will."

"How do you know?" she said, her pale face lifted. "How can you be sure you are not making a mistake?"

He made answer very quietly, with a confidence there was no gainsaying. "That is the blessed part of being under authority, Eve. There is no chance of making any mistake when we know that He will be our Guide even unto death." He held her closer, and her resistance passed. "Now do you call it a dream?" he said.

To which she made reply with that soft sweet laugh of hers that had won his heart when first he had met her:
"My dearest, there is one dream in every life that comes true, and this is mine.

"My dearest, there is one dream in every life that comes true, and this is mine. Once in a lifetime—sweetheart—like your aloe—just once—in a lifetime!" And as he kissed her, he saw the tears of a great happiness in her eyes.

THE END



O you know that the material in yourthreadbare, out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing can be reclaimed by a patented process, combined with new material, and woven into brand-new, up-to-date reversible rugs with the close, deep nap of Axminster and Wilton Velvet rugs? Marie Pfister shows how to transform a room at trifling cost and tells readers of McCall's Magazine where they can get, free for the asking, a beautifully illustrated book on Rugs and Home Arrangement that everyone should have.

# By MARIE SMITH PFISTER Authority on Home Decorating

Sone whose mission it is to make homes beautiful I am going to tell you of an economical plan I use in providing harmonious new rugs at a cost that fits the smallest purse. You will be amazed when you learn what truly remarkable effects can be secured in your home for little money wisely spent.

What woman hasn't pictured the kind of rugs she wants?—closely-woven, deep-nap rugs in the harmonious, up-to-date, one- and two-toned effects recommended by all leading interior decorators.

By a wonderful patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and reclaim the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, bleaching and combing. The reclaimed material is then combined with new material, dyed any color and woven into extremely good looking Seamless and Reversible rugs, in the up-to-date one- and two-toned effects.

#### Reclaimed Material Cannot Be Detected

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand-new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This worried me before its arrival because my old material was a

hodge podge of all kinds and colors. I know now, however, that doesn't make the slightest difference. After seeing these rich looking rugs I have no hesitation in recommending them for the finest homes.

#### Your Choice of Colors

You are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns. Your new rug can be made in any of the charming new shades—Brown, Moss, Mahogany, Taupe, Mole, Blue, Tetede-Negre or Mulberry, in any of twenty-six soft, rich colors and combinations.

#### Closely Woven and Luxurious

Like Axminsters and Wilton Velvets, these rugs are firmly woven with a soft, deep nap or surface that stands "straight up." They will go well with the finest furniture and most expensive furnishings.

#### Reversible—Twice the Wear

You will be delighted to find that these rugs are woven SEAMLESS and REVERSIBLE with the same deep firm nap on both sides to give twice the wear. These are features hard to find in store rugs. No wonder these rugs are in a million homes.

Here is another very important thing. These rugs can be made to your order in *ANY SHAPE* or *SIZE* within an amazingly short time—in less than a week.

#### They Let You Try Rugs Free

The whole thing is so simple. You send in a bundle of old materials. Within a week, back comes a beautiful new rug. To quote from the manufacturer's guarantee: "Subject them to the hardest kind of everyday wear; compare them with store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material." A mighty strong guarantee and one you can be absolutely sure will be lived up to.

The manufacturer pays Express,

Parcel Post or Freight charges on your material from all states. Woven Any Size or Shape

#### You Should Write for this Unusual Rug Book—IT'S FREE

Every home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. It contains an authoritative showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. It also gives many helpful suggestions by leading decorators on the furnishing of your home. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. I am attaching a coupon for your convenience. Write to the OLSON RUG CO., Dept. E3, Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.

OLSON RUG Co., Dept. E3, Laslin St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: At Marie Psister's suggestion I should like to receive a complimentary copy of "Beauty and Harmony in the Home," illustrated in actual colors. This is free and places me under no obligation.

Name.....

Street (R. F. D.)

......S

Divid colors

and graceful lines

add to the charm

of the

street frock



For back views see page 108.

No. 4407, This one-piece afternoon frock of cubist silk simulates the two-piece idea by the clever use of a shaped girdle. Jabots add a note of formality. The long snug sleeves and shoulder yoke are in one. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4399, There is an air of distinction about this simple one-piece frock which makes use of gathers at the shoulder and an inverted pleat at center front to break its long slim line. The cravat collar is smart. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

No. 4392, A shirt-bosom front, bound pockets and long gathered sleeves are the smart features of this two-piece street frock. A four-piece skirt with inverted pleat at center front is attached to a yoke of lining. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4381, The front and side back skirt sections of this frock are cut circular and sewed to the upper section in a scalloped line. A shallow yoke and front inset are of contrasting material. The long set-in sleeves are gathered to cuffs. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4393, Another one-piece frock with scalloped girdle to match the collar and cuffs, is stitched to the front and tied with narrow sash ends in back. A pleat at center front provides additional width to skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. S PRING will arrive in a burst of color in clothes. But a danger signal should be set above every dress goods counter. Every woman should know herself before indulging a preference. Red and periwinkle blue, for example, are in the forefront of fashion but only a few can wear them. Burnt orange, rust and terra cotta are as important as tobacco brown which comes back. Silks have shaded designs in lovely colors, with the cubist influence strongly apparent. Gray struggles for recognition and beige tones, soft and warm, are rivals of Lanvin green, and Robin Hood green.

l'Echo de Paris

Simple frocks

deftly cut afford

opportunities

for

individuality

No. 4374, There is an air of distinction about this frock of taffeta with its three-piece flaring skirt, molded bodice and prim row of buttons down the front. Bell cuffs attached at the elbow encircle the long snug sleeves. Sizes 12 to 20 years.

No. 4400, A new idea is to have one's jumper scalloped at the lower edge. It is worn over a skirt with a pleat at each side and attached to a yoke. Embroidery No. 1350 in buttonhole-stitch and in two colors is suggested to trim. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4398, Pleat insets are the smart way of achieving fulness in slim frocks, as in this one of silk crêpe. Embroidery No. 1287 in darning- and buttonholestitch may be effectively used to decorate the set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

No. 4404, It is the smart thing to stitch the upper and lower parts of a dress together simulating a two-piece costume. This one has a high neck and a dropped shoulder with long gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust.

No. 4410, A simple straightline frock of gaily printed silk has a graceful jabot frill and balloon puffs of plain georgette. A tie belt breaks the long line and confines the frock at a becomingly low-waistline. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust.

WE are to be less standardized this spring. That's good news. Skirts have delightful variety. Pleats are inserted at sides, front or back as you will; in panels, singly, from the hipline or the knees. Godets are formed by skillful cutting, for scissors do much today to achieve smartness. Five yard hems flare and fly. Bodices are enlivened by bands of many widths, by embroidery and buttons. Sleeves are amazingly wide below the elbows or as close fitting as a glove and lace ruffles swirl from under them as when Eugenie was Empress and ruled France.

rst t a ove

ery

beled

ole, ion em.

rra

lks

ely

les

ın-







Echo de Paris

The high collar and jabot stand out as the season's smartest innovations

No. 4406, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; closing at left side front; with jabot and circular flounce. Sizes and circular hounce. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, upper section, 2¼ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 2 yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 31/8 yards.

No. 4375, LADIES' AND MISSES' Two-PIECE DRESS; slip-on blouse closing on shoulder; two-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 354 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½4 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4376, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; slip-on blouse with separate vest; four-piece skirt attached to yoke. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 25% yards of 54-inch; vest, 5% yard of 36-inch. Width, about 15% yards.

372

No. 4405, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; with shoulder yoke and sleeve in one. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch figured; contrasting, 1½ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 4410, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; with jabot frills at left side front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.

EVERY woman asks herself if she can wear the new high collar. If she cannot then fashion is lenient. The round open neckline persists. So does the V-shaped one. But the high Chinese band, decorated; the wrinkled muffler effect; the narrow turnover with flying cravat of ribbon or striped jersey silk, are smart. The boned Victorian collar has not appeared. There is no danger of developing a double chin because the collar must be loose. The still fashionable muffler must be imitated.



# Pechode Paris

# The Dogue for chic finds expression in trim lines which accent slimness-

No. 4389, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; upper and lower front joined in two-piece effect; inverted pleat in front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3½ yards of 40-inch material; vest, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 4397, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse; two-piece skirt with gathered back attached to yoke of lining. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 334 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 5% yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 21/4 yards.



No. 4372, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; dropped shoulders; circular tunics at front and back. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 434 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.

4387

No. 4387, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; closing at left side of vest; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 336 yards of 40-inch material; collar and vest, 34 yard of 36inch. Width, about 134 yards.

THE struggle in clothes is to have fulness and maintain slimness. Narrowness is not smart. Thinness of outline is smart. Spring clothes at Palm Beach show wide skirts, slim bodices, or loose sleeves but the effect is that of a willowy wand. Fabrics are soft. That helps. Underthings are of silk. Corsets are of elastic. So one starts well. Then the upper part of the body is cleverly lengthened by long lines and skirts are short. There you have the trick of the new silhouette.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.



# Pleats become a subtle device to introduce fulnesskeeping a-slim appearance

No. 4409, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; sleeve slashed and gath-ered to form cuff; circular side and back sections. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 45/8 yards of 36-inch or 45/8 yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 3 yards.

No. 4388, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; front stitched in two-piece effect; with pleats in front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 33% yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 13% yards.



THE back of a frock is often its best part. Sophisticated cutting if not deco-ration is shown there. Paris designers have emphasized this fashion for several months, and it has grown in importance. Pleats and the godet flounce appear there. Sometimes there is a row of buttons to waist or hem. Several gowns by Chanel and Patou fasten in back as in other times. Each skirt carries some variation of inserted fulness to make it swish and swing. That movement is necessary. It must fly out into all kinds of convolutions and this means flexible materials.

No. 4386, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with yoke and sleeves in one; patch pockets. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 234 yards of 32-inch material; con-trasting, 1 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 15% yards.

No. 4385, Ladies' And Misses' Dress; with stitched-in vest and long set-in sleeves; inverted pleat in front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Sizes 36 requires 334 yards of 40-inch or 23/6 yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 13/6 yards.





No. 4225, LADIES' AND MISSES' DOUBLE-BREASTED

when for

ribusting

unds inger the urtle from

the fash-

has loth.

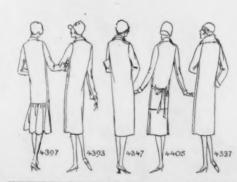
L'Echo de Paris

Styles we all shall wear next Summer are shown for sunny Days in the South

THE fashion for fragile fabrics, sheer if not transparent, will continue this spring. Florida's beaches are sprinkled with them. It is a novelty to have chiffon and sheer crêpe tailored into morning frocks, but such is the accepted verdict. Figured silks in brilliant colors that once went to parties now go on morning errands. Slim coats of soft flannel in lovely pastel colors rollick over golf courses and tennis courts, or play about on the beaches. Covert cloth in fruit shades supplants kasha. Jersey jumpers carry cloth skirts which hold their shape. Tweed coats maintain their supremacy.

4397

ANNE RITTENHOUSE.



No. 4347, Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with straight lower edge; suitable for plain or bordered material. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 23/4 yards of 54-inch bordered material; lining, 23/8 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4397, Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse; two-piece skirt with fulness in back attached to yoke of lining. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 334 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 214 yards.

No. 4393, Ladies' And Misses' Dress; set-in sleeves; opening and inverted pleat at center front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 35% yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 3% yard of 40-inch. Width, about 13% yards.

No. 4405, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece lower section. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 35% yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 15% yards. Trimming in darningand satin-stitch from Embroidery No. 1297 would be effective.

No. 4337, Ladies' and Misses' Three-Piece Ensemble Suit; slip-on blouse and camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, coat, 2¾ yards of 54-inch; lining, 2½ yards of 40-inch; dress, 3½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail. postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.



## "THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing —how she made herself into a virile being of super-health and strength.

IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred."

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized there was anything really the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife end mother. I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was really sick, but simply because I was too weary. I looked tired, acted tired, and was tired.

"My looks began to show the effect too. My check began to look stringy and hollow. My check began to look stringy and hollow. My check uscles sagged, my complexion was pasty and colorse. My fagure began to look dumpy. My age—bich was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty.

"Of course I took headache powders, tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. Still I did not improve.

weight, changing from one thing to another. Still I did not improve.

"But one day I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny, alling girl, always in ill health. How she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that abe is today, was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called 'The Body Beautiful'—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes. Today I am practically never tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty allments from which so many women suffer. I look fifteen years younger than most other women of my age. My step is apringy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl.

"And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitations of real women, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their troubles. It is a easy!"

#### FREE-The Body Beautiful

FREE—The Body Beautiful
Annette Kellermann, in this book—which ahe will
send absolutely free, upon request, to any woman—
tells exactly how she transformed herself from a
cripple and an invalid into a woman word/elamous
for her health and beauty. Any woman by devoting
only fifteen minutes a day to her methods can obtain
a greatly improved figure weither too stosts wor too
this, mould each part of her body to more graceful,
youthful lines; can acquire a clearer, healthier
complexion; and can overcome many weaknesses and
physical troubles that so many women suffer from.

If you would life to have a copy of Annette Keller-

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Keller-mann's new book, write for it. There is no charge or obligation.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc.
Suite 82 225 West 39th St., New York Amete Kellermann, Inc., Suite 82

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in [] Reducing Weight. [] Body Building.

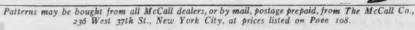
Address ..

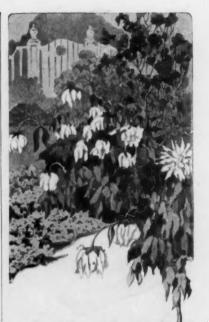
Name Kindly Print Name and Address

Pecho de Paris Day Frocks in . plain bordered silk 4306 4407 THE popularity of the twopiece frock, which now goes to evening parties, has not routed the one-piece frock. All such gowns, however, divide the figure in two unequal parts. Each woman must choose her own division. Belts are narrow, of colored suede and leather, decorated with gilt mosaics. They are im-bued with masculinity. There are no hanging ends, only metal buckles or buttons. Or, perhaps there is a row of buttons to hold in hip fulness. The flower worn at the neck matches the belt, and of course it is large and ragged. ANNE RITTENHOUSE. For descriptions and back views see page 108 4314

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.







# It is your last act of love

WE do not love the flower less because it wilts and dies. The passing of a dear one gives you a last opportunity to show your love, to prove that you really do care. You can do but one thing, if your sentiment is real.

And that one thing is to provide the utmost of burial protection, to make sure that the remains are undisturbed by the elements.

It is not necessary to build a great mausoleum. You do not need to show the world. You need only to prove to your heart that your love is uncompromising by providing positive and permanent protection. This can be done easily and simply by using the Clark Grave Vault.

Being made of metal, this vault is not porous. Keystone copper-steel is used for greatest rust resistance. This vault provides the required burial protection at a reasonable cost. There is no family that can not afford to use this vault.

Leading funeral directors recommend this vault, because they know it has never failed over the twentyfive years it has been manufactured. They give with each one a fifty-year guaranty.

Less than Clark Protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT COMPANY Columbus, Ohio

> Western Office and Warehouse, Kansas City, Mo.



This trade-mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.

# For Every Window Draping Need there's a

Kirsch Curtain Rod



## Setting a New Standard

Kirsch Curtain Rods are made in Extension and Cut-to-Measure styles. If you are going to plan and hang your draperies, Kirsch Exten-sion Rods will take care of every draping problem in an easy, con-venient manner—and fit all your windows, even those hard to fit. The line is complete.

Kirsch Rods offer the utmost in value and artistic beauty. Guar-anteed not to rust or tarnish. Fin-ished in exclusive "StippleTone." Tilt easily into place on patented Kirsch "Snug-fit" Brackets and stay there until removed by the same easy tilt. See booklet offer below.

#### New! Draw Curtains that Work Smoothly

If a decorator will make and hang your draperies, we have something very fine for you in Kirsch Cut-to-Measure Drapery Hardware and Draw Cord Equipment. Has such exclusive features as: smooth operation regardless of weight of draperies; invisible draw cords and pulleys; slides that work inside the rod groove and do not mar the finish; draperies easily hung or taken down without disturbing rod or equipment; exquisite finish in statuary bronze. See booklet offer below.

"There is No Substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service"

## KIRSCH MFG. CO.

254 Prospect Ave.

Sturgis, Mich.



The Kirsch Rod & "Distinctive Drap-indow Draping of the Property of the Property of the Property of the Property Vision."

The Kirsch Rod & "Distinctive Drap-ing" is a book of mod-own is a book o

Send it	KIRSCH MFG, CO, Enclosed is 15c (stamps or coin), Send the two Kirsch Books of Window Draping Suggestions.
Name	
Address	for Book



4395

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.

about 11/4 yards.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1926 made of specially woven fabric "Crepette" for only 10c and SUPPLY OF A few drops on your dust cloth cleans down to dust cloth cleans down to the original beauty and luster of the finish. It nourishes and preserves any varnished or enam-eled surface. alo Specialty Co., Buffalo, N. Y. (Check the offer you prefer) Enclosed find 10e for L-V Dust Cloth and 2 weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer. (Offer good in U.S.A. only). Send 2 weeks' dusting supply of Liquid Veneer, entirely FREE. Buffalo, N. Y. Learn Stenography at Home Earn \$25 to \$50 s week. Free S MEND BOOK KEEPS HANDS OUT OF DIRTY SOAPY WATER Wrings easily by pres Wrings easily by pressing button; turning handle. Heads removable. Out-wears three old-fashioned mops, At all good dealers and department stores, or sent postpaid from factory. Price Complete \$1.50 RENEWAL HEADS, 75c SOILEFEZ, EZY

It



No LONGER need the necessary

No LONGER need the necessary task of keeping the closet bowl clean be disagreeable. Sani-Flush does away with all scrubbing, scouring and dipping water.

'Simply sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl. Follow directions on the can. Flush. Every stain, mark and incrustation disappears. Sani-Flush leaves the bowl clean and gleaming white. It gets down into the hidden, unhealthful trap and cleans that too. Banishes all foul odors. Sani-Flush is absolutely harmless to plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush is absolutely harm-less to plumbing connections. Keep it handy in the bathroom. Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25 cents for a full-size can. 30 cents in Far West. 35 cents in Canada.

# Sani-Flush Cleans closet bowls without scouring

THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS Co.
Canton, Ohio



S. GIVENS 228 Chemical Bidg.





Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.



#### \$20 TO \$50 A WEEK SPARE OR FULL TIME



#### NO SPECIAL ABILITY OR EXPERIENCE NEEDED



This is the wonderfully interesting field of the that it is now possible for you to enter ough the national organization of Fireside lustries. You can do the work in your home, rever you live, and under the new and ex-sive system of instruction devised by Mr. briel Andre Petit after twenty years of serience, the work is made so easy that eyen filld could do it.

#### EARNINGS ASSURED



### BEAUTIFUL BOOK FREE



Fireside Adrian,	Indust Michig	rics, Dep an	ot. 18-B	
Instrated	Book of	Fireside	Industrie	the beautifues, explaining decorating up.

Address....

Take no chances with your

# glistening white teeth

ALL dentists will tell A you that white, lovely teeth are not safe unless your gums are firm and healthy.

The dentrifice that was created for the express purpose of maintaining gum health is Pyorrhocide Powder. It is the only dentrifice that has met all the requirements in clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea prevention and treatment.

Pyorrhocide is put up in powder form only and is free from glycerine. Tooth pastes contain glycerine which tends to soften the

Soft gums invite pyorrhea in-

Dentists prescribe Pyorrhocide Pow-der as the most effective medium for der as the most enective medium for safeguarding the teeth against pyorrhea's attack. Its value in correcting soft, tender, bleeding gums and sensitive teeth has been clinically demonstrated.



It keeps your teeth glis-teningwhite.Buy it at your druggist. Note the refresh-ed, cleanly feeling of your mouth for several hours after brushing. The dollar package is economical—it contains six months' supply.

X-RAYS overhatth

by pyorrhea which starts with

tender, bleeding

gums and

upply.

Free sample and booklet
in causes and prevention
if pyorrhea sent upon rejuest. The Dentinol &
Pyorrhocide Co., Inc., Sole
Distributors, Dept. H6, 1480
Broadway, New York City.

POWDER keeps the gums healthy



ACTUAL SIZE



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.

## **All Spinal Cripples** should know-



ordinary correct, and yet as firm and strong as steel, the Philo Burt Appliance is at the same time thoroughly scientific in principle and design. Takes the weight entirely off the spine.

#### Made to Your Measure and Sent on 30 Days' Free Trial

Sent on Jo Days

Write to us, or ask your Doctor to do so, and describe your case. By return mail, we will send our free, descriptive book and convincing evidence of wonderful results the Philo Burt Method has brought in thousands of cases where everything else had failed. Write today.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
ellows' Bidg. JAMESTOWN, N. Y.



Trial Bottle Free

STYLE-ARCH SHOE CO., Dept. B8, Cincinnati, O.

# WORK HATE?

GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself

DI Scholl's

Zino-pads For Free Sample write The Scholl Mfg. Co., Chicago

ten dollars for you

Write At Once To Dept. 2W

McCALL'S

Magazine

236 West 37th Street NEW YORK, N. Y.

N. N. Y.

n

acease in d gentle; . to your ritation.

nati, O. Te?

, Chicago

S

Го





# YourAge revealed in one of

These Three Places



How the

Thin Face with Flabby Muscles under Chin Dorothy Gray's Special Skin Food nourishes and rounds out thin faces

## Dorothy Gray methods overcome these telltale signs of age

BY DISCOVERIES in facial sculpturing, Dorothy Gray's studio of facial aesthetics in New York has become one of the most exclusive in the world.

For years she has had among her patrons many of the noted society and stage women of two continents.

Now these methods have been developed for home treatment so you too can counteract facial age in your own home in the same manner used at Miss Gray's Fifth Avenue

You can keep youthful face lines. To look one's age is unnecessary now. A double chin or a flabby, crêpy throat is a positive crime against self. So is a thin, sharp face. So is a wrinkled face. So are complexion

Dorothy Gray has developed treatments and preparations of long-proven value. These preparations, together with directions, can be purchased at the leading department stores and quality drug stores, or you may address her personally.

## Will you accept

Miss Gray will advise you by mail just as if you came to consult her in person.

Thousands upon thousands owe their facial youth to Dorothy Gray. Dorothy Gray is one of the world's most famous facial experts.

—her hands are insured for \$100,000. Results, if you follow her advice, are nothing short of miraculous.

Check the coupon now—you will receive personal advice—also "The Story of Dorothy Gray."

DOROTHY GRAY, 753 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 753 Fith Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please tell me how

to treat a double chin or 
crepy throat.

to round out a thin face and strengthen
muscles under chin.

to erase wrinkles and crow's-feet. City..... State.....

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.

see Page 108.

4340

# CROSS-STITCH SILHOUETTES, HOOKED RUGS AND PAINTING ON SILKS CREATE NEW POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE HAND CRAFTS

#### AS FEATURED IN McCALL NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS

200

No. 1491. This quaint silhouette recalls old colonial days. Developed in black cross-stitch with strand cotton on fine oyster-white linen, the oval silhouette framed makes a delightful picture.

By Elisabeth May Blondel



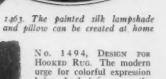
No. 1491. Designs for Silhouette Cross-Stitch. The tea-party motif framed by a border, some initials added, and the record of its date, complete this replica of the old-fashioned sampler that is to be handed on to future generations. It is the fad, and requires no intricacy of stitch. Simple cross-stitch in black cottons on oyster-white linen. A charming setting for a tea tray, 10 x 16 inches.



The method of transferring a design is very simple

No. 1463, OUTLINE MOTIFS FOR PAINTING. The oval lampshade (12 x 20 inches) is lined with radium silk cut in two sections which are first painted, then stretched tight to frame and whipped on at sides to the ribbon-wound wires. Pale tan georgette is then pinned in pleats over the colorful design, and both edges are neatly finished with gold braid. The pillow motif is about 13 inches round and is also painted on radium silk. The process of this new painting on fabrics is quite within the reach of an amateur, following the directions.









These companion ovals for sithouette cross-stitch work may grace the walls of the room that follows the mode for antique furnishings. The ovals unframed measure 3 x 4½ inches.



1491

No. 1491, Design for Silhouette Cross-Stitch. This new work provides a happy medium for the popular ship motif. The linen runner or buffet scarf has a ship at each end quaintly cross-stitched in black. Motifs measure  $656 \times 7\%$  inches, and are adaptable also to a sampler modeled after that of the tea-party shown above.

sampler modeled after that of the large sampler above.

No. 1493, Design for Oval Pillow (illustrated below). The simplicity of the darning-stitch which is used to develop the entire design belies the gorgeous effect that is achieved with colored wools on black sateen. Tones of rose, blue, lavender, yellow and green are blended into an artistic ensemble. The actual designs meameasure 17 x 23 inches.





Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.

FIOOBag Designs for

Mercerized Crochet BOILFAST Colors

> Pearl Cotton BOILFAST Colors

FOR ALL
WHO CROCHET AND
EMBROIDER

BEAUTIFUL bags for gifts, practical bags for school and shopping, smart bags for street use, dainty bags for personal service—one hundred of the prettiest, most fascinating bags you ever saw are pictured and described in Clark's O. N. T. Bag Book. Every woman who gets this book will be amazed to see how easily and quickly they can be made.

#### Use Good Materials

You'll like these bags so well, you will want them to wear a long, long time, so be sure to make them of Clark's O. N. T. Cottons—famous for their lustre, smoothness and durability, and sold in good stores everywhere.

Buy from your dealer or send 10c at once for your copy of this wonderful book—the first edition will soon be exhausted and delay may mean you must wait for another printing.

All colors in Clark's O. N. T. Embroidery Cottons are BOILFAST!

CLARK'S CONTINE COTTONS for every purpose

6 Strand Cotton BOILFAST Colors

SPOOL COTTON CO., Dept. 563, 881 Broadway, N. Y. City I enclose 10c for Clark's O. N. T. Bag Book

Name .....

Address .....

City or Town. State. State. State.

This pular a ship fotifs to a hown

1926

low).
ed to
that
rones
ended
mea-

Me



... where is there a little shoe that doesn't need Dyanshine ... every scuffed shoe needs it ... and every faded shoe ... its magic touch keeps Monday's shoes looking as new as Sunday's.

DOUBLE SERVICE SHOE POLISH



#### A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop in stantly and your hair



### THEMES OF COLORFUL INTEREST DISTINGUISH THESE EMBROIDERIES

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



1422. The details of this delightful oval design are shown at the left. The ribbon oval is worked in darning-stitch, using two shades of blue strand cottons.

No. 1422, DESIGN FOR APPLIQUE BEDSPREAD. The large oval frames a delightful subject for applique on a bedspread of unbleached muslin. Touches of black stitchery contrast with the bright checks of the maiden's gingham frock, and the flowers of her garden are em-broidered with gaily colored cot-tons in buttonhole- and lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots. The oval is 22½ x 25 inches.

1495. The refresh-ment table looks ex-tremely inviting with its white linen set its white linen set embroidered in cross-stitch of many colors: lanterns yel-low and black, sprays green and rose, buttonholed edges in two colors that harmonize.

No. 1495, MULTI-COLOR DESIGN FOR LANTERN SPRAYS. Cross-stitch is never so alluring as in the realistic interpretation of a colorful design. Lovely lanterns in yellow and black hang from green sprays with rose-colored blossoms. The designs stamp in the actual colors which makes the work very easy to follow. Strand cottons are used, only three threads at a time. Four large sprays are adaptable to the Four large sprays are adaptable to the corners of a tea cloth, and 6 small ones to the napkins; the edges of the set are buttonholed.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.



## for tickling coughs

Take a teaspoonful of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly several times a day and at bedtime. It stops irritation and soothes sensitive membranes.

"Vaseline" Jelly is tasteless and odorless. It contains nothing that can hurt or upset you. You can take it often. Get it from your druggist today.

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" It is your protection

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY New York

# Vaseline



# Saves Half Fuel Bill

and saves at least two-thirds your time in all cooking. The & A. Cooker preserves flavor

# CLOTHES JOE CHILDREN ARE RELIABLE

## Whooping Cough





THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortland St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

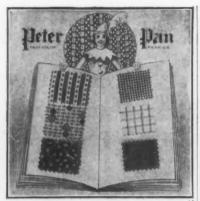
B111

EN





Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 108.



"Will you accept these samples of FAST COLOR wash fabrics, if I send them free?"

-asks PETER PAN Test them in soap and suds, on wash-hoard and wringer, convince yourself my COLORS ARE FAST.

-Guarantee -We will replace any garment made of

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color" if it fades

-Henry Glass & Co. -I am for dressy uses or for constant wear, for every week in the year, and every day in the week. You will find my name on:

PRINTS — PLAINS — VOILES
WOVEN CHECKS
WOVEN STRIPES
SHANTUNGS — SUITINGS

For your own safety and satisfaction, refuse all substitutes and insist on the fabric that has this mark on the selvage of every yard:

"Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color"

Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics th my name on the selvage. Henry Glass & Co. for the b

42 BEAUTIFUL FREE

They will have your order filled promptly by a reliable retail house, When you write for these FREE SAM-PLES be sure to give the name of your dealer and say if he sells

Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics HENRY GLASS & CO. 44 WHITE STREET, NEW YORK



BECOME A NURSE

THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING



This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions. 20 Other

Courses

Descriptions for page 98:

No. 4407, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress, Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 31/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 11/6 yards.

No. 4306, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; straight lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 54-inch bordered. Width, about 15/6 yards. No. 4314, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 54-inch bordered material. Width, about 15% yards.

No. 4313, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 43/8 yards of 40-inch; collar and cuffs, 1/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 35/8 yards.

Descriptions for page 99:

No. 4410, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 35% yards of 40-inch; contrasting, ½ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. No. 4338, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2% yards of 54-inch material; ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1% yards. No. 4317, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, blouse, 1½ yards of 54-inch; contrasting, 1¾ yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards.

No. 4316, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3¼ yards of 40-inch; vest, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2¾ yards.

Descriptions for page 100:

No. 4371, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 2½ yards of 40-inch or 1½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4209, Ladies' and Misses' Step-In Chemise. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 38 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting bands, 4½ yards of 4½-inch. yards of 41/2-inch.

Descriptions for page 101:

No. 4373, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 23/6 yards of 36-inch material.

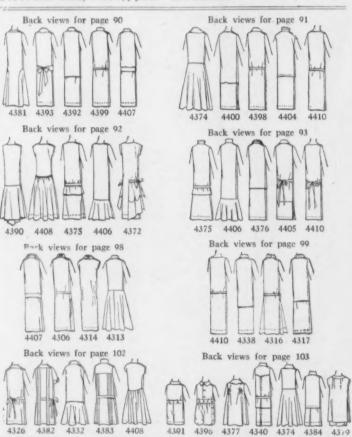
material.

No. 4380, Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear; vest and step-in drawers. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 36-inch or 2½ yards of 40-inch material; insertion, 1¾ yards; edging, 1¾ yards.

Descriptions for page 102:

No. 4332, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-No. 4332, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS; two-piece circular skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 176 yards of 54-inch material. Banding may be worked in outline- and darning-stitch from Embroidery No. 1297. No. 4383, GIRLS' SLIP-ON DRESS. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 33% yards of 40-inch material. Embroidery No. 1350 in buttonhole-stitch may be used. No. 4408, MISSES' AND JUNIORS' EVENING DRESS; closing at underarm; two-piece circular gathered skirt. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 25% yards of 40-inch material.

inch material.



#### Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated clow in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, III., 136 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

							many community
No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3272-35 3413-35 3682-35 3882-35 4179-35 4209-30 4225-45 4252-35 4282-35	428645 430645 431345 431445 431645 431745 432445 432630	432735 432845 433235 433330 433650 433750 433845 434045	434745 437130 437245 437335 437445 437550 437645 437730	437835 437930 438035 438145 438235 438335 438435 438545	438645 438745 438845 438945 439050 439130 439245 439345	439430 439535 439625 439750 439845 439945 440050 440135	440235 440445 440545 440645 440745 440845 440950 441045

#### EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

			CALLENA		D-2-62 4-02		
No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
690 <b>20</b> 1120 <b>25</b> 1287 <b>35</b>	129740 135030 137730	145935	146340	147140	149135	1493-35	149535

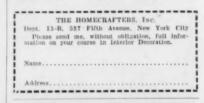
#### "Oh, for a room as charming as that!"

You've seen it often, in many places-a room with an irresistible charm. Perhaps one time it is a living-room, another it is a bedroom, hospitable, friendly, beautiful in an indefinable way.

Is that charm accidental? No. It may just have happened because the one who did it was an artist at heart. But back of it, wherever you find it, are the unchangeable principles of harmony, color, arrangement, which are the basis of all attractive interior decorating. You can have this beauty and this charm in every room in your house if you will but learn these basic principles. And these you can easily learn at your leisure in your own home, through the Homecrafters' Course in Interior Decoration.

This is an amazingly simple and interesting course through which any woman of intelligence can come to know the principles of interior decorating and how to apply them to her own home. For the individual who plans to enter the professional field, it will give a foundation for all future work. With this knowledge, out of the commonplace things that, ill-arranged, make an ordinary house, can be built the homes that all people long for-that evoke admiration on every hand.

If you have this longing, write today for our booklet fully describing this course.





kno sof the little pre the at i



#### Inside and outhis throat is protected!

NO chance of this young chap catching cold. His woolly muffler protects his throat on the outside; and on the inside Smith Brothers Cough Drops are doing their good work.

They gently medicate the throat, clear the air passages and thus act as a protection against coughs and colds.

Smith Brothers Cough Drops taste just like candy. Some folks like them better. And they have a 78-year old reputation for purity.



1926

as

ne it is pitable,

y just

of har-basis of

n have in your nciples.

leisure rafters' eresting

lligence

n home. the pro-for all

of the

ce an or all peo ry hand. for our

TYLE

EE

ted! chap

olly

the

mith

loing

roat.

t as a olds.

taste

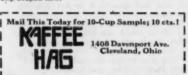
them -year

# Drink It

#### Any hour-All You Want Coffee Without Caffeine

Modern science has found a way to take the caffeine out of coffee. We simply open the pores and remove it without affecting the flavor or aroma in the least. The result is pure coffee—a most delightful blend. So good that countless coffee lovers count it their favorite brand. It is served by the finest hotels. The name is Kaffee Hag. It is for people whom caffeine harms. For people who must stint on coffee or omit it. Or who cannot drink coffee at night. All such people can drink Kaffee Hag at any hour and to their hearts' content. They need not drink a substitute.

Somebody at your table needs Kaffee Hag at some times or at all times. That person will be glad to know it. Send this coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. Learn how good a harmless coffee can be. Clip coupon now.



Address ..... 1

## How to Have Soft, **Pretty White Hands**

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally, preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.



Safe Milk and Diet For INFANTS, Children, Invalids, Nursing Mothers, etc. Avoid Imitations



Bunte Cough Drops clear the voice and rest the throat. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals -the horehound soothes.

MENTHOL-HOREHOUND Bunte COUGH DROPS
BUNTE BROTHERS, CHICAGO
Makers of World Famous Candies

#### NICE FROCKS WORN BY THE SMALL TOT ARE HAND EMBROIDERED

By Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 4282, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED SLIP-ON DRESS. Small wreaths of rambler-roses are chic in pastel shades. 2 to 8 years. Size 4 takes 134 yards 36-inch material, 214 yards edging. No. 4252, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED DRESS.

No. 4252, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED DRESS. Embroidered sprays arranged in yoke effect trim the small tot's frock. The sizes are for an infant, and from 1 to 3 years. Size 3 takes 1½ yards 36-inch material. No. 3682, L-TILE BOY'S EMBROIDERED SUIT. The conventional border in lazy-daisy-stitch and French knots is becoming to the small man. The suit will fit boys from 2 to 6 years. Size 4 takes 1½ yards 36-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard.

No. 3272, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Smart pocket and shoulder motifs are stitched in smart colors. For sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 6, 2½ yards 36-inch material, 5 skeins cotton. No. 3413, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED COAT AND CAP. The smocked front has tiny flowers worked in pastel shades. Sizes 6 months to 2 years. Size 2 takes 1½ yards 40-inch material; cap, ¾ yard. No. 3882, CHILD'S EMBROIDERED COAT AND HAT. The smart ensemble is made of broadcloth with smocked front and stitching in outline worked with silk floss. To fit 1 to 6 years. Size 6 takes 2½ yards 40-inch material, 3 skeins of silk floss.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 203.



The Famous Wing \$245

No Money Down

FREE TRIAL TILL MAY

THE OLD HOUSE OF WING & SON, founded 1868, wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home FREE till May 1, 1926. Hear its rich inspiring tone. 40 year guarantee. Sent direct to your—freeling paid by u., Our direct from-factory prices will save you \$150 to \$500; if not satisfied return at our expense. Pianos, player-pianos and grands. Easy terms arranged.

The Book of Complete FREE Information about Pianos

Sent FREE with catalog of 38 styles, factory prices, and free trial offer. Write today!

Founded 1869—57th Year

WING & SON, 1869—57th Street & 9th Avenue

WING SON, Dept. 20-82 New York

200

Peace Dale Mills, 25 Madison
Ave., N.Y., Dept.173. Sendme FREE
over 200 samples Peace Dale Yarns—15e
to 21c per cs.—for all kinds of knitted garments. Also free samples new HOOKED RUS
VARN in a wide variety of beautiful colors,
and leafes of interesting new rug designs.
Money-back carawates.

EARN NURSING AT HOME



Be self-supporting. We train Beginners — Practical Nurses — Welfare Workers and Mothers. Special Courses in Maternity Nursing—Practical Nursing and Motherhood.

Earn \$30 to \$35 a Week Write for free descriptive atalog and sample pages.

Futtion refunded if not sattsfee

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF NURSING
A-805 Park Square Building Boston, Mass



Did You Get Your Bye-Lo Baby Doll?

The demand for the genuine Bye-Lo Baby Doll during the Christmas Holidays was so unprecedented many dealers sold out long before Christmas. If you were un-able to obtain one of these woncerful dolls, you can now, as most leading toy and department stores have new stocks. Sole Licensee and Distributor of the Genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Haby

Geo. Borgfeldt & Co., 111-119 East 16th St., New York





ALLEN'S BORTON BEAD STORE, & WINTER ST.,







MAC-O-CHEE CO., Card 2332, Cincinnati. O.

HOOK	ED
New Peace YAR	N ful colors
Dale hooked rug yarn now ready.Finestqual- ity long, wearing— justtheyarn you want forthisiascinating work	Money - back guarantee, Send today for free samples, Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 173. 25 Madison Avenue,
Wide variety of beauti-	New York.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE FUR COATS

[Continued from page 11]

bothered Sheila more than if she had. So, at five-thirty that afternoon, Sheila sat in the furrier's establishment which she had passed in August. "Muskrat—or perhaps raccoon?" asked

showed them to her.

Then Agnes came back. She came back in early September the day after Jack had taken Sheila out to dinner, and from the minute she appeared in the office the simplicity went out of everything. When Jack Holmes came in with some papers for Mr. Rice to sign, Sheila took them in to the private office where Mr. Rice was in conference. When she came out Agnes was talking to Jack in that gay, semi-intimate manner which she had for all men. Jack thanked Sheila as he took the signed papers but the last fling of his jocular conversation was for Agnes.

before. Jack Holmes

for there some-how seemed more funny

things to laugh over than there ever had been

Agnes looked after him. "That's my idea of a man!" she said.
"You know you get awfully sick of these
birds around hotels who like to dance with you and take you for a ride and then forget to have you meet their mothers, because you don't know the Joneses! I'll bet that Jack Holmes—"

"I have to get these letters out," said Sheila coldly. But she wasn't cold undergeth the tone She was hot and but an

neath the tone. She was hot and hurt and neath the tone. She was hot and hurt and angry and she told herself that she was not to be absurd, and kept on being absurd, most of the night and even into the next day. It was hard to tell whether it was relief or more misery which she felt when relief or more misery which she felt when she found that young Holmes had been sent West to find a man mixed up in the bankruptcy case who might save the firm a few thousand dollars if his testimony could be brought before the court referee. Holmes might be gone for some time.

The heat passed and the first cold nights came and then the first cold days.

"I hope the winter is early and long," said Agnes to everyone, "because I've somehow got to get my money out of that fur coat. It's all I have in the world." That was rubbish and Sheila knew it, because Agnes was already shopping for clothes to wear with the coat, paying a little here and a little there and somehow keeping her credit strained but not broken

keeping her credit strained but not broken and her spirits always high. On the first day that the weather justified it, a nip-ping early November day, Agnes wore the coat to the office and stood in the door-

way until Sheila looked up.
"Oh," said Sheila, "it is beautiful!"
One couldn't tell Agnes from the wife

of a financier in that coat.
"Not so bad," agreed Agnes. "I'll be paying for it the rest of my life, of course. But what's the difference? By the way, why doesn't young Holmes come to sus any more?"

"He's West," said Sheila briefly.

"He's West," said Sheila briefly.
"Coming back?"
"How should I know?" asked Sheila.
She did know, and she justified her evasion to Agnes on the ground of her knowledge being office knowledge and therefore confidential. She knew from the letters which passed through her hands that Holmes had found his man, and had a star witness in the bankruptcy hearing, and that all the lawvers involved were a star witness in the bankruptcy nearing, and that all the lawyers involved were pleased because the technical point involved was a very clever one. He came back very successful, with a new suit which made him look even more

so, and a rough gray overcoat.
"Hello," he said to Sheila, "how are you, anyway?"
He said it as if he wanted to know, and Sheila was so glad to see him that it shone in her face as she told him that she was perfectly fine. For a second their eyes held each others, and in his a queer look came suddenly as if he were finding something, seeing something, when Sheila heard Agrees helpind her. heard Agnes behind her

"I'm going out for half an hour. Will you watch my office?" asked Agnes.
They both looked up and there was

s, with her princess air and her royal Jack Holmes looked a little stunned, for he had quite forgotten her and she was well worth looking at. She smiled at him and one sentence led to another, and in the end, Jack left with Sheila a message for the absent Mr. Rice and went downstairs with Agnes. Sheila's face was rather dreadful as she watched them go.

rather dreadful as she watched them go. She couldn't work. Her mind would not stay on even the mechanics of it. The afternoon dragged along, Agnes came back and for once she did not talk, did not tell Sheila where she had been. That

the salesman.

the salesman.

"No. Something better. There was a squirrel coat in your window in August."

The salesman smiled deprecatingly.

"Yes—I remember the one. It is a lovely garment. A valuable coat."

"I'll try it on," said Sheila.

He got it out almost reluctantly, obviously feeling he was wasting time.

"How much is it?" asked Sheila.

"It's regularly, a thousand but we're

"It's regularly a thousand but we're selling it for eight hundred."
"Would I have to pay for it all at once

if I took it?"
"Have you an account here?"

"Well, of course we can see. It would mean that we would have to have a

substantial payment down—"
"Five hundred," she said, crisply, "and I can give references."
"I think that would be satisfactory. I'll

go back to the office and see—"
"If it is all right," said Sheila, giving her name, and the address of her employer, "I'll bring the money in tomorrow and get my coat."

All the way down the street she kept

All the way down the street she kept saying to herself, "I don't care if it is all I've got. I'll show him that I'm good looking, too—that it's the clothes, the coats, that do it."

THE first day that she wore it, Sheila Twas almost afraid to go into the office. The new coat had meant a new hat, and the two together had so far transformed her that Agnes looked at her, looked again, and when she saw who it was sat down speechless.

"Well," said Sheila, "you see I took your advice."

"My advice!" gasped Agnes, "is that my advice you're wearing? When you get a coat you certainly get one."

"Like it?" asked Sheila, cooly.

"It's marvelous," said Agnes. "Wait till Jack Holmes sees you in that!"

"What of it?"

But she knew that Agnes guessed. HE first day that she wore it, Sheila

But she knew that Agnes guessed.

When Jack Holmes came in, which was more seldom, he seemed to divide his attentions between the two girls and sometimes Sheila wondered if Agnes saw him outside. But she had no way of knowing, because she would not ask Agnes.

because she would not ask Agnes.

It was near Christmas, a snowy, blustery day when the bankruptcy case finally came to a conclusion. Mr. Rice and Holmes went in together to the inner office from the last hearing and congratulated each other. Then as she heard Holmes coming out, Sheila looked up desperately. She realized suddenly that it night be years hefore he would be sharmight be years before he would be shar-ing a case with her employer again, that it might be years before she saw him. And something of that must have been in And something of that must have been in her troubled eyes as he stopped and said. "Well, I'll have no excuse to come in now, will I? You know I'm going to miss seeing you. How about a little dinner to celebrate tonight, since we won our case?"

If I came around about six o'clock, would you care?"

So that was how he saw the fur coat.

And seeing it, he whistled.
"You're wonderful," he told her. "You look like a million dollars!"

"That's an advantage, isn't it?" she asked with a touch of coquetry, "when you're going out to dinner?"

They went to a hotel and had a splendid dinner which she was sure cost more than he should afford. But she was determined not to a Think the was determined in the way that the way that the way the way the was determined in the way that the way the determined not to care. This time they left the office coldly out of the conversation. After they had finished their coffee they went to a movie and this time they did not sit as respectfully distant from each other as they had before. Once Jack lifted Sheila's hand from where it lay, close to him upon the silvery fur of her thrown back coat. He held it for a moment and she could feel herself tremble. Then, without knowing why, she found she had drawn it away and he made no effort to regain it, pulling himself up in his seat rather stiffly. But when they came out of the motion picture house, he was still unwillhad come to an

"Suppose we go somewhere for a dance and something to eat," he suggested. He took her to a hotel cabaret where she had never been before. Sheila was ex-cited. She powdered her face and checked her coat and thanked her fortune that the

ner coat and thanked her fortune that the hat she was wearing matched her dress. She heard a familiar voice. "Look who's here!" said Agnes. "Who's your boy friend?" "Jack Holmes."

"Stepping out, aren't you, Sheila?"
"Who's with you, Agnes?"
"Oh, I'm having a dance or two with the boss,"

the boss," said Agnes.

This part of the evening wasn't much fun. Perhaps it was the consciousness of Agnes, who was so much a part of her everyday reality that Sheila was jogged out of her adopted role. Perhaps it was the floor, stickily thick with dancers pressing against each other. Sheila didn't like it. She didn't fit and she knew that she didn't fit. She had somehow lost

"You dropped your check, lady," said someone, handing her her coat check and Sheila took it and turned to thank the girl who had handed it to her but she was gone

The waiter placed a check beside Jack, The Watter placed a check beside Jack, and Sheila could not help but see at a glance the horrifying total. He looked at the check and turned it over, ignoring it. "Will you excuse me just a minute?" asked Jack, "I'll be right back."

"Of course

Her eyes followed him though they pre-tended not to. He was making his way across the room toward the table where Agnes and Mr. Grantland sat. He told them something and they all laughed

uproariously.

Suddenly Sheila knew that she could stand this no longer. She couldn't bear the sight of that gay trio across the room, or the mystery of their laughter. It was madness to care so much, to feel so hopeless, or perilously near tears. so perilously near tears.

so perilously near tears.

She turned to the waiter.

"Will you tell the gentleman when he comes back that I'm feeling a little ill and went home?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," he said, his eye on the gentleman in the distance, lest he should slip away from that uncared for check.

slip away Sheila

slip away from that uncared-for check. Sheila found her way to the ladies' cloak-room again and handed the sleek-

cloak-room again and handed the sleek-haired young man her check. He came back with a wrap over his arm.

"That's not the one," said Sheila.

"Isn't it?" He compared the stub she gave him with the number on the dilapidated moleskin cape. "Look here, lady—this is the check you just gave me. This is the coat."

"The check isn't mine then," she be-gan, and then she had a sudden horrible

gan, and then she had a sudden horrible

gan, and then she had a sudden horrible memory of someone's saying—"Here's your check, lady. You dropped it."

That was when it happened. She'd dropped her own, or more likely had it picked out of the pocket of the flannel dress she was wearing.

"Oh, I'm sure my coat's there!" she heard herself saying desperately.

The manager came suavely from some office back of the cloak-room.

"You say there's some mistake about your coat, miss?" he asked.

"This isn't mine. I'm sure mine must be in there. The check must have been wrong. If you'll let me in to that cloak-room."

Well, of course, I can take you in there. But we can't touch a coat without the proper claim check."

He swung the little half door and took

her in to where the rows and rows of coats hung. Sheila's eyes ran greedily over

them.
"It isn't here," she said flatly, scanning
the swept corners. "It isn't here."
"Did you put your coat check down
anywhere?" asked the manager.
Then she told him about the incident
of the woman who had handed it back to

of the woman who had handed it back to her and his face grew sharper than ever.

"That makes it much clearer. You realize, miss, that we can't take the responsibility for your garment if you don't take care of your check. Just step in my office for a minute," he concluded, anxious to protect the reputation of the hotel from thievery.

an ce re

o's

th ch

er ed as

ers

ost

uid

·k.

re

ere old ed

ıld

he ill th

uld ck. ek-

the

ere, me.

ble

e'd

nel

she me

out

ak-

the

ook of

ing

wn

to

Sheila tried to smile at Agnes, who was Sheila tried to smile at Agnes, who was standing there, luxurious in depths of seal.

"No," she said, trying to keep her voice from sudden high notes, "not so very sick. Just a little. I thought I'd just get a taxi and skip home. I'm tired."

"Get your coat first, child."

"Oh, my coat," said Sheila, moistening her lips. "Yes. You see, somebody stole my coat. I dropped my check."

"Your new coat! My heavens!" said Agnes, simply.

Agnes, simply.

Sheila nodded, and told the story.

Sheila nodded, and told the story.

Sheila nodded, and told the story.

"Help me to get out of here, Agnes," she begged, "I don't want to see Jack Holmes again. Tell him I'm sick—tell him anything. But don't drag him into this mess. I'll lose the coat if I've got to, but I won't have a row. Keep him out of it!"

Agnes somehow slipped her friend through the crowd and put her in a taxi. Then just as it started she leaned forward and put her own coat around Sheila, rather tenderly.

"I don't need it," she said, "Mr. Grantland's got a limousine where hot house

"I don't need it," she said, "Mr. Grant-land's got a limousine where hot house roses blow. And don't you worry."
"You won't tell Jack?" Sheila insisted, trying in vain not to take the coat. "And, Agnes, I don't blame him for liking you. "Don't you worry," said Agnes, "leave

"Don't you worry," said Agnes, "leave it to me. Call the police station when you

She followed him blindly through the THE BATTLE OFTHE FUR COATS want to get it paid for and forget it. I want to get it paid for and the chart it. I got it skep, but coffee and descense and she only to get in touch with the police myself. I want to get it. I want to get i

arm set out for the office. Strangely enough there was a kind of comfort in the old coat. It seemed to restore her confidence.

Her own office was empty, but she could hear Agnes in the next room talking to Mr. Grantland. Sheila went to the connecting door of the offices and laid the seal coat on a chair and Agnes, prettily poised in Mr. Grantland's doorway, turned around. turned around.

turned around.

"Thanks ever so much," said Sheila,
"for the coat and everything, Agnes."

Mr. Grantland toomed up behind Agnes,
looking at Sheila with half-amused scru-

"Good morning," he said, "that was a raw deal you were up against last night."
"All my fault," said Sheila.
"You should have heard Mr. Grantland "You should have heard Mr. Grantland talk to that manager last night," said Agnes with amusement. "You'd have thought the Empress had lost her string of matched pearls. And then Mr. Holmes hot-footed it off to the police-station."
"But you told everybody!" exclaimed Sheila forgetting the restraint of Mr. Grantland's presence. He went smilingly back to his desk and Agnes closed his door. "Naturally I told him," she said, coming to the point at last. "Didn't he bring you there? Wasn't it his responsibility?"
"Of course it wasn't! He'll hate me."
"Oh no," said Agnes, wisely, "he won't. And I don't mean maybe. You'll more likely get your coat back."
"I don't care whether I do or not, very

The door opened and an excited young man carrying a bundle of gray fur came through the doorway.

"Why you got it!" cried Agnes ex-

"You bet!" said Jack. "There were only half a dozen likely places to search and we did it, me and a couple of policemen. They found a lot of other stuff too that they've been looking for—" He stopped and looked at Shails and the excitement want out. ing for—" He stopped and looked at Sheila and the excitement went out of his eyes, driven out by something clear and tender and absorbed. He forgot Agnes, who went into the hall, closing

Agnes, who went into the hall, closing the door abruptly.

"Poor Sheila," said Jack, "I was so stupid last night. I was all mixed up, because I didn't know what was the matter with me. I couldn't bear to let you go for fear I wouldn't see you again and I didn't know what to say or do. Maybe it was your coat that frightened me. I knew I never could live up to it. I thought of all the things I'd like to give you, and a young lawyer hasn't much to offer but hope and love, Sheita—"

"But there's nothing else in the world I want," said Sheila, softly.

Neither of them knew that the fur coat had fallen from his arms to the floor and they were standing heedlessly on a thousand dollars worth of squirrel as he kissed her.



#### The Princess Grand

The piano of the day is the small Grand. Shown above is our most popular model—the Princess Grand. In thousands of homes from Maine to California, its dainty Colonial lines, exquisite finish, delightful tone and touch are endearing it to discriminating

# Ivers & Pond **PIANOS**

are built today as in 1880, in all types but in only one quality—the highest, by the same interests, with the same artistic ideals. 500 leading Educational Institutions and nearly 75,000 homes now use them.

#### How to Buy

Where no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange, Attractive easy payment plans

Fill out and send this coup

IVERS & POND PIANO CO. 149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. Please mail me your new coalogue and valuable information to buyers.

### MOTHER AND CHILD DOING WELL

[Continued from page 17]

as maternal, bending over her baby's crib, as were her grandmothers who prided themselves that no woman in their family need ever work.

need ever work.

That's the way I decided my life was to be, and, although I'm no Jane Walton, that is what I am trying to make it.

At ten each morning I bid good-bye to Miss Joan Baragwanath, who at her present age of five months bears up under the presention with an undertain calm. ent age of new months bears up under the separation with an unflattering calm. I go to my studio; she goes to her park. I work and she sleeps, which she considers an entirely fair division. I telephone her nurse at noon every day and get the bulletins. She is invariably reported as doing splendidly. Maybe some day when she can talk she will ask for me. On that day I will be insufferable.

I am afraid to let myself go on talking about her because you know how we

[Continued from page 17]
mothers are. But, just think, last Thursday she distinctly noticed a passing dog. You couldn't mistake it. And she not six months old yet . . . . . . I beg your pardon—I got carried away.

But then, you see, this is my work. It is not as attractive as Miss Baragwanath, but it is older. And you do get attached to anything you have lived with for a long time. I won't say that my work is always what you Americans call a bed of roses. There are days when I want to break up all the pastels and set fire to the easel, and cut the model's throat. But there is always something about it that keeps me interested. And I think my biggest hope for Miss Baragwanath when she grows up is that she will have a work of her own and like it very much, too.

There's Laurette Taylor, for instance. She has a débutante daughter and a more

than débutante son, yet her stage work, her home life, and her charm have not been impaired by these additions. Then look at Alice Duer Miller. Her son is now safely graduated from Harvard and em-barked on his own career. And Mrs. Miller, her son, and their respective jobs are even at this minute all getting along

are even at this minute all getting along splendidly.

There is Ethel Barrymore with her three attractive children. Mrs. Charles Sabin, so valiant in politics, combines with her political work the role of a highly successful mother. And besides, there are the thousands and thousands whose names never get into the headlines who are, with all the calm of proven success, soing all the calm of proven success. all the calm of proven success, going ahead with their dual jobs of mother and wage-earner.

And I am awfully proud to be on their side!





#### Center Piece FREE With Each Scarf

—just so you can see our re-markable values. Full 18 in: across—matches scarf. Nun's Boilpreef Cotten for working both pieces, 46e extra. Combination offer—seef, center piece, and cotton all for \$4.001 in We pay postage. Your said:fac-years' reputation as America ouses and monty-back guarantee.

REE Art Needlework Book



Send for your free copy now schether or not you desire sear! FREDERICK HERRSCHNER, Inc. Est. 1809 6614 So. Ashland Avenue, Chlonge

NUMBER "80"

[Continued from page 16]

my viewpoint any; of course, it would make it even harder to consider returning now if it meant seeing less of her. Although we thought we had been most

secretive (purposely) as to the hour I was to leave the hospital, when we emerged from the doorway I heard the click of cameras and a reporter dashed up to ask me whether or not I wanted my baby to follow in my footsteps and go on the stage. I have been upbraided in the papers I see—by other stage mothers—for my answer. I was very weak and tired and really wished to dodge the interview anyway, so I said, "Oh! I don't know, I hope that won't be necessary." It is such an overcrowded profession; there is such a continuous struggle going on to get ahead of someone else, that unless one is gifted with that elusive power "magnetism" or "personality" or whatever you want to call it—even talent will not carry you to the top. It is just possible that my little girl will not prove to possess this "exceptional ability" and besides I would hate to see her take a chance on missing this "glorious adventure" that I have just experienced, by staying on the stage too long.

been a great sacrifice for me. The days since I danced my last dance in November, 1923, have by no means been dreary and if I had a restless urging to go somewhere, it was not back on the stage.

I am one of the rare exceptions who never felt that the applause and fame and temporary success of the stage (for I never doubted but that it was temporary—the public is such a fickle lover)—reimbursed one for the nervous worry and hard work.

There are so many new dancers coming into the field continually—young and beautiful girls that made me feel old in comparison; so when it came to choosing

comparison; so when it came to choosing between a home and the stage, I grabbed at the home. The baby hasn't altered





Many annuals join the perennials in this Long Island garden

#### ADVENTURING with ANNUALS

BY DOROTHY GILES

LOSE to the zealous gardener

heart of every zealous gardener lies the desire to achieve the perfect perennial border. But most perennial borders cannot do without the support of a few faithful annuals to fill the bare spots between the iria, peonies, phlox and columbines which must not be set too close lest they starve each other, and to give color during the gaps which occur in even the best regulated seasons.

In my own garden, a brick path which leads downward from a flight of stone steps set in the grass bank, divides to encompass a small, circular grass plot on which is a low bird bath. Two semicircular flower-beds follow the outlines of the curve, and these, in May, are ablaze with the single early tulip, Gen de Wet, springing like vivid, pointed flames from a smoky mist of forget-me-nots.

When the delicate loveliness of the forget-me-nots is at an end, they are dug up ruthlessly and their places filled with young seedlings of verbenas—pink, violet and blue—which quickly cover the beds, hiding the browning tulip stalks with a wealth of fragrant blossoms.

But the annuals are not to be regarded as stop gaps only; they are indispensable for cutting. I would not like to have to do without the scent ed white trumpets of

without the scented white trumpets of nicotiana affinis, the centaureas, sweet sul-

centaureas, sweet sul-tans, clarkia, salpiglosis, snapdragons, mignonette and vivid phlox Drummondi which not only bridge the gaps between the blooming seasons of the great peren-nials but give a wealth of flowers for bouquets, and a prodigality of color and scent to delight the eyes and noses of all visitors to the garden.

The wide range of color, too, among annuals makes possible many delightful

annuals makes possible many delightful

and original garden-schemes. "You pays your money and you takes your choice," whether it be salmon-pink clarkin and balsams used in delicious

pink ctarkin and baisams used in deficious conjunction with lavender annual lark-spurs and a drift of ageratum *fraseri*; or a tawny-hued tangle of calliopsis, gail-lardia, calendulas, California poppies and Tom Thumb nasturtiums.

Tom Thumb nasturtiums.

One long border I saw last summer was devoted entirely to annuals. The color-scheme of this garden demanded a great deal of blue, so in this particular border—which had as a background a rustic pergola covered with clusters of brilliant American Pillar roses, were planted centaurea, sweet sultans, larkspur—lavender, azure and deep blue; purple verbenas, anchusa, the Cape forget-me-nots, and the three blue salvias—s. patens, s. farinacea and s. horminum—with a foam of sweet alyssum along the edge, and many plants of the white-flowered nicotiana affinis to provide sharp contrast with the blues and violets. The effect was altogether lovely and degether lovely and de-

gether lovely and de-liciously cool lookinga quality greatly to be desired during the blazing hot days of July and August.

For fragrance in the midsummer-garden one must look to the tender bedding out plants; heliotrope, rose gera-nium and lemon ver-

nium and lemon verbena; and to the annuals, nicotiana, mignonette, and sweetest of all, the tiny, shy matthiola bicornis, a night-flowering stock which is so inconspicuous by day as to be quite lost, yet which, when night falls, permeates the whole garden world with its fragrance.

Annuals for color, cutting, fragrance and—fun! Trying new varieties is real adventure, so include in your plans for this year at least one or two experiments—varieties which you have never grown before.

which you have never grown before.

WHICH annuals to choose for the small garden? For cutting, color effect, fragrance, continuance of bloom? Which for shady corners? Which will resist the hardest drought? Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for our McCall Garden Club List of Annuals. Address: The Garden Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



#### SIX WONDERFUL "MONTHLY" ROSES

Selected for your garden

from the largest and finest planting of hardy outdoor Roses in America. Souv. de Claudius Pernet. Sensational recent introduction; strongest and most reliable, pure, deep yellow Rose. Beautiful, large flowers on long stems. (\$1.50 if purchased separately). George Arends. A new Hybrid Perpetual; magnificent flowers of satiny rose. (85c each). Laurent Carle. Brilliant, velvety carmine. Large flowers, perfect form, intense fragrance. (\$1.00 cach).

each),
Mrs. W. Christie Miller. Immense, peony-like
flowers, salmon-pink inside, shaded with vermilion outside. A continuous bloomer (\$1.00

each).

Frau Karl Druschki. The regal "White American Beauty." Large, beautifully formed, pure white. (85c each).

Los Angeles. Considered one of the finest new Roses in cultivation. Vigorous, constant bloomer. Luminous flame-pink, shaded coral and gold. (\$1.00 each).

#### SPECIAL OFFER

one strong 2-year field-grown plant 500 feach—the 6 for Shipment at planting time.

America's foremost catalog of trees, shrubs, evergreens, plants and seeds. Beautifully illustrated. Write today for your copy.

THE STORRS & HARRISON COMPANY Avergramen and Stedsmen 72 Years

Box M2

Painesville, Oblo



# CKS GARDEN & FLORAL POR 1926 PRICE PRICE

rs a recognized authority on vegeand farm seeds. Lists the best of
any new varieties and tells how to
use a peat-eard for your copy usely;
"it farts catalog seed house
VICK'S SONS Rochester, N. Y.
Stone Street The Flower City

of New Castle

5

H.

HELLER BROTHERS CO.
OX 213 Newcastle, Ind.



Also a Coupen worth 25c on Seed Purchases of \$1 ormore Send for your Free Copy Today Free Flower Seeds with orders of 50c and over ROBERT BUIST COMPANY

Seedsmen for 98 years
Department M Philadelphia, Pa

Y 1926

JL SES

of hardy

ecent in-le, pure, owers on ely). al; mag-ch). e. Large e. (\$1.00

eony-like vith ver-r (\$1.00 ed, pure nest nev

constant ed coral

500 Post-paid of trees, nd seeds. ite today

MPANY

ES

PREE. e Roses"
a catalog
he Oldest
America.

America. iture for plants, Limited.

rove, Pa.

ORAL REE

r, N. Y. City

book or

of roses ints, ferm



ready for you

THE new 1826 catalog of Indiana Dahilas Illustrating wonderful specimens of this gorgeous fail blooming plant. Plan your dahila garden now with the sido four catalog, listing practically all varieties. Write for your copy today. Most varieties, largest stocks, selected tubers.

Indiana Dahlia Farm Box 46 New Albany, Ind.









#### DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 14]

long has he been unconscious?" she asked. Her manner was different now. She was a

impersonal and aloof.

"About two hours or more that I know of. He was unconscious when I found

him."

"You go back to the canyon and get some cold fresh water," Magdaline dictated. "You need the exercise. I will work over High-Lo for a while. As soon as you come back I will ride to the post. I think you ought to wait here. I would not move High-Lo now. You may be making him worse."

An assuring smile from Magdaline

not move High-Lo now. You may be making him worse."

An assuring smile from Magdaline gladdened his return. "He moved and he spoke," she said. "But he has not his senses yet. He acts like a tired little boy."

There was something ineffably sweet about the Indian girl in that moment of reflection. She was a mother with a child, a Mary of another race, moved by instincts common to all womankind. She had opened High-Lo's blouse and exposed his breast, and now her hand moved slowly up and down along his side. "I'm afraid he is hurt here worse than his head," she said. "Here is where his hand went to when he groaned."

Jehn stooped over High-Lo and forced the canteen against his lips. He writhed and his face screwed up in pain as simultaneously his arm came down in weak protest against her hand. Then he sank back with a groan and his eyelids fluttered in successive attempts to lift. Finally they held in a wide stare.

mutaneousy nis arm came down in weak protest against her hand. Then he sank back with a groan and his eyelids fluttered in successive attempts to lift. Finally they held in a wide stare.

"Where am I?" High-Lo's question was accompanied by a sigh. He breathed in irregular jerks and each breath seemed a pain. "Where are those sons-of-guns?... Quit pressin' my side, you idiot!" Not once while he spoke did his eyes leave John's face, but there was no recognition in the stony stare.

"Come on, Buddy," said John gently. "Try to think! This is your pal, John Curry. You ran away yesterday. I trailed you. I found you in a cave."

Magdaline was a silent pitying witness, but now she spoke. "He's coming out of it. Make him drink."

"Take a swallow, old man," urged John, offering the canteen.

High-Lo gave a wry smile. "Don't mind if I do."

He wanted the water, but it seemed to hurt him to swallow, and after a few gulps he pushed it away. "Someone said something about the cave," he pursued as if revived by the little water he had taken, and plainly endeavoring to collect his wits. "Sure, I was in the cave. How did I get here?"

"I brought you," said John. "But don't try to think about it now. Magdaline's going to the post for a car. We'll get you home as fast as we can."

"Magdaline... Home," repeated High-Lo. "Yes, and make it quick, cowboy. I think some ribs are broken."

"I was thinking that," said Magdaline. "You come here and take my place and get his shirt off."

"We've got to bind him with something," John insisted.

"Yes I know?" Magdaline returned.

get his shirt off."

"We've got to bind him with something," John insisted.

"Yes, I know," Magdaline returned.

"You do what I say."

She left them and disappeared for a few minutes. When she came back she waved a white petticoat. "This will make good bandage."

In no time she prepared strips and presented them to John. "Not too tight.... There! I'm going now. I'll send Hicks back too. Mrs. Weston says he can set broken bones."

She walked to her horse, mounted and rode away. John turned to High-Lo again and found the boy studying him intently. "Good old John, so it is you," High-Lo said in glad recognition. "Things are coming back now. I'll be able to tell you all about it soon."

"Let me finish this job first," John suggested. "And be sure you're up to it. It can wait, you know."

John had to knot the strips of cloth together to make his bandage effective, and he took infinite care that the knots came where they were least annoying. Next he unsaddled his horse to use the saddle and blanket as a prop for High-

addle and blanket as a prop for High-Lo's head.
"Wonder where my horse is." High-Lo

said.

"We won't worry about your horse,"
John returned. "He'll find his way home
unless someone rustles him."
He settled down beside High-Lo and
lit a cigarette. "Cricket may be a pore
horse when he does get home," High-Lo
reflected. "Let me tell you about it now."
John hesitated to encourage High-Lo,
but the boy's impatience was proof of
normal activity of mind, so he capitulated
with a warning against over-exertion.

with a warning against over-exertion.

"Might as well begin from the beginnin', Buddy," High-Lo declared. "It goes
back a few days. Remember we had words
about that Blakely girl an' me drinkin'?
Well, the morain' of the first day I went
ridin' with Miss Blakely I comes sudden
on to her an' Hanley, and before they see
me I hear Hanley say, 'You needn't be
worryin' none. Newton's got a good excuse for comin' on the reservation. You
an' your sister skip. The rest's easy.'

"That sounded to me like business and
the kind of business I've been suspectin'. I didn't let on I seen them until after I
heard. I let 'em think they saw me first.
Right then I got awful anxious to go
ridin' with that girl, an' I got what I
wanted. I told you what happened—
about her offerin' me a drink. I took the
drink cause I wanted her ter think I was
as cheap as herself—that I'd think her
pert an' smart, an' considerin' of me. I
was aimin' for her to get confidential.
It got as far as this—that she could get
me some of the stuff awful easy an' she
cor'd get it to me soon. The next
day, after you and me locked horns,
I took her ridin' again. I was after more
information, but all I got was booze an'
a glad eye. But I was layin' for Newton to
come pretty soon, an' he did. I had an
idea of follerin' up what was goin' on, an'
you had bust it by comin' along that
mornin' sayin' I had to go on the trail.
That's where the row come in. I was
goin' to tell you everythin' but you made
me bull-headed.

"Well, after Newton come—the girls
keepin' away from him like they didn't
want to know him better—I knew I had
to trail him an' Hanley, an' where I'd
find the one bad egg, the other'd be in
the same nest. I knew sure as mules
kickin' when Newton headed out for
Sage Brush Springs he'd no intention of
goin' there. I could see him trailin' back
apound that other meny and goin' round
about to Cedar Pass. I lay to make a
getaway early, but them fool Blakely
girls put off goin' until late an' I couldn't
risk them passin' me on the trail. It just
come dark



TO ANYONE at all interested in growing vegetables or flowers, Burpee's Annual is a fascinating book; much more than merely a catalog of seeds and bulbs.

It tells you when and how to plant the appetizing vegetables and exquisite flowers you look forward to having in your own garden; and gives you a wealth of assistance in choosing the most pleasing high grade varieties.

There is a solid half century of experience and continuous development back of Burpee's Seeds the Best Seeds that Grow. And the prices are extremely moderate.

You can get a Free Sample of them—your own choice of any regular 10c packet of either vegetable or flower seeds-by mailing promptly the coupon request below for a copy of

· Burpee's Annual

TEAR HERE

W. ATLEE	BURPEE CO.
SEED GROWERS	PHILADELPHIA

Send me a copy of Burpee's Annual, with order sheet good for a free 10c

packet of Burpee	s Seeds.	10-1
Name		
R.D. or St		
P. O		
State		

Me

### EVERY person who grows flowers or vegetables should get at once a copy of this remarkable catalog before ordering seeds, roots and bulbs. You take no chances when buying from Maule, because our policy for 49 years of business has been and still is policy for 49 years of business has been and still "YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED." Over half a million satisfied customers use Maule's seeds year after year because they have found that Maule's seeds are better. WM. HENRY MAULE, Inc. GROWN-ALWAYS GROWN

Livingston's Annual Phlox For Brilliant Display

For masses of bright colors, edgings and borders, Livingston's Annual Phlox is unextype sown in open ground any of frost is past. Plants grow oom profusely until late frosts. ge, showy clusters of brilliant blooms. Colors rose, scarlet, crimson, white and yellow. Fer ed pkt, 10c—Prize mixture pkt, 15c, Write for our 1926 Seed Annual. THE LIVINGSTON SEED CO I Chestnut Street,

# Gladiolus Blooms from June Until October

25 Bulbs for 25 Cents

Garden Cultivation Book Free! xplains the cultivation of our big line of thern-grown, field, flower and garden is. Our peak, beans and potatoes insure big psy-making cross. Used overywher by gro-loud growers. Write for our book today. LOU S. DARLING SEED CO. O. E. Mitchell St. Petoskey, Mich.



\$1.00 Prepaid 20 Varieties Ever Bloom Roses. A cho FREE CATALOG

Wagner Park Nurseries Box 20, Sidney, Ohio



"ARMCHAIR gardening" is a fascinating occupation for a wirevening. With a copy of Dreer ter evening. With a copy of Dreer's 1926 Garden Book you can plan next summer's garden from its wealth of suggestions in Flower and Vegetable Seeds, Lawn Grass, Roses, Dahlias, Hardy Perennials, etc.

A copy mailed free nention McCall's Maga

HENRY A. DREER

1306 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa.



#### EDS Wonderful Trial Offe

DEPOSIT SEED CO., Deposit, N. Y. 25 Summer Blooming Oxalis Bulbs for 10s, 16 Orchid Flowering Gladiolus Bulbs 25o 15 Grand Double Dahlia Bulbs \$1.00



SEEDS Bargains in Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bulbs, Lilies, Roses, Plants, etc. Illustrated catalog and packet of a "Novelly" flower seed FREE. S. W. PIKE, Seedsman, Dept. B, St. Charles, Illinois





#### DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 113]

pretty as a picture and as good as she's

pretty as a picture and as good as she's pretty!"

A pang tore through John's breast. "Yes, I know. I've met her.... Go on with your story High-Lo, and make it short. You're tiring yourself terribly."

"Sure that they were stayin' the night," High-Lo went on, "I made camp a mile back where I left Cricket. I ate a bar of stale chocolate and some crackers. It was the only grub I brought with me. Next mornin' I was up before it was really light, and sittin' in a cedar I watched fer smoke from Hanley's camp. It come late. They were takin' their time. After a while they went on. I had to keep to the hills because they'd see me in that open country. I kept a good mile an' a half between us, an' that made me about below the cave when they reached that narrow pass into the next valley. They were lopin' their horses then, an' I figured to do the same an' make even better time to do the same an' make even better time for fear they'd cut over the rocks and disappear. I took straight down to the trail

and set Cricket flyin'.

"Then pretty soon I got mine. It was in that very narrow place where you pass between two cedars. Just as I made it Cricket done the funniest flop I ever seen, an' throwed me like a bullet so I wedged in a place between two rocks. I sort of remember Cricket comin' to her feet an' tearin' away like she was loco. Then I must of fainted a bit. I come to pretty dizzy an' with an awful pain in my head an' side. I whistled for Cricket, but heaven knows where he went. Then I walked over to the cedars, an' I'm tellin' you, I cussed! Hanley and Newton fouled me. They must of got wind that some one was follerin', so they stretched a wire across the trail from tree to tree about three feet from the ground. It was so gray there in the shade that it didn't show. Golly, when I think of what that wire must of done to Cricket's legs! And it like to killed me. Now just suppose I'd been an innocent son-of-a-gun Indian? I'd been an innocent son-of-a-gun Indian? I thought of that when I took the blame wire down. I cached it near the tree. Maybe I'll find use for it, some day. "I knew I was pretty bad hurt. It come to me that someone would be

cachin' grain today, an' then too, I got a notion you might come with it a-pur-pose, so I dragged myself to that cave."

As High-Lo talked, John had been connecting the liquor episode at Oraibi with Hanley and Newton's present machinations. "So that's their game," he said to High-Lo. "And they might have killed you and the next fellow who came that with their barb-wire trap. Someday tie those fellows up with their own

wire and turn them over to the sheriff in Flaggerston."

John rehearsed the things High-Lo re-John rehearsed the things High-Lo re-lated. With what passionate intensity he himself had expressed the desire to some day catch Hanley and Newton red-handed, so he and High-Lo would have the satisfaction of turning them over to the authorities! But he had not thought of Mary then. He owed her his protection. Yet how best to protect her was confounding. A man like Newton should be brought to justice—both he and Hanley—for the horm thou could do among the for the harm they could do among the Indians was infinite. But in that event Mary would be the crushed and broken wife of a man publicly disgraced. Could he have a hand in her undoing?

BY common deference, though no compact existed between them, neither John or High-Lo explained the misadven-ture in Noname Valley farther than the statements that High-Lo had been thrown from his horse, and his horse had taken to the hills. The doctor from Taho had pronounced the extent of the injuries to

pronounced the extent of the injuries to be a slight concussion and several broken ribs, and rest was prescribed for cure. High-Lo, who was deft at hand work, occupied part of his forced leisure by making a quirt for Magdaline from leather strips. Such was his way of expressing his gratitude to her. However, when the quirt was completed, he inflicted upon John the duty of delivery. "Give it to her with my compliments," said High-Lo, "an' tell her it's the first I ever made for a girl."

John could not find Magdaline at once, so the quirt was cached in the store. Later,

so the quirt was cached in the store. Later,

down by the windmill, he came upon her

down by the windmill, he came upon her watering her horse. A questioning glance constituted her greeting, "I've been looking for you," John called.

She waited for him to draw close. "For me? I thought you had forgotten me."

With her large luminous eyes upon him and the pretty olive face in sad repose it was difficult for John to imagine anyone neglecting Magdaline. "Oh come now!" he teased. "Don't I always say good morning?"

"Yes, I almost forgot that," she returned ironically. "But I have not forgotten how kind High-Lo is. How is he?"

"Much better, thank God!"

"Why thank God?" Magdaline inquired half angrily. "I do not think there is a God, John, and if there is, what can He have to do with our little lives?" she pursued. "I have been thinking of that all morning. Why, if there is a God, did He make races, one to conquer the other, one to be superior to the other, one to break the hearts of the other?"

make races, one to conquer the other, one to be superior to the other, one to break the hearts of the other?"

"Good heavens, girl! What has set you thinking this way?" John ejaculated.

"Well, is it not so? Did not the White Man conquer my people? Are they not trying to force their superiority on us? Look at me. Would I not be happier just Indian in the hogan of my father with a name that belongs to my people? Who am I? Magdaline! Why Magdaline? Because somebody at the White Man's school cannot say my Indian name, finds it too long and hard to write. So I am Magdaline, a stranger to myself after Magdaline, a stranger to myself after they make the change. I am put with many other Indian children who are given names that mean nothing to them. for years I go to the White Man's school, where for years I do not see my people. And you give me knowledge, you wake something that has been asleep in the breast of my race, you make me desire to breast of my race, you make me desire to learn more and more. But all the things I learn, one on the other, I build up between my people and me like a mountain that has no trails. And when my mountain is high against the sky you send me back. You say, 'Now climb this terrible mountain. Your people are on the other side. They will meet you there.' But you are wrong.

I can never meet my people again."

John realized the poignant truth of this tragic-eyed girl's accusations. "How you feel is terrible to consider," he parried. "I am sorry and helpless. I would do everything for you, and yet I can do nothing." nothing.

nothing."
From fires of reproach Magdaline's eyes cooled to gentle gratitude. "There is something you can do for me, John. Marry me. Do so because I love you, because you understand and are sorry and care. Do not make me go to a hoganor to worse things."

Her very directness rendered John unprepared to meet the startling things she

prepared to meet the startling things she said. "Magdaline, I can't marry you," he uttered with difficulty. The girl then looked away from him,

The girl then looked away from him, her eyes fixed as if in careful scrutiny upon a far golden spire. "Because I am Indian and you are White?"

"Because I don't love you."

"That should be enough," Magdaline said, still intent on the distant spire. "But maybe I could make you love me."

"No, Magdaline. You couldn't do that. And I say that with all finality," John replied helplessly. "But believe me, I am very, very sorry for your unhappiness."

Magdaline drew back and swept John with a full and troubled gaze. "You love someone else," she said succinctly. "I thought your heart was empty and hungry like mine.... No, I do not want what you can not give me."

ATHARINE was hanging dish towels. As they flapped in the wind, she saw between them Alice's golden head turn toward her and nestle in careless repose against the top of her cushioned chair. "Wilbur Newton has been outrageous to Mary since he came home," Alice said. "I know you'll be so worried about her while we are away that you won't have a good time. I'm perfectly willing to give it up, Sis."

up, Sis."
"You don't want to leave her either,"

said Katharine.
"We must make up our minds," Alice remonstrated, "if we go we are to leave

#### DESERT BOUND

on the eighteenth, and today is the sixteenth. We've already arranged with Mr. Reynolds to take us."

"Suppose I run over to see Mary and let my visit decide for us," Katharine suggested. "I think the coast is clear. I'd be furious if it wasn't. I'd sooner run into a rattlesnake than Wilbur."

It was obvious that Mary was glad to see Katharine. Immediately she laid aside the corduroy breeches she was mending, and, forcing Katharine into Wilbur's chair, drew up a footstool for herself. "Oh," she cried. "Tve missed you terribly these past two days. It's all right for you to come here. I don't think Wilbur expects I can put you out bodily. But I don't dare stray to your house. For me, at present, there is no greater wifely transgression than that. Oh, Katharine. I feel so bitter!" "Doesn't your sense of humor help a little, dear?" Katharine ventured.

"Wilbur has a way of twisting all the humor out of any situation, though he did accuse me of trying to suffocate Lenora when I poured water over her to bring her out of her pretended faint. The indignities I suffered before that girl left! Wilbur says I drove her out. That isn't true. I fought myself so hard. To her I presented a smiling exterior. Anyway, I did refuse to do her wash, and that precipitated her flurried departure. That very day she had said to Wilbur that I had the hands of a kitchen drudge, and placed her white ones before him for approval. Not a half hour later she descended upon me with her wash. Only Lenora's remark about my hands was the straw that broke the camel's back. Thank goodness she's gone now. That's over. Now I have a little chance for diversion."

"Diversion?" Katharine repeated.

"Yes. Mr. MacDonald fired Wilbur yesterday."

Katharine frowned through a minute of abstraction. "I call that bad, Mary. I happen to know Mr. MacDonald has been

yesterday."

Katharine frowned through a minute of abstraction. "I call that bad, Mary. I happen to know Mr. MacDonald has been dissatisfied with Wilbur's services for months and kept him on only because he couldn't get other help. Poor gabby Mrs. MacDonald told me, and she's spread the news. I doubt if Wilbur can get other employment at Taho."

"The reservation trip ended it," Mary declared. "Wilbur was gone almost two weeks and he brought the scantiest and poorest assortment of stuff you ever saw."

"You must tide over this period somehow. Please don't be hurt if I suggest that you let me help with a little money,"

how. Please don't be hurt it I suggest that you let me help with a little money," protested Katharine.

Mary's upturned eyes smiled into hers through a mist of tears. "Thank you, old faithful. Not yet. There's the poultry money. And I'll take a position somewhere—here at Taho, if possible. If not, Flaggerston."

money. And I'll take a position somewhere—here at Taho, if possible. If not, Flaggerston."

"But Wilbur won't stand for that. Don't forget his drivel about family pride. He wouldn't let you take a position as secretary at the Indian school, you know."

"I've met with his objections again," confessed Mary. "He doesn't know it, but this time they'll be overruled. It's not only that we'll be in need of money. There's the dread monotony of my days. There's my childlessness." A mild note of anguish crept into Mary's voice. "I would welcome any occupation. I am glad that Wilbur lost his position. All day I have been hysterically happy about it."

"Then you may be leaving soon?" Katharine asked.

"It might be a matter of two or three weeks. Mrs. Jenkins is going to Flaggerston before she returns to Leupp and she's going to look into prospects there and let me know."

"If there's the slightest chance of your going away that soon, I won't go to Black Mesa," declared Katharine stoutly. "By all means go!" protested Mary. "It wouldn't do any good to stay. You won't want to visit with Wilbur around. He says he needs a rest. He doesn't intend to look for employment for a month. That means home all day, day after day. He's riding out this afternoon to see some Indians on a sheep transaction for Mr. Weston. It's just a lucky accident that he isn't here."

Katharine smiled archly. "You can't chase me from Taho like that. At least I can sit on my porch and watch you pass down the street. And I'll be near should

any emergency arise."

There was something unfathomable in Mary's quick upward plance which followed upon Katharine's words. Katharine

Mary's quick upward plance which followed upon Katharine's words. Katharine expected some strange contradiction from Mary. She saw it in the wondering depths of her eyes which begged for understanding. "I want you to go to Black Mesa for my sake. I want you to take a message to John Curry," she said.

"If it's imperative, of course I'll go," returned Katharine, warily concealing her surprise. She would not question Mary's intention. It was enough that Mary depended on her now.

"It may seem strange to you, and it may seem inconsequential. Just a verbal message. I'd like you to tell John Curry that if I leave Taho, I do so of my own volition. You see, if I go, he is bound to hear about it. Tell him I'll be not much farther away than the outskirts of the desert—that I remember what he said to me at Oraibi. But tell him if it's to Flaggerston that I happen to go, and he comes there on business, and we should happen to meet, to pass me by with a greeting and avoid me thereafter. Katharine, I have a strange divination that he distrusts Wilbur to the extent of feeling my safety at risk, and he might follow me across the desert thinking, metaphorically speaking, to snatch me from another cliff. It may be nonsense for me to feet that way—it may be just because that's what I would have him do."

KATHARINE noted quickly the bar-ren-like store from which a sign hung, bearing the name of the post, the wide green lawn hemmed in by a wire fence, the long, low red-walled house be-hind it, the cottonwoods with leaves conviver in action much like her pulse. aquiver in action much like her pulse, and last the people, some of whom she now could identify. There was Mrs. Weston, Mr. Weston, and that harem-scarem cowboy Beany who had been at

now could identify. There was Mrs. Weston, Mr. Weston, and that harem-scarem cowboy Beany who had been at the Snake Dance.

Soon she was among them shaking hands, introducing Alice and in turn being introduced with her to others. Then a tall man in corduroys and woolen shirt appeared in the doorway of the post. John Curry! She heard his strong rounded tones, "Well! Well! This sure is great!" He came to her with hand outstretched and took hers and pressed it in a handshake unmistakably the strongest she had ever known. "I'm sure glad to see you, Miss Winfield," he said. "And where's the sister I've heard so much about?"

His eyes lit on Alice with a smile. "Yes, my sister Alice, I would like you to meet her, Mr. Curry," said Katharine.

Alice acknowledged the introduction in her quiet, dignified way. Katharine saw Curry captivated by her gentle smile. Then vaguely, because Mrs. Weston was plying questions thick and fast, she knew Alice and Curry were engrossed in conversation. Her subconscious self kept repeating, "I have a message for you, John Curry, from Mary Newton."

The very richest of Indian silver work and rugs and baskets lined the walls and floor and corners of the living room floor through which, later, the girls passed to their bedroom of unpainted adobe interior. Delightful white of washstand, table, beds and chairs added to the refreshing coolness of this retreat. Navajo rugs and a few pieces of pottery made complete Katharine's idea of a perfect desert bedroom. The Indian maid who had led them there bowed solemnly and left.

"I want to stay here all the rest of my life!" Katharine exclaimed, backing with spread hands to the bed where she relaxed in an abandon of pleasure.

"And I'll stay with you," said Alice. "I like these people very much. That Mr.

hard in an abandon of pleasure.

"And I'll stay with you," said Alice.
"I like these people very much. That Mr.
Curry I could love. He's the only man who ever made me feel that way."

THE ease with which Katharine had agreed to carry Mary's message to John Curry failed her in the execution of her promise. She passed four days at the post and three on a trip to Cathedral Valley without Mary Newton's name being mentioned by either of them. On the eighth day, the day that was to see their last camp in Cathedral Valley, she resolutely determined to break the silence. Sitting on a log in a [Turn to page 116]

HENDERSON'S SEEDS ARE TESTED SEEDS, THE STANDARD SINCE 1847



Many of the accepted methods of testing seeds were originated by Peter Henderson over a generation ago. These methods, improved by years of experience, still safeguard the standard quality of Henderson's Seeds.

# What This Book

204 pages packed with valuable garden information. Over 1,000 pictures showing actual results from Henderson's tested seeds. Describes hundreds of varieties of flowers and vegetables per-fected by Peter Henderson & Co. through 78 years' experi-lence.

Contains

This special collection of flower seeds comes to you enclosed in a coupon envelope, which, emptied and returned to us, will be accepted as 25c cash payment on any order of a dollar or more.

Peter Henderson & Co.,

The Social Coulomb Henderson & Co.,

Peter Henderson & Co.,

Peter Social Social

Coupon Envelope Counts for Cash

35-37 Cortlandt St., New York

Success with Roses concernor and Roses," tells how to have your yard alive with coi-r. America's best roses, the choice experts, are fully described. You a easily pick the ones you'll en-ymost! 100 pages of helpful talk and pictures—18 pages in full color. The new "Star Guide" in FREE, First editionis ready. Write today.

PUEEN OF THE MARKET." Big Money-Maker, Large, solid fruit; excellent canner, To introduce to you our Northern Grown Live Seeds and Plants, we will mail you 125 seeds of Condon's Glant

#### The most beautiful Gladioli I have ever offered

EVERY lover of gladioli should surely plant Kunderd varieties this year, for never have I offered a more beautiful assortment—all of them my own originations. Write for my new free Gladiolus Book, illustrated in colors, with complete descriptions of a great number of varieties and containing my personal cultural instructions. My bulb prices are greatly reduced this year. A. E. KUNDERD 68 Lincoln Way West, Goshen, Iud., U. S. A. The Originator of the Ruffled and the Lacinitated Gladioli





n her glance look-

Y 1926

him ose it he ing?" rgot-

uired n He at all d He break you

White not just Who Be-Jan's finds am after with are

ople wake the re to ngs I be-ntain ntain back.

tain. rong. you ried. do do line's

re is and

him.

itiny am "But John am

Tohr love "I

hun-want saw turn pose hair.

while good e it her,"

Alice



# Maloney's

ALL the choicest variations are described and what, how and when to plant told in the Maloney Free Nursery Book illustrated in color.

Send for this book and see how inexpensive it is to increase the beauty and value of your home, how easy it is to do your own planting. Our Landscape service will aid you.

We grow our stock in our own upland Nurseries. For over 40 years we have been building up our extensive Nursery business by delivering only the best quality stock; grown, dug and shipped under our personal supervision. We sell direct from our 400-acre Nursery and that is why Maloney's customers get better stock at such exceptionally low prices.

Seriefaction guaranteed or money re-

Satisfaction guaranteed or money re-funded. We prepay transportation charges. (See catalogue.)

Maloney Bros. Nursery Co., Inc., 3 MainSt., Dansville, N. Y.

Established over 40 years

Send for Big Free Catalogue

# SEEDS Grown by a Woman

For 10c Red. **Guaranteed to Please** 

Charlotte M. Haines Dept. 314 Rockford, Illin



#### ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS Of Rare Beauty and Quality



earsofspecializing is your guarante WOODLAWN NURSERIES 887 Garson Ave. Rochester, N. Y.



**Earliest Tomato** 

. Sta. 9 Randolph, Wis.



BIG JUMBO STRAWBERRY t and best of late Stra d at \$1 a quart. Heav flower. A big mon for FREE Catalog also Trees, Shrubs

Fruits, also Trees, Shrubs, etc. L. J. Farmer, Bex 260 Pulaski, N. Y.

SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY BOOK FREE stiable SHOEMAKER STRAIN best for 37 58 VARIETIES: Big book with pictures in gives facts about handling, feeding, hous-iscases and remedies. Also LOW PRICES on fowls, eggs, chicks, Brooder Stoves & Supplies.

#### PETUNI

Beautiful as Orchids 400 Seeds for 50c

Diener's Ruffled Monster Petunias can be grown by any-one almost anywhere. They bloom the year round; forop-sely protected from the frost ands of flower lovers. Unax

colors, monster size. Single and double, derful as cut flowers. Can be planted at day for special packet of 400 fertile see

Richard Diener Co., Inc. Kentfield, Calif.

#### DESERT BOUND

[Continued from page 115]

cedar cove she contemplated creating an opportunity.

Before her in a clearing burned a cheery fire; pots were heating in the cinders, hooks warming on the crane. The cowboy cook whistled softly over the potatoes he was peeling. Katharine, pleasantly aware of these things, stared into the fire as if the could reach the burnets from fre, as if she could snatch thoughts from the red hot bed. Alice came to her. She had been watching High-Lo hobble the pack mules, and returned flushed to tell of High-Lo's escape from a rain of blows.

Katharine had observed High-Lo's attentiveness. At each camp he had made a bed of cedar boughs for Alice, unwilling to be outdone by John Curry, who served Katharine in this way. Such consideration Katharine anticipated from Curry, and she knew he intended to make Alice comfortable too. But handsome, carefree High-Lo was only an apprentice aping his master, and in his deference to Alice was following a will o' the wisp fancy. Katharine had observed High-Lo's attenwisp fancy.

At supper, to which they were summoned with the lusty call "Come and get it," High-Lo served Alice, and Curry served Katharine. Occasionally Beany would look on with his tongue in his cheek and a mischievous twinkle in his eye, and waft some remark to the nearest bystander about one man's success being another man's failure. And after supper, when Katharine drew Curry away from the others by boldly suggesting that they climb the mountain behind camp, she felt Beany's eyes upon her and also Alice's. They climbed around the mound that

sheltered camp and over the rocky bluff until they reached a resting place midway to the top of the great hummock. "I wish Mary Newton could be here to enjoy this," said Katharine gently. "It's too bad that soon she may have to leave it all."

it all."

Immediately John fell into the trap
that Katharine had warily laid. "Leave
it? What do you mean, Miss Winfield?"

"She may go to Flaggerston to accept

position there. Her husband has lost ioh "

his job."
"But can't he get another? They're
usually short of men at Taho. That is,
men who have any idea of permanent
residence."

'You don't know Mr. Newton very well. Permanent residence or otherwise, no one will be anxious to hire him."

"It's rumored he's a lazy cuss. But I didn't think he was so lazy that he'd let her go to work!" exclaimed John.

"Don't misunderstand," Katharine pro-tested. "He doesn't want her to work. She couldn't be around at his beck and She couldn't be around at his beck and call all the time if she did. This is her own idea and she intends to carry it through. He wants a month's vacation, it seems. What kind of heavenly manna he's depending upon for daily bread meanwhile, I don't know. They are really very poor, Mr. Curry. Mrs. Newton keeps and sells poultry and eggs, but you know how little profit there is in that in a place like Taho."

Katharine looked away to the colorfung west. John sat very still, he too, given at the moment to the intensifying hues in the sky. "He wants a month's vacation, does he?" John said eventually. "I suppose that's most agreeable to his

"I suppose that's most agreeable to his latest shines."

"What do you mean?" asked Katharine. "What do you mean?" asked Katharine. He turned about so suddenly that she had no time to withdraw her searching gaze. Curry, she slowly gathered, knew more about Newton than she had reason to believe. "Miss Winfield, I like you. You're a person to be trusted," John said with great solemnity. "I'm going to tell you something about this man Newton that only High-Lo knows. He's in on a hootlegging deal with Hanley and a that only High-Lo knows. He's in a bootlegging deal with Hanley and a bootlegging deal with Hanley and a couple of women to sell liquor to the Indians on the Navajo Reservation. It's a good money-making business because most Indians will sell their souls for most Indians will sell their souls for iliquor. It's now doubly lawless to sell liquor to Indians. And, what's more, it's the rawest, thievingest thing I know of. I've been aching to shadow Hanley and Newton and catch them red-handed. But there's Mrs. Newton. She stands between

me and that."

A chill crept over Katharine as she listened. "Oh, poor Mary!"

"Do you see what a position I am in?"

Curry asked. "I owe it to the Indians to Curry asked. "I owe it to the Indians to spill that fine gentleman into the penitentiary. I could, easily, if it wasn't for that sad-eyed little girl who'd go down under it. I've thought of things I might do. Go to Taho and pick a fight with Newton, beat him up and when I got him helpless tell him what I know and scare him into giving it up. But he's the kind of hombre who would make her suffer for that. Why I could shoot him like I'd shoot a pig with an incurable disease. He isn't any good to himself, let alone to anybody else. He bears watching, I'm telling you. Maybe I better move along to Flaggerston as soon as the move along to Flaggerston as soon as the

season's over here."

Unconsciously he gave to Katharine the moment she was waiting for. "You must not do that," she said. "It won't do any

"But it couldn't do any harm just to look the ground over. Suppose someone else got him on this bootleg business? He might involve her. Darn the whole situation, it's horrible to handle!"
"Mrs. Newton asked me to warn you,

should you ever meet by chance in Flag-gerston, to pass her with a greeting and avoid her thereafter. She wanted me to avoid her thereafter. She wanted me to tell you that probably she would be leaving Taho, but she'd keep close to the desert, that she's not forgotten what you said to her at Oraibi."

"That only makes me more anxious to go. It tells me to stay away because she's afraid of Newton. He's giving her plenty of trouble. I can see that."

"But you can't be like a knight of old, go riding by and snatch the princess from the ogre. You're living in the twentieth century, and the lady in question happens to be the wife of the ogre."

"You mean I'd be taken for a meddler?" muttered John.

"You'd be taken as a man with a too

dler?" muttered John.

"You'd be taken as a man with a too great interest in another man's wife. Can't you see that would hurt her?"

"Hurt her! That's the last thing in the world I want to do," he said.

"And that's because the interest is there, John Curry. A deeper interest than you have confessed to yourself!"

Katharine ast breathlest in fear of here.

have confessed to yourself!"

Katharine sat breathess, in fear of her daring. The man beside her seemed to stiffen in unresponsiveness. Whereupon an uncomfortable fear possessed her that after all she might have been wrong. If he would only speak! Her gaze was fixed on him, but he was looking away into the gathering twilight.
"You're very keen, Miss Winfield." he

"You're very keen, Miss Winfield," he said presently, speaking downward as if she were somewhere on the desert below him rather than by his side. "There is no use pretending to you. I love Mary Newton. It's the kind of love that makes a man finer for having it." Please believe a man finer for having it. Please believe me. I wouldn't do anything to make it cheap. Before this I stood no more danger of loving a married woman than I stand of being shot by High-Lo or you. stand of being shot by High-Lo or you. I had no use for a man that I'd suspect of such a thing. Circumstance plays with us strangely sometimes and changes things. I never forced myself Mary Newton's way. The desert threw us together—made us of use to each other. I think I'm stronger for it even if it is such a hopeless thing to love her. If someone wakes love in you, trying to deny that it's happened doesn't give you back your old freedom of heart. I try to be honest about it and not dislike Newton because he happens to be her husband, but he doesn't try to be worthy of her, and I don't savvy a man like that. She loved him, I'm sure, when she married him. Maybe she loves him now—women are like that. But she doesn't love him for what he is, it's for what she thought he was. Young marriages are awful mistakes sometimes. I'll never he so lucky to have a woman like Mary Newton love me, but if I did I'd sure do my best all my life to make her see I appreciated the honor she was conferring on me. I'd want to keep clean and fine for her. I couldn't I had no use for a man that I'd suspect honor she was conferring on me. I'd want to keep clean and fine for her. I couldn't be dishonorable then—ever!" [Continued in MARCH McCall's]



## MANGE MEDICINE Its cleansing and invigorating action

ITCHING SCALP

nd the discomforts of dandruff
AT DRUGGISTS,
Barbers, Hairdressers.

Send for GLOVER'S HAND-BOOK on the Sealp and Hair, free on request. It will tell you many things you should know. Address: Dept.D-5, H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., 119-121 Fifth Ave., New York.



# ACIAL ERUPTIONS

Make Money with Chickens

Learn bow others do il! Dushle your good this year read disorting a most popular per ready and the property of the period of the

Poultry American Guide





Agents \$45 a Week



Frank B. Jennings Co. Hose 383, Dayton, Ohio

GLADIOLUS BULBS SA 2 Grape Vines 2 Blackberry Vines 3-1 yr. old Fruit Trees and

**Poultry Keeper** for 2 years!

or only \$1. You never saw such an offer! Two subscription—24 numbers livest poultry mag-chuck full of latest information and news and assortment—1 Yr. Old American Plum; 1 d Sweet Cherry; 1 Yr. Old Delicious Apple Tree; cord Grape Vines bearing size; 2 Climbing Lucia berries; 25 Gladiolus Bulba. All sent propaid. POULTRY KEEPER, DEPT. 10, QUINCY, ILLINOIS



Mail This Coupon Today

Please tell me without obligation or expense how I can get an extra \$5.00.

Post Office and State

Dept. 2Z, McCall's Magazine 250 West 37th St., New York

ns

ek

ng you

Ohie

#### THE LITTLE FOOL'S WISDOM

[Continued from page 19]

and I might squabble and divorce each other," she returned lightly. "I think I'd better keep out of the magic ring."
"Perhaps you had," he returned gravely.
Then, as though by mutual consent, they urged their horses into a canter and overtook the rest of the party.
They picnicked at the mouth of the valley, and it was not until the care-free repast was at an end that somebody exclaimed: "There's the circle showing at last!"

Instinctively all heads were turned in the direction where it lay, although to most of the party the sight was a fami-

most of the party the sight was a familiar one.

"You ought to go up and see it, Mrs. Derafield," suggested someone.

Maisie hesitated, then looked across at Gayer. "Will you take me?"

For an instant an oddly conflicting expression flashed across his face—half eager, half ironical. Then he nodded, holding out his hand to help her to her feet, and a minute later they had plunged into the shadows of the valley.

It was a rough climb up the steep slope and Gayer slipped his arm through hers to guide her steps. Gradually, as they climbed, Maisie became vibrantly conscious of her aloneness with the man beside her. It was with a feeling akin to relief that she at last stepped into the circle of light. Gayer released her arm abruptly—aware, perhaps, that while they stood together in the brilliant moonlight they were clearly visible to the others of the party waiting at the mouth of the valley. He remained beside her, silently staring down at her with eyes that held a smouldering fire, and, against her will, she felt drawn to meet his glance. A stifled cry escaped her.

"Don't look at me like that!" she whispered sharply. Almost in the same breath she pointed suddenly to the edge of the circle. It was breaking—breaking slowly as though a jagged rent had been torn in it. "Oh! Look! It's broken—while we're here!"

For a moment she stared fascinatedly at the remorseless shadow which had eaten into the circle of light. Then she turned and plunged headlong into the surround-ing darkness. Gayer followed her, swift

"Stop, Maisie! Don't run away from

"I'm not! I'm not!" Her small hands fluttered seekingly and clutched his shoul-ders. "Only I'm frightened! What did it mean? The circle breaking while we were

He gathered her into his arms, and she

He gathered her into his arms, and she lay against his breast like a spent child.

"Heaven knows what it meant!" he said hoarsely. "But this is what I mean! had lifting her off the ground, he bent his head and kissed her again and again with a fierce possessiveness.

"It won't part us—the circle?" she gasped between the kisses.

"Part us? No, of course it won't." Presently, with a last embrace, he re-

gasped between the kisses.

"Part us? No, of course it won't."

Presently, with a last embrace, he released her, and together they descended the steep side of the slope, to be greeted with a hail of chaff and laughter when they rejoined the rest of the picnic party.

"What a time you've been!"

"We nearly started for home and left you to follow us!"

Maisie was very silent on the homeward journey. She felt that she had come to a turning-point in her life, that the great decision lay ahead of her—the decision between Percy, her humdrum husband, and this man whose lonely life she, and she alone, could fill. She lay awake half the night mentally concocting touching notes of farewell to her husband. That, of course, was the severance indicated by the broken circle. It was all quite clear to her now.

The next morning, Maisie received a letter from her husband, telling her that he had at last been given leave and would ion, her at Dhurrapore. The shock of

he had at last been given leave and would join her at Dhurrapore. The shock of the news was somewhat aggravated by her the news was somewhat aggravated by her realization of the fact that Percy would be arriving in three days' time, hard upon the heels of his letter—on the very night of a dance to which she was going. How-ever, she consoled herself by the reflec-tion that travelling was at all times a somewhat uncertain affair in India, and

that, if Percy did happen to turn up in time for the dance in question, the fact that she would be dancing half the pro-gram with Gayer would probably sim-plify matters in the long run. It would open his eyes to the facts.

Apparently fate had designed that the dance should be the vehicle for the opening of blind eyes, for Percy arrived at the Hartogs' bungalow in excellent time for dinner. He hugged his wife delightfully, quite oblivious of the lack of ardor in her return greetings.

quite oblivious of the lack of ardor in her return greetings.

"I expect you'll hardly feel like going to a dance tonight, Percy, after your journey?" she suggested kindly.

"I'm feeling as fit as a fiddle now I'm out of that horrible heat," he returned with heartiness. "Besides, I shouldn't like to keep you home. I'm not a spoil-sport."

Maisie had had no intention of remaining at home, but she refrained from saying so. She wondered how Gayer would take this sudden appearance of her husband on the scene, and when she caught sight of him across the ball-room, she was conscious of a thrill of suppressed exconscious of a thrill of suppressed ex-

He was standing talking to a slender woman with gold hair whom Maisie had not seen before—another new arrival,

not seen before—another new arrival, presumably.

"I wonder who that woman in black is?" said Maisie flatly.

Percy was struggling with a pair of white gloves, one of which had already burst. His glance followed the direction of his wife's.

of his wife's.

"She's a Mrs. Maturin," he replied.
"Some fellow told me. I saw her on the train. She's just come out from England."

Presently Gayer left the newcomer's side and came across to Maisie. His expension, was quite impenetrable as he

and came across to Maisie. His expression was quite impenetrable as he scribbled his initials only once on her card. Once! Maisie felt a sudden contraction in her throat. She had kept free for him the usual generous number of dances, but it appeared that he had no intention of claiming them. The band struck up, and she saw him dancing with Mrs. Maturin. "Aren't you engaged for this?" Percy's rather high-pitched voice broke across the dazed bewilderment of her thoughts.
"N—no."

"N—no."

He drew her out into the room, Like many shortish men inclined to rotundity, he danced quite well, but Maisie was suffocatingly conscious of Gayer's tall, supple figure as it swung by at intervals, and of the slender woman in his arms, her gold hair just as high as his heart.

Percy was fatuously delighted to find his wife had so many dances to spare. "Good of you to have kept them for me, old thing," he exulted fondly.

Enlightenment as to Gayer's partner came while she was sitting alone in a screened-off corner. On the other side of the screen a man and woman were talking.

talking

"So Cynthia Maturin is back again!"
There was a touch of surprise in the woman's voice. "I suppose that old affair
goes on as before, then?"
"Oh, no! Haven't you heard?" The
man's voice dropped to a gossipy, confidential note. "She's divorcing Maturin."
The woman laughed in a kindly, indulgent way. "Then Gayer will come into
his own at last."

Maisie sat bolt upright. Her shallow,
but active little mind was working swiftly,
outting two and two together. When "So Cynthia Maturin is back again!"

putting two and two together. When later on, Gayer Forrest came to claim his solitary dance, she girded on her armor and prepared to do battle for her self-

respect.
Conversation flagged until the dance

Conversation flagged until the dance was over and they were sitting together in a curtained alcove. Then Gayer leaned forward and spoke abruptly: "You'll be glad to have your husband here?"

Maisie regarded him out of widely opened eyes. "Why, naturally!"—with emphasis. "We've really had rather hard luck for a newly married couple."

Gayer nodded. "But that's India all over. Throws you together and then drags you apart."

"And we've had a jolly little time together—you and I." There was a note of half-ironical, half-earnest appeal in his voice. "A sort of entracte. We've kind of comforted each [Turn to page 118]



Buy this wonderful vacuum cleaner direct from the factory—be your own demonstrator. Send for our remarkable offer. A genuine new Sturtevant—complete with attachments sent to you for 10 days' free trial. Give it every test. Keep it or return it. Pay for it as you use it. You are dealing with a 62 years old concern with people. with a 62-year old concern with nearly \$10,000,000 assets. Learn how thousands of women are now buying this wonderful vacuum cleaner by mail.

#### SEND NO MONEY

Get full information regarding this wonder-ful electric vacuum cleaner—mail the cou-pon now. We ship it and let you be the judge. Thousands now buying this easy way, and saving money. Mail coupon at once for complete information.

	B. F. STURTEVANT CO Hyde Park, Boston, Mass
MAIL NOW	D F STIPTEUANT CO
Name	
Street	
Clan	State

#### Are you using color in your home successfully?

ducks, geese, turkeys, eggs, chicks also incubators at lowest prices. My 44th year W. A. Weber, nex 31, Mankato, Minn.

Do you know how to choose walls that are soft, restful, satisfying? How to select colors for drap-cries that will give your rooms that indescribable touch of harmony? How to use window-light and lamp-light most effectively?

Knowing color helps you buy wallpaper that will look exactly right with your furnishings. It helps you select the right rug to go with your walls, draperies, furniture—without guessing.

Color is one of the first fundamentals of interior decorating. A knowledge of its principles is insep-arable from an attractive, restful, pleasing home

You can learn about color—and the answer to a dozen more puzzling interior decorating problems like the friendly grouping of furniture, effective room lighting, the successful planning of charming bedrooms—through the Homecrafters' Course in Interior Decoration.

This is a simple, practical, easily followed home-study course which teaches the fundamental principles of interior decorating—the principles which are the basis of all successful home-making.

It has been designed to show you the beauty—perhaps hidden or unrecognized—that is in the home and furnishings you now have. The arrangement that will make the most of your house. This course is the work of one of America's best known interior decorators. It is practical, inexpensive, interesting and instructive. And for the individual who plans to enter the professional field, it will give a foundation on which he will build all his future decoration.

Mail the coupon for complete information

THE HOMECRAFTERS, INC.  Dept. 16-B, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City  Please send me, without obligation, full infor- mation on your course in Interior Decoration;
Name
Address



THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well - which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind-the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight is. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn sugges-

It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn sugges-tion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint"
Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind,
buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to
J.W. Kom Co., 642 Rainier Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

## Golden Glint **SHAMPOO**



# \$10000 For Your Church

McCALL'S Magazine is ready to give your church \$100—or more—by an easy, pleasant, dignified plan, which involves no expense, and entirely does away with the distasteful necessity for requesting donations of any kind. This plan bears the endorsement of hundreds of clergymen of all denominations.

More than 10,000 churches have already received extra funds through the McCall Plan, and during the next twelve months more than \$65,000 in prize money will be distributed among churches, schools and other similar groups. Your church can have a share of this money. It makes no difference if your church is in a small town or a great city—you will find the McCall Plan equally effective.

## Send For McCall's \$100 Plan

DEPT.	2K,	McCAL	L'S	MAG.	AZI	NE
250 Wes	st 37tl	Street.	New	York	N.	V.

#### Mail Today

					-							
	Please	send	me,	withou	at oblig	gation	, information	about	your	church	plan	by
white	ch St. 1	lohn's	Chy	rch. D	enver.	Pa	received \$11	1.00.			-	

Name	Local
City and State	Name of

#### THE LITTLE FOOL'S WISDOM

[Continued from page 117]

other, haven't we?"

other, haven't we?"

In her own heart Maisie was perfectly aware of the fact that she was being given her congé. But, with her inherent faculty for humbugging both herself and other people, she triumphantly disregarded it.

"Indeed we have," she agreed cordially. "I'm going to tell Percy what a splendid 'substitute' you've been."

Gayer gasped, recovered himself with a small internal laugh, and then, in the immensity of his relief, asked if he might have another dance.

have another dance.

She shook her head regretfully. "I'm afraid I haven't one to spare," she replied.
"You see"—archly—"I kept all I could for Percy."

The ability to refuse—without fear of finding herself partnerless—restored her self-respect amazingly.

As she climbed into the roomy, old-

fashioned rickshaw to go home, she regarded Percy's tubby little figure with a critically possessive eye. He might not be exactly an Adonis but, after all, he was hers. Her husband—bound to her by the bonds of lawful wedlock. The reflection conveyed a reassuring feeling of permanagements.

Percy slipped his arm round her waist.

"Glad to see me back, old girl, aren't
you?" he said, with all a man's complacent confidence in the answer he

would receive. And Maisie, with a sudden rush of gen-uine feeling, answered fervently: "Oh, so glad, Percy!"

She was quite clear in her own mind on the matter. He was stodgy and com-monplace and dull—but, oh, he was so safe!

Wherein the little fool showed her

#### THROUGH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

[Continued from page 21]

if it were a private party in London for only his own friends. I have been with the Prince at most of the dances he has attended in South Africa. It is my honest opinion that the Prince's penchant for dancing is one of his great assets in fulfilment of his duties to the British Conruiniment of his duties to the British Constitution. It enables him to meet and mix with all classes of his father's subjects, of both sexes, on an ordinary human footing, in a personal contact which is not possible by any other means that would leave the respect for his Office unimpaired. Half a dozen dances in a district inspire more honest affection for the Prince and all that he stands for than do fifty speeches.

Prince and all that he stands for than do fifty speeches.
One of the snags about this "dorp crawl," from the Prince's point of view, is the difficulty of getting regular exercise. If there is one thing he hates more than anything, it is letting a day go by without having a good sweat. More than once H. R. H. has accomplished this by stopping the train, putting on a couple of woollen sweaters, and a pair of shorts, and doing a steady double of four or five miles along the track, with the Staff and one or two others trailing behind. Some one or two others trailing behind. Some

one or two others trailing behind. Some of them a deuce of a long way behind. Always, he has an eye for anything which may be happening. If he sees a group of farmers standing at the line side in the middle of the lonely veld, miles away from any official halt, he knows they have probably ridden considerable distances, merely to look at his passing train, and he will have the train slowed down, or stopped, to exchange a handdown, or stopped, to exchange a handshake and a few words.

shake and a few words.

There were two occasions when he came out of his sleeping compartment in the early hours of the morning, in pyjamas, to show himself to people at waysides in the vague hope of getting a glimpse of the Prince. They were frightfully chilly occasions too, with a beastly cold wind driving up across the veld, and practically everybody but H. R. H. and these shivering loyal groups snugly tucked up in their blankets. their blankets.

their blankets.

But it was at an old Boer town called Oudtshoorn, where ostrich feathers and Republicanism are cultivated, that P. W. really got the Dutchmen jumping with delight. The town is about a couple of miles from the railway, so the motor cars were unloaded. But outside the station was drawn up a commando. I don't know if you understand what a comknow if you understand what a com-mando is. It is the Boer fighting unit, the mobility of which gave us such an awful lot of trouble in the South African war. In service conditions it consists of a bunch of Dutchmen on horseback, each one with a Bible under one arm, a rife under the other, and a bag of mealies slung at the back of the saddle. On this stung at the back of the saddle. Of this occasion it was minus its religious literature, its armament, and its commissariat, but otherwise the typical commando—the uniform being any old clothing or head gear that its members happen to

possess. Anything less like a Royal escort does not exist. As soon as the Prince spotted it, he exclaimed, "By Jove, I'll ride in with those fellers if they've got a spare horse." And he did. He was wearing an ordinary lounge suit and a soft felt hat and was therefore in sartorial rapport with the other riders, excepting that their "lounge suits" were extraordinary, and included a few prehistoric frock coats, and antique bowler hats. He climbed onto a high prown stallion at the head of the and antique bowler hats. He climbed onto a big brown stallion at the head of the commando and led it at full gallop to the town recreation ground where twenty-five thousand citizens had gathered from far and near to await the arrival of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and his Suite, in the lordly fleet of royal cars. For a minute or two, the crowd ignored the arrival of this equestrian dust storm, and then quite suddenly realised that its leader was a young man with gleaming blue eyes and healthily flushed face, whose pictures had been staring them in the pictures had been staring them in the face for weeks. Every person in that vast crowd seemed to jump a foot into the air, and the crash of cheers was deafening. If P. W. had thought out the manner of his entry, instead of never thinking of it at all, he could not have conceived a shorter cut to the hearts of those Dutchmen.

If I were out to present the Prince as a prodigy, I might claim that these informal strokes of his are evidence of diplomatic genius, such as was claimed for his grand-father King Edward, but I make no such elaborate deduction. The Prince does not do these things as a consequence of care-ful consideration or objective inspiration. They are the expressions of his intrinsic

They are the expressions of his intrinsic simplicity of outlook, and his boyish delight in eluding conventionality.

At Sir Abe Bailey's farm in the heart of the Karroo, P. W. took his first two days off duty.

It was not a quiet, free and easy weekend either, for there were about forty people in the house party, and for none of them was it easy to forget that the cheery and informal young man who was their host's principal guest, was also Prince of Wales.

The first day was spent in riding over

The first day was spent in riding over the farm, and the second day in an organ-ized shoot. There were about a dozen guns ized shoot. There were about a dozen guns in the line, and the game was springbok, a species of gazelle. After a picnic lunch on the veld, P. W. took a scatter gun, two pockets of cartridges, and two of his Staff, and, leaving the party, went off for a quiet shoot on foot and got a few guinea fowl, partridges and some duck. The following day, at Colesburg, the usual business of ceremonies, inspections, receptions, and so on was resumed. But

usual business of ceremonies, inspections, receptions, and so on was resumed. But there was one little incident which occurred on the veld outside the Prince's diningsalon that may amuse you. P. W. was having dinner before going up into town to the inevitable dance, when a Hottentot and a couple of Kaffirs, with their wives and piccaninnies, squatted in the dust at the side of the royal train, and throughout dinner serenaded H. R. H. with

Y 1926

e re-ith a ot be was y the

ction rma vaist. ren't

gen-h, so mind

her

E

rince I'll ot a

ring felt port

and oats, on-

the nty-

of

t its ning hose

the

air. ing.
r of

n.

as a mal

nd-such

not

are-

nsic

de-

eart

two

one

one

also

ver an-

ok, nch

his

ick

ons, But

tot

# Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in

chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, get out your good friend Musterole. Rub this soothing white ointment gently over the sore spot. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole works without the blister Grandma knew.

For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube on the bathroom shelf. To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole. The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio







SENT ON TRIAL

KAY LABORATORIES Dept. 5636 Chicago, N.



For Hanging Pictures and All Wall Decorations Moore Push - Pins
Glass Heads - Steel Points Moore Push-less Hangers scurely Hold Heavy Things 10c pkts. Everywhere

#### THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

#### THROUGH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

ancient native melodies on primitive native instruments, plus an American mouth organ, and the result was remarkable. Between courses P. W. hummed the airs, and the minute dinner was over, produced his ukelele, opened the window and joined in the melodies. This, I think, is a priceless picture of P. W. off duty. On the way out to the dance, he stopped and thanked them for their entertainment, and gave them ten bob each.

At Port Elizabeth, the Prince climbed again into uniform, this time the blue frock uniform of the Welsh Guards.

At night, at the Feather Market Hall, there was an enormous civic reception and ball, at which P. W. had to shake hands with about four thousand people before the dancing started. These shows are jolly hard work for the Staff, for there are always a couple of hundred or so of the fair sex who consider that they have an absolute right to dance with the Prince-

always a couple of hundred or so of the fair sex who consider that they have an absolute right to dance with the Prince—or their parents think so—and far more who don't care tuppence for anybody's rights so long as they can secure the privilege. However, the Prince does not care tuppence for rights either. He does his strenuous job of receiving everybody, and does it as though he liked it, delighting all with the personal interest he displays, and his unfailing charm of manner: and then he begins to please himself. He always has an eye open for those girls in the background, who stand watching him with wistful eyes, in the belief that their social importance is not great enough to warrant a hope of dancing with a Prince of the royal blood. One girl at this dance at Port Elizabeth, who was obviously rather "out of it" attracted the Prince's particular attention. Leaving an Equerry who was endeavouring to lead him up to a string of eligible damsels in Paris frocks, who represented the cream of local society, he made a bee-line for the little "wallflower." As a rule I absolutely bar retailing any of the Prince's private conversations, but as this one was no particular secret, and has its significance as a sidelight on the Prince's character, I am breaking that rule. The conversation was something like this:

H. R. H.: "Good evening: aren't you dancing to-night?"

The little girl, blushing: "I haven't danced yet, Sir. I know hardly any

The little girl, blushing: "I haven't danced yet, Sir. I know hardly any people here."
"How is that?" asked the Prince. "Don't ver live here?"

you live here?"
"No, Sir, I belong to a touring company—theatrical."

"No, Sir, I belong to a touring company—theatrical."

"Really!" exclaimed the Prince. "That's rather interesting. Have you been on the stage long?"

"Ever since I was seven," said the girl. "Do you like it?"

"Not much, Sir," she answered rather despondently. "It's not much of a life in a small touring company, but it is the only thing I have ever done. I get rather tired of it sometimes."

"I can sympathise with you," said the Prince, "for I'm on the stage too in a way. I've been a showman all my life. Will you have this dance with me?"

At the end of the dance, when the Prince left her, he said to her, "If it is any help to you in your job, you have my permission in the future to say that you are under the patronage of the Prince of Wales."

For genuine human kindness, real undertanding and helpful sympathy, I think

of Wales."

For genuine human kindness, real understanding, and helpful sympathy, I think this incident is hard to beat.

One of the last functions of the Prince's visit to Port Elizabeth on the morning after the dance was the first pukka native show of the Tour. The natives came from the kraals over the hills, from farms and plantations, and from menial service in the town itself, shook off the garments and the ways of civilization, and resumed their savage identities, so that they might render homage to "The Great Son of the Great White King over the Seas."

It was a fine scene to gaze upon—a great mass of savages, clad in skins, waving their tribal weapons in the air: and in the centre on a raised platform, the Prince and his Staff, all in full dress—the scarlet and [Turn to page 120]



# Whispers, Whispershow much misery they have caused

By ETHEL K. BANNISTER, Graduate Nurse

It is to woman's eternal credit that frankness has become the outstanding grace of the modern age.

No longer is she content to have great truths come to her through the portals of bitter experience. She wants to face life frankly and openly.... enlightened and informed on every subject intimately related to her health and happiness. Old-fashioned prudishness, which denied potent truths to her girlhoodthis is as obsolete as the hoopskirt.

To the enlightened modern woman, feminine hygiene and personal daintiness are subjects of infinite importance. They cannot be ignored. They are inseparably interwoven with woman's health, activity, happiness and charm. And medical science does womanhood an incalculable service when it points out with forceful candor that many of the ailments peculiar to her are primarily due to one thing-uncleanliness. Woman's greatest error is reliance on old methods and old practices. Science has provided more effective means for

the preservation of internal cleanliness and health-the foremost being the wonderful Marvel Douche, or Whirling Spray.

Germs and bacteria take lodgement more easily in delicate membranes. The

Marvel can reach and dislodge bacterial life. Here's how it does it-by a whirling liquid action! The spray dilates or smoothes out the membranes and flushes them clean. There is no danger of injury. Medication is thorough and complete. Any reputable antiseptic or germicide can be used in the Marvel without injury to bulb or tube.

#### Send for Booklet

Read the virile and forceful facts on feminine hygiene as set forth by a prominent physician. These are available in a booklet which we have printed. A copy will come to you on receipt of the signed coupon below in a social correspondence envelope.

THE MARVEL COMPANY New Haven, Conr





To priceless purity and mildness, Ivory adds the essential convenience that makes baths perfect—It Floats.

#### IVORY SOAP

994% % PURE . IT FLOATS

Copyright 1926, by The Froctar & Gamb

#### FEMININE HYGIENE

There is more to feminine hygiene than most women know. Upon it depends to a large extent beauty and daintiness as well as health. It should demand the attention of every woman every day for her to feel as bright, fresh and clean as she desires.

You will find Sterizol antiseptic one of the most convenient and economical preparations made for feminine hysiene. It is extremely effective, yet absolutely harmless and non-poisonous. Prescribed by many physicians. It is splendid for eliminating odors of all kinds. The \$1.00 jar of Sterizol powder makes 40 pints of antiseptic you add the water!. For asle at your druggist. FREE BOOKLET will be sent you upon request. Describes in detail the use of Sterizol antiseptic in feminine hysiene

THE STERIZOL CO., STERIZO



Learn in Spare Time at Home Earn \$30-35 a Week

m. Endormen by para-bilished 25 years.

Earn While Learning you are over 18 and under 58 are write for literated estalog and 1 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE tails of Money-back Guarantee and REN NURSES NOUTP MENT.

HICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING \*\*Actand Boulevard\*\* Chicago



**DENT'S** 

**TOOTHACHE** TOOTHACHE GUM WILL STOP IT



oilet Trio





LASS RINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE
mples loaned class offirs. Prices \$.20 to \$8.00
h. No order for class, noclety, club



Write quick for offer.
AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.,

Cincinnati, Ohio.



The Famous
Wing \$245

THE OLD HOUSE OF WING & SON, founded 1868, wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home FREE till May 1, 1926. Hear its rich inspiring tone. 40 year guarantee. Returners in your induce tone. 40 year guarantee.

Sent direct to you—freight paid by us. Our directfrom-factory prions will save you \$150 to \$300; if
not satisfied return at our expense. Plance, player-pianos and grands. Easy terms arranged.

The Book of Complete FREE Information about Pianos

Picture shows style 19-Price \$255

WING & SON, (Founded 1888)

Sent FREE with catalog of 38 styles, factory prices, and free trial offer. Write today!

Dept. 90-82

Dept. 90-82

Other today:

Dept. 90-82

Other today:

Other t

#### THROUGH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

[Continued from page 119]

gold of the Guards, and the blue and gold of the Navy.

There were Zulus, Xosas, Basutos, Fingos, and half a dozen other of the great clans of Africa, whose fathers and grandfathers had fought with each other and the British, for those lands upon which they now stood and hailed as their one chief, the son of the King of England. In front of the whole mass stood the Moongo, a sort of combined prime minister, master of ceremonies, clown, and ambassador. After the tribesmen had finished rubbing their brows on the earth in token of submission, and joined in a deep-throated, sonorous hail of greeting, the Moongo led them in the thundering chant of the Izibongo:

"O Prince, O Warriors,
We see with our eyes the Great Hunter,
The leader of the chase, the Fighter,
The horseman, the beloved of the young children.

He who can be stern as the Mountains.

He who can be stern as the Mountains,

Yet dances as the young winds. He who is the patron of all learning and The friend of all things that are manly. Thy fame has gone before thee We shall ever remember thee, and pray

God to preserve thee For thy future Great Heritage. Thus shall we teach our children And our children's children

To pray. A Zweliyazuma."

A Zweliyazuma."

There were four verses of this and at the end of each the whole assembly burst into the anthem like a refrain of the Royal salute, "We salute thee, O Prince A Zweliyazuma." It was chanted in perfect unison, by hundreds of deep-chested, henced A frien parties and sounded like. fect unison, by hundreds of deep-chested, bronzed African natives, and sounded like the pealing of a mighty organ. And in the centre of it all, a little group of scarlet and gold, fronted by the slender figure of a young fair-skinned Guardsman, blue-eyed, straight, and calm, received with inimitable dignity, the homage of a people. people. Finally in his clear tones, and incisively

clipped words, the Prince spoke—the in-terpreter translating, sentence by sentence —telling them of the virtues of discipline, of loyalty to those in authority over them, and the way to handle the destiny that was in their hands.

them, and the way to handle the destiny that was in their hands.

As he concluded there was a deep murmur of assent, and then there rose on the air the magnificent refrain of the Xosa song "Ixegwana," full of stirring harmonies, and resonant chords. As the Prince dove away, the Zulus crashed out their Royal salute of "Bayete!"

One feels that ordinary speech is futile in comment on a scene like this. There was very little conversation in the departing cars. There was nothing one could say. One could only think of the enormous responsibility that rests on the Prince of Wales on this Tour, and marvel at the personality that supports it with such ease and consummate ability, and yet retains normality of outlook. Here he had played the part of an Emperor like an Emperor. Last night he had merged himself into a dance with all the irresponsibility of youth yet finding time and occasion to play providence to a little actress girl. And two evenings before that he had been strumming on a ukelele in chorus with a group of veld niggers, which proceeding would have been beneath the dignity of one of the local store clerks.

The remainder of the South African clerks.
The remainder of the South African

clerks.

The remainder of the South African Tour was repetition. I shall not give you the detail of it, for I have already described it from all angles. I will wind up by telling a story of the Prince which illustrates what I consider to be the chief asset in his composition and the key to his unfailing popularity. And that is his sense of humor.

I had been dining with H. R. H. in his salon. It was the usual small informal dinner of the train. The Prince, three or four of his Staff, another soldier man and myself. All in ordinary lounge suits. A very cheery little party and as usual, the Prince was the life and soul of it. A few minutes after the meal was finished—say about ten o'clock—the train drew up at a

'halt.' The pilot train was there for it was the spot selected for a 'lie-up' through the night.

'halt.' The pilot train was there for it was the spot selected for a 'lie-up' through the night.

Suddenly the Prince rose and said:—
"Come on, we'll go and have a singsong on the 'cow train'."

A couple of servants trundled the Prince's small travelling piano out onto the little platform and transferred it to the big salon of the Pilot train. The Prince hopped out carrying his ukelele under one arm and a case of music under the other. Three of us followed him.

The whole of the 'press' and a score or so of officials were in the Pilot train salon yarning and otherwise amusing themselves before 'turning in.' The Prince's arrival unannounced and of course, quite unexpected. The Prince grinned cheerfully.

"Come on, somebody," he cried, "and play the piano." He unrolled his music and got his ukelele ready.

A piano-playing, South African camera man was produced. P. W. handed him some jazz music, and commenced to play his ukelele. In a' few minutes he had the whole crowd going at the top of its musical form. At last he branched off into "John Brown's Body," which we sang right through from beginning to end. In the meantime the Prince had become intrigued by a little jazz gadget which one of the correspondents had produced and was using with considerable musical effect. I think its name is gassoon. It is a small aluminum instrument about five inches long, into the mouth of which one hums the tune, with a result rather like the sound of humming through a paper covered comb.

Ab the conclusion of "John Brown's Rody" there occurred a bull. like the unpaper covered comb.

like the sound of humming through a paper covered comb.

Ab the conclusion of "John Brown's Body," there occurred a lull—like the uncomfortable pause in a conversation—one of those socially awkward moments. P. W. promptly raised the gassoon to his lips again, his eyes gleaming impishly and he commenced to play "God Bless the Prince of Wales." For a few seconds there was a comic silence and then the whole crowd joined in at the tops of our voices as we recognised the tune that had been a feature of nearly every function.

After the first few bars, the Prince burst out laughing, held up his hands and cried, "For Heaven's sake that's enough—That's enough of that."

And as "God Bless the Prince of Wales" came to a premature end, P. W. again put the gassoon up to his mouth and this time came the strains of another song that has been sung to him thousands of times: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

I can tell you that there was no ice left to break afterwards. I've never seen such affection and enthusiasm as shone in the eyes of that crowd of hardened.

left to break afterwards. I've never seen such affection and enthusiasm as shone in the eyes of that crowd of hardened pressmen. There was not one man there who would not cheerfully have gone to the end of the world for the Prince that night.

I wonder if any Prince, King or President has ever been great enough, human enough, balanced enough, courageous enough, to seek intimate touch with an audience, by "pulling his own leg" like this.

audience, by "pulling his own leg" like this.

And I wonder if anyone but the Prince, could "get away" with it without impairing his own dignity and influence!

I heard one pressman exclaim in a deep whisper, "He's marvellous!" I venture to agree very thoroughly with that sentiment. P. W. is marvellous. There is a bigness about him, a spaciousness which places him in a class entirely alone. An official of the Nationist Government, a labour man sitting next to me said, referring to "God Bless the Prince of Wales": "The next time I sing that, it will be in no spirit of formality."

This South African Tour is the first opportunity I have had of intimately witnessing H. R. H. at his job, of observing him closely in every kind of circumstance with every class, colour, and creed, of an immensely varied community. And in conclusion, I venture to say that he is not only a very great gentleman, but that he is the biggest thing we have got in our Empire.

[The End]

[THE END]

1926

gh

g-

to he

er

in

oí



#### Beauty Lies in Healthy EYES

It's not so much the size or color of the EYES that makes them beautiful. Rather, it's the glowwhichradiates from them. Unless kept always clean and healthy, EYES lack this alluring lustre.

Millions of women throughout the world promote EYE health and beauty with Murine. It cleanses EYES of irritating particles and keeps them clear and bright. Contains no belladonna.

Our illustrated books on "Eye Care" or "Eye Beauty" are FREE on request.

The Murine Company Dept. 92, Chicago



#### Stage Stars Study face powders Here's what they use By Edna Wallace Hopper

We who must always appear at our best learnings which most women don't know. One is e vast difference in face powders.

I used to pay \$5, per box for my powders. So d many of my friends. Thus we secured success that the property of the pr

did many of my triends. Thus we assent preme creations, but they were not worth that price.

Now I obtain those identical powders at very modest prices. I have them made, not for my self, not for my friends alone, but for all girls and women.

All toilet counters now supply them in my name—the choicest powders I have ever found. Now all may use them—the very powders for which we people on the stage paid up to ten times as much.

Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders are now found everywhere. They come in two types, One is my Youth Cream Powder—a heavy, cold cream powder which clings and stays. I prefer that, But many like a light and fluffy powder. So I have this same powder made in both those types. The price is soc and \$1. Both come in four shades, white, flesh, brunette and peach.

I urge every girl and woman to learn what such powders mean. Compare them with the ordinary. The coupon below will bring you free samples. Clip it and send it for your own sake—now. Learn what exquisite powder are made nowadays.

Sample Free

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN

[Continued from page 26]

the treasury of the school. The children understood the figure and when one of understood the figure and when one of their own number was chosen by them-selves each day as a sort of moral super-intendent of their actions, they backed this youngster up in the punishments he decreed for delinquents. Often Bronson per-mitted the children to discuss the delinquent in a sort of school court, and the delinquent to defend himself as best he could. By the end of the first term in the school Miss Peabody said that most of the children had made moral progress without parallel in her experience. By moral progress, she says that she means religious ideas, sense of accountability and habit of effort.

ideas, sense of accountability and habit of effort.

Bronson insisted with the children that the cultivation of attention or concentration was a moral duty to themselves and their associates. Then he proceeded to reward their attention by using all his own and others' genius to hold them. He read and told them stories which would excite various emotions. And other stories chosen to rouse various intellectual faculties, such as imagination, judgment and reason. And he taught these young children to distinguish and name the moral or intellectual faculty on which he was playing. "What does this poem appeal to, John, your reason or your imagination?" "I shall tell you a story. When I have finished I shall ask you what part of your mind was roused by it." The children were intensely interested in this form of exercise, and showed astonishing facility in learning to dissect, as it were, their own intellectual activities. All this time, you will note, there has been brought in none of the many smatterings of science and applied art that clutter our own children's school hours. Alcott was preparing the children's minds for properly receiving these things later. He claimed that there was not a single

Account was preparing the children's minus for properly receiving these things later. He claimed that there was not a single thing that could not be studied with com-parative ease by the child who had been taught what faculties he must use,

been taught what faculties he must use, how they must be brought to bear on the subject and what influence this will have on those faculties after it is mastered.

After the lean and thwarted years, Bronson, in his simple, gentle way was extravagantly happy. He had suddenly become a very famous person in Boston. Visitors thronged his school room. The Boston papers commented constantly and enthusiastically on his work. Mr. Emerson enthusiastically on his work. Mr. Emerson gave unstintedly of his praise. Harriet Martineau, the famous English writer and critic, visited his school and announced her intention of putting it into her forthcoming work on America.

Mrs. Alcott rejoiced in this public ap-probation of her husband and did all that she could to help in the school and in that she could to help in the school and in the world outside that was hailing Bronson with such acclaim. Their home was constantly thronged by the intellectual élite of Boston, and Abba made a brilliant hostess.

Other things, beside the Temple school.

Other things beside the Temple school were happening in the Alcott family, how-ever. In 1835, Elizabeth, (Beth), the third daughter was born, and royally wel-

There was great interest in Bronson's teaching of the Gospels in the school, and Miss Peabody's sister who afterward married Nathaniel Hawthorne, kept a journal of his conversations with the children on these, published in January 1837.

Had Bronson blown up Boston Common with dynamite, he could not have so startled and amazed Boston as he did by the contents of this book. The Boston papers reviewed it and then proceeded to attack Bronson with a ferocity equalled only by that which they had visited on Garrison. The Boston Courier suggested that he be indicted for blasphemy, and quoted a professor of Harvard College to the effect that "one third of Mr. Alcott's book was absurd, one third blasphemous book was absurd, one third blasphemous and one third obscene."

The hue and cry in the papers aroused

the public to an extraordinary degree and on a day in late January, Bronson was called to the door of his school. Jammed into the portico and filling the street be-fore the Temple was a mob of people, ministers, teachers, [Turn to page 122]



#### A Professional Curl—in a few minutes no heat—no sticky lotions—small cost

Here's a pleasant surprise for women who are accustomed to paying high prices for a weekly curl or wave. You can now do your hair just as attractively at home—without fuss, bother or expense—and do it quickly and easily, with the famous West Electric Curlers or Wavers.

The West Electric Curler for Bobbed Hair now crables you to curl the shortest hair clear to the very end. Simply dampen the hair—slip the ends between the two holder arms, roll and lock. A few minutes' drying and you slip the curl off without disturbing or unwinding it. You have a lasting, beautiful curl, just as you want it.

If your dealer cannot supply you, fill out and mail the coupon below 139 Columbia Avenue

Price (Fither Style) 5 on a Fard 25c.

For long hair, the West Electric Wavers.

For long hair, the West Electric Wavers has been famous for 15 years. Millions used by delighted women. Enables you to have a beautiful, professional-like wave every single day without the slightest damage to your hair. The whole process is so quick, convenient, so thoroughly satisfactory, you'll be amazed. Start today curling your hair the West way.

The West Electric Hair Curlet Corp'n
139 Columbia Ave., by West Canada)
139 Columbia Ave., by West Canada)
139 Columbia Ave., by System Canada
139 Columbia Carlets.
130 Enclosed Hair Curlets.
130 Enclosed Hair Wavers.
137 Cin Canada
138 Marsan Price (Either Style) 5 on a Card, 25c ELECTRIC Name Address Dealer's Name. Hair Curlers

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies PLAYS Vaudeville Act Musical Comedies PLAYS Water How to Stage a Fla and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays, Catalog FREE
T.S. DENISON & CO., 622 So., Wabssh, Dept., 28 C profit. Catalog free, St., BOONVILLE, N. Y. Buy Your Home Direct from Mill!

> Gordon-Van Tine Home No. 629 iala \$255200

Send For Book of 200 Home Plans!

This fascinating book shows photos, floor-plans, specifications, many color illustrations of town and country homes. Bungalows, Colonial one and two story houses from \$1,800 to \$12,000. Latest convenience features to lighten housework. Homes planned for utmost comfort and beauty. Write!

Easy to Build

Garages 890 Up

Alea commer cottages, 3

We ship from enear your beauty of the common state of the com

Gordon-VanTine Co.

ESTABLISHED ISSES

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back



Gordon-Van Tine Co. 670 Case St., Davenport, Ia.

☐ Build a 

parents of his pupils, intellectuals in-fact and intellectual-riff-raff. Bronson closed the doors behind him and stood bareheaded in tl hefore them

bareheaded in the bitter cold, beautiful head uplifted, nostrils dilated, a gentleman unafraid. "Close the school!" shouted the mob.

Give us our children."
Retract that devilish book! Bring out all your copies and hurn them Close the school! Dismiss the children and hand over

"No," replied Bronson, quietly, "I cannot do that."
The foremost of the mob lunged forward and laid hands a him. The humor suddenly left Bronson's lips. Something

on him. The humor suddenly left Bronson's lips. Something steel hard appeared in his gentle blue eyes.

"You will disperse at once!" His voice carried about the uproar to the entire edge of the mob.

Derisive cries met him but those who were plucking at his clothes, dropped their hands. At this moment, a little door to an anteroom beside the main doors, opened, and a small girl of five peered out. She was a slender little thing with a beautiful piquant face and tempestuous dark eyes.

"Father!" she cried, "the children sent me for you!"

She ran to Bronson and he lifted her in his arms. "Go away at once," he repeated to the mob.

away at once," he repeated to the mob.

The child sensed that her father was in danger and as unarraid as he, she threw her arm about his neck and lifted her

little head in his own gesture of authority.
"Go away, bad people!" she ordered.
It was Louisa, appearing in public for the first time as the protector and champion of the father whom she adored.

There was something hypnotic in the dignity and calm Bronson and his daughter Louisa, something that persuaded the better spirits in the mob that they were acting in a ridiculous manner and they turned tail and departed in as casual a way as they could. When the last man had left the Temple portico, Bronson carried his shivering little into the school room and lessons for the day proceeded as usual.

as usuat.
one by one, the children on whom Bronson had
the wealth of his genius were removed from his
All during 1837 the numbers of his pupils dwindled. lavished the

Debts began to accumulate.

Debts began to accumulate.

Abba, overburdened by running the home, children, and business, left much of the training of their two children to Bronson who was, as she and he both naively admitted, much better fitted for the tack than she. He woke the children at dawn, dressed them, took Anna to school with him at nine o'clock, returning at one. After the midday dinner and after Louisa had wakened from her nap, the children were ordinarily with him in study or nursery, or walking on the Common until bedtime.

I have read many a disquisition on child training. None have I ever read that has moved me as have these quiet pages of Bronson Alcott's in which he poured out his soul regarding his feeling for his children. One must read his diaries in sequence as I did, to get the full sense of the beauty of the man's spirit and the intelligence of his mind. But for you who have not had this privilege, I have tried to choose passages that will throw his image on the screen as I see it.

see

Dec. 12th, 1835. I had an interesting conversation with "Dec. 12th, 1835. I had an interesting conversation with Anna to-day, growing out of an attempt to personate the forms of the letters by positions of the body. She was much amused by this. I put myself in various positions representing all the letters she knew. She joined with me. We had I, proud and egotistical, repeating as he strutted across the room, his own name with great self-importance. Then we had S, crooked and deformed, imitating the goose, saying s-s-s and X with his crossed legs and upraised arms, and O, shouting, sighing, suffering, complaining. E also was represented in posture and it was while acting this that she observed the ease with which I raised myself from the floor. "Father, what is it makes you get up so from the floor." "Because,' said I, 'my leg is made on purpose to bend.

"'Because,' said I, 'my leg is made on purpose to bend. Come and see it.'

Come and see it."
"I bent my leg, showed her the joint at the knee. 'Anna, see, this looks like the ball of your cup and ball.'
"So does mine!' she cried. 'Father, who made my knee? Oh, I know! God. God is in me. He tells me when I

o wrong."

"Is there no spiritual life? Is there no revelation of the finite? Explain it if you can, you who deny the dignity our natures and find nothing spiritual in the minds of ildhood. She never had been talked to on these subjects."

"Jan. 12, 1836. Louisa's force and temerity of will broke infinite?

out in more than usual strength and continuance to-day. She has formed the habit of teasing her mother to take her and persists in the entreaty to her own great detriment. This evening, the request was reiterated with the usual urgency evening, the request was reiterated with the usual urgency and impatience of temper. I requested her to cease making the request for her mother would not take her, but she persisted. I placed her little chair by her mother's side and invited her to seat herself in it. She refused. I repeated my wish. She again showed disinclination to comply with the requisition. I told her I would place her in the chair if she did not get in, herself. She refused, saying 'No! No!' with her usual force of expression, raising her tones and giving me to understand that the decision was made in her mind. I placed her in the chair notwithstanding her struggles. Her cries were heightened and her resistance more pronounced. "I told her she must stop crying or I would punish her—hut her, for she must 'mind father.' 'No! No!' she ex-

"I told her she must stop crying or I would punish herhurt her, for she must 'mind father.' 'No! No!' she exclaimed with more decided vehemence than before. I said
'Father must spank Louisa if she does not do as he says.
Will she?' 'No! No! Sit with mother!'
"I spanked her. She cried the louder. I repeated the
punishment but did not obtain peace and quiet for her until
I had repeated it for the third time. She then became quiet

THE FATHER OF LITTLE WOMEN

[Continued from page 121]

and set in her chair talking peacefully with her mother and

me until her supper was brought in.
"Obedience never has been enforced on her against her
determination in her mother's discipline. The consequence is
that her volitions are vehement and unyielding. She resists

with all her might.

"I do not believe in corporal punishment except as a corrective for deep-seated habits. Had the children been under my supervision continually, had the principle of prevention been carried out in the nursery, I do not believe it would have been necessary to resort to such methods. I have punished Anna so but seldom, not more than a dozen times since her birth perhaps. She is more docile than Louisa, but

this arises from greater timidity of disposition as well as from greater faith and affection."
"Feb. 1, 1836. Anna had a comfortless, weary night. She had taken cold at school, her sprained foot pained her, dreams troubled her mind. Her mother rose with her, bathed her foot, made her a doll and gave her as much attention as she could— The two children passed the day with their mother, Anna confined by her foot which seemed much worse from the cold taken yesterday, Louisa having her sister more un-der her power from her perfect helplessness. Anna seems to ar her sister's approaches and so alarming has she become her that some discipline will be necessary to reduce Louisa tameness. She seems practicing the law of might. The fear her to tameness. stronger and bolder has the mastery over the weaker and more timid. She is still undisciplined: subject to her instincts, pursuing her purposes by any means that will lead to their attainment. Anna suffers a good deal from this temper of her sister's. She wears the mark of her sister's hand at present on her cheek!

Louisa wants animal food whereas Anna prefers vege-

table. I am not sure but that Louisa's untamable spirit derives something of its ferocity from her diet."
"May 12, 1836. Louisa is a guideless creature, the child of instinct yet unenlightened by love. On the impetuous stream of instinct she has set sail and regardless alike of the quick-sand and the rocks, of the careering winds and counter currents that oppose her course, she looks only toward the objects of her desires and steers proudly, adventurously, and yet without compass or chart save the gale and gleaming stars of her own will, onward to the haven of her hopes. The stronger the opposing gale, the more sullenly and obstinately does she ply her energies and when compelled to yield, she yields but to await the calming of the angry waters that she may ride on again toward her end. Richly freighted and heavy laden is her spirit, but it plays too safely with the lifting waves and exults in its own unbridled strength: uncurbed, untaught, unguided by the skill of the life's voyagers. Experience will teach her in due time, if she have the true helmsman to guide and protect her, the secret of her strength and the way to

and protect her, the secret of her strength and the way to avail herself of its potency.

"Anna is already an observant voyager on the seas of time, and she rides serenely over its waves.

"I found at the book store some very appropriate little books for them. They were published in Philadelphia in 1824. The cuts are better than those usually given in chil-1824. The cuts are better than those usually given in children's books and are colored. The works were written by Dr. Gregory and are entitled, 1. My Father. 2. My Mother. 3. My Sister. There are several others. The furniture of the nursery will not be complete until such a series of works shall be placed within it for the inspiration of the young. I was much interested in the intensity and abstraction of thought awakened in Louisa's mind from the inspection of these pictures. Seated in her little chair, she spent a half hour on them. Today I bought them each a little rocking chair. A little chair is no unpoetic, uninspiring object, bechair. A little chair is no unpoetic, uninspiring object, be-long to whom it may. But when it is ours, the one in which our first thoughts and sentiments began to breed, how full of meaning must it be!

of meaning must it be?

"Louisa has seemed rather unwell today. She had a severe fall the other day which hurt her head a little. She is very lively, however, and thrives beyond all my expectations. She is a perfect picture of luxuriant childhood— Hers is the wild exuberance of a powerful nature— Hers is a deep and affluent soul. A peculiar discipline mingling severity with kind-

ent soul. A pecuniar discipline minging severity with kind-ness is required to bring out all its powers. "Louisa's form discloses itself in beautiful proportions: her physical being seems modeled on a dignified and imposing type: and the characteristic traits of her spirit so far as re-vealed to observation, partake of a similar boldness and amplitude. Powerful elements seem to be combined in her amplitude. Powerful elements seem to be combined in her being. She is fortunate in having her sister as an example. Anna's profound intelligence, the delicacy of her sentiment, the depth of her thoughts, her meditation and ideal imagination are all influences for Louisa's benefit.

"June 1837. The children passed the afternoon with their mother. Being ill, I reclined in the chamber near and could overhear their operations. Anna was much irritated by Louisa's intermeddling with her toys and Louisa annoyed by Anna's frequent complaints.

Anna's frequent complaints.

Anna's frequent complaints.

"Anna's extreme susceptibility is rendered more acute by want of entire sympathy between her and her mother. Of somewhat different dispositions, the mother does not comprehend Anna's wants. Anna asks her many questions, answers to which are of the greatest importance to her happiness. And yet her mother cannot think it a matter of much importance to answer them and so Anna is thrown back on her own sensitive nature and seeks relief in tears or in silence.

Or when the question is responded to by the mother, the Or when the question is responded to by the mother, the or when the question is responded to by the mother, the answer is oftentimes too vague to be satisfactory and not doubting the ability of her mother to vouchsafe a satisfactory reply. Anna repeats the question in a tone of impatient entreaty until the mother irritated by the repetition, replies in a similar tone, setting down the young questioner as a querulous, captious spirit and deigns no further reply. This is unfortunate as it operates against both, in-

as it operates against both, increases Anna's susceptibility and disturbs her mother's repose.

"With Louisa, the mother has more sympathy. She comprehends her mind more fully and is more fully master of its associations. They are more alike."

Space does not permit me to go further into his remarkable study of the two children's characters.

In the late spring of 1837, appeared Harriet Martineau's promised book on America, and among other institutions which she found as subjects for ridicule in this country, was Bronson Alcott's school. Bronson Alcott's school.

Margaret Fuller, the brilliant teacher and scholar, mother of the woman's rights movement in America, took Miss Martineau to task in no uncertain terms. She wrote her a letter

tineau to task in no uncertain terms. She wrote her a letter quite in the Englishwoman's own tart manner.

"Many passages in your book are deformed by intemperance of epithet. Would your heart, could you but investigate the matter, approve such overstater ent, such a crude, intemperate tirade as you have been guilty of about Mr. Alcott—a true and noble man, a philanthropist whom a true and noble woman, also a philanthropist, should have delighted to honor! He is a philosopher worthy of the palmy times of ancient Greece, a man whom the worldling of Boston hold in as much horror as the worldlings of ancient Athens held as much horror as the worldlings of ancient Athens held Socrates. They smile to hear their verdict confirmed from the other side of the Atlantic by their censor, Harriet Martineau."

But there was no staying the war dogs. Bronson did not know how to sway public opinion. He had no weapons for this sort of defense. Mentally and spiritually he was so far ahead of his contemporaries that he could only sit and endure, bewildered by their stupidity

All during the two years of attack that followed the two years of the school's prosperity, Bronson had maintained his attitude of sympathy toward William Lloyd Garrison and the anti-slavery movement, and finally, he allowed a little colored girl to enter his school.

It took Boston several days to absorb the full horror of

this act. But when it finally entered the consciousness of the community a committee that had all the makings of a mob in its virtuous indignation, burst into the school room led by a matron in crinoline.

The matron snatched at her own child, a boy of ten, "Come, Charles; I did not realize that you were associating with the black scum.'

"I'm not," said Charles indignantly. "She's not black. She's light brown, like I explained to you. And she's not scum. She has a soul. She can sing like an angel. Let me go, mother, and take these people out of the school. We don't allow any noise in here

Keeping the boy's hand in hers, the mother turned to Bronson. "I allowed him to stay for nearly four years, because he pleaded with me so. But this is too much. A nigger!"

Her words loosed every adult tongue in the room, save Bronson's. He stood behind his desk, a look of puzzled won-der that gradually hardened into indignation on his careworn face. They accused him of fraud, of teaching their children nothing, of keeping up appearances on borrowed money, of stupidity, of blasphemy, of obscenity.

When Bronson had had enough he suddenly raised his long arm and thundered, "Silence," and in the surprised pause that followed his gesture he said, sternly, "Be quiet, while I question the children." Then he turned to Charles and said

gently, "Why did you plead with your mother to stay in the Temple school?"

Charles lifted his chin. "Because, I never knew I had a brain or a soul till I came to you. You taught me what to do with them both."

"And you, Harry?" turning to a six-year-old boy whose father was holding his hand, "what do you think about the school?"

Harry, a quiet child, answered in a clear treble. "I found God here. I want to stay."

Bronson then spoke to a girl of nine, "Mary, do you want

Mary replied with a sob. "No! No! It's been so interesting to think like you show us how here."

And then to the little colored girl, a pretty mulatto child with long black curls. "Ellen, why did you come to my school?"

The child answered in a full, soft voice. "My father said

u would teach me how to save my race."
There was a minute's silence after this but, after all, the Incre was a minute's stience after this but, after all, the children's evidence was to avail him nothing. A man who had been standing in the background now, came forward and laid a large hand on the marble figure of Aspiration. "Sorry, Mr. Alcott, but I've got to close you out here. Your creditors have turned to the law. I'm Sheriff Brown."

Louisa and Anna had crowded close to their father, while he questioned the other children. When the sheriff laid his

he questioned the other children. When the sheriff laid his hand on the statue Louisa left her father to push indignantly at the desecrating fingers.

"Don't touch it," she cried. "Go away! You are making my father unhappy."

"Yes, we'll go, Miss Impertinence," declared Charles' mother. "And not a living soul of us will come back."

Not did they.

Nor did they. Leaving the beautiful schoolroom in the sacriligious keeping of Sheriff Brown, Bronson, leading a daughter by either hand, Anna crying and Louisa's little face crimson with anger, crossed the Common and entered his home. There Abba, after one look at his face, did not need the indignant explanations of the children. She understood and took him

[Continued in MARCH McCALL'S]

s no unate i, inepose. com-er of

1926

n the

, was Marletter nper-

, intrue ghted es of old in held from arriet

could d his d the col-

mob d by

ating She's cum. any

long

t the

inlatto come

the laid

king

keep-ither with there him

narkeau's itions

ten,

d to , be-ger!" save won-worn ldren

pause nile I said n the

ound

arles'

did I no ually

y, of

ad a what

want

while his antly









"I was continually depressed, morbid, lost "I was continually depressed, morbid, lost weight, suffered from insomnia and constipation—in fact was desperate. To augment my misery, my body became covered with eruptions. Medicines drained my system—but to no avail. A friend recommended Yeast. I was skeptical. But I persisted. Then, wonder of wonders, my cruptions disappeared, my appetite increased—I became myself again. Two cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day—dissolved in 'malted milk'—had performed the miracle.'

Alexangus H. Schullman, Pittshurgh, Pa. ALEXANDER H. SCHULLMAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.

# Millionaires in Health

Rich in vitality, energy . . How they conquered their ills.. found new joy in life... with one Simple Food

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense-Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion-clear the skin-banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health, Health Research Dept. F-25. The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



"I was afflicted with chronic constipation for sixteen years. Four "I was afflicted with chronic constipation for sixteen years. Four years ago, I had a position in a hospital. My attention was drawn to a lecture given by a doctor who spoke on Constipation and advised as a cure Fleischmann's Yeast, together with other proper foods. I did not believe that those small cakes could help my case any. But on my way home, I went into a grocery and asked for Yeast. After I had taken the Yeast for a period of three weeks, my condition improved remarkably. My outward appearance had a decided change for the better, and I still continue to take my Fleischmann's Yeast."

ALEXANDRA GAIMS. New York City

ALEXANDRA GAIMS. New York City



"The spring of 1924 is memorable to me for what I suffered through loss of sleep, nervousness—general run-down condition; for six continuous weeks I endured boil after boil on neck and back, and naturally I looked a 'wreck.' Kind people recommended Yeast, but it took a well-known physician to convince me that 'there must be something to it.' I can truly say that before I had finished one week's treatment of two yeast cakes a day, I felt a change in my system. Every boil disappeared, my skin cleared, my strength increased. I have become a devoted 'user.' With the result that I feel different and look it, and life seems to hold more 'pep' for me than it has before."—MISS ROBERTA O'BRIEN, Montreal, Canada.

"Years of irregular eating and sleeping on account of "Years of irregular eating and sleeping on account of night work made me a victim of nervous dyspepsia, my health and spirit broken with no appetite for the necessaries of life. Dizziness, weakness and headaches mixed with unbearable excruciating stomach aches and gnawing pains nearly drove me to the point of madness. With a determination to regain my wasted health I began eating Yeast, three cakes a day. After months of faithfulness they have worked wonders. Today I am a different man, feeling as if new life was born, full of happiness and ambition."

George L. Klages, Jamaica Plain, Mass.



"When my little daughter was born I lived in a small isolated town where good when my nittle Gaughter was born I lived in a small isolated fown where good medical attention was unavailable. My baby was undernourished. I knew that Fleischmann's Yeast had done wonders as a builder of tissues and I disguised it in the child's fruit and cereals. In one week she showed slight improvement; in six months she was a perfect specimen of childhood. Her body was plump and a pleasure to see."

Mrs. A. H. Gifford, New York City



This famous food tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation. Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at beditine. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today.



ADISCUSSION of petting lately was requested by an anxious mother. A group of college girls asked me to open the subject as the one which today most confuses all girls everywhere, and in the same mail several business girls make similar requests.

Now I have resolved, over and over, never to use the word "petting" on this page again. It's liable not only "to start something" but also to start much that can't be stopped.

can't be stopped.

And, to be frank, the subject bores me.
This world is so full of a number of things,
you remember—very delightful things
which have nothing to do with human
appetites. For disguise it under any name
you prefer—"love," "tenderness," "instinct."
"emotion"—petting is merely the gratification of a appetite

tion of an appetite.

And I suppose that as long as petting remains the favorite sport of youth, and a game without any rules, daughters and mothers will have cause for disagreement, and fastidious girls for heartache.

That seriously minded college girls should

and fastidious girls for heartache.

That seriously minded college girls should suffer from any perplexity about the rightness or wrongness of petting is one more small proof that the times are out of joint. But obviously there is no reason why mothers and others interested should remain in ignorance about any phase of the petting situation. Certainly, petters are amazingly honest about their emotions. Often they are honest, as sick persons are whent they are not one righeric diverse.

about the symptoms of an epidemic disease.

Chills, fever, a headache and great weariness are evidence that one has caught the influenza. Just so a certain kind of boasting about unconventional love identifies a petting

Victim.

Influenzas wear out. Doubtless, the plague known as petting will go the same way, once it has destroyed the sus-ceptible. That's what disease does, it wipes out the unfit. Meanwhile a good deal of credit accrues to percess who try

to keep their emotions in normal health.

And so, in behalf of good little girls, I lately waved a flag.

A flapper of the ultra-modern species had informed me that a girl can yield to temptation and survive it with all her childish innocence intact.

childish innocence intact.

Far be it from me to condemn any girl or any terman be-

ing for any mistake. Always, I am sure, "men may rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

But today it seems too much the fashion to believe that we are privileged to yield to temptation in order that we may climb out of it. Unnecessary exercise, surely, but a handy "defense mechanism" for the self-indulgent.

As I have said above, petting is the indulgence of an appe-tite, just as drunkenness is. There's considerable difference between the sober citizen and the man who frequently be-comes intoxicated. Certainly it's unfair to belittle the man

with the clear head in order to place him on a level with him who befuddles his brain with alcohol.

But that is precisely the kind of demand which confirmed petters are making. And I, for one, see no justice in valuing the girls who succumb to temptation equally with those who rise above it. I have a strong feeling that all good girls everywhere are entitled to their share of attention and sympathy and understanding.

And instead of underestimating themselves because they

are not popular, it seems to me that these girls ought to count among their assets, a will power which functions, I tried to say something of this kind in a recent issue.

At once a number of radical thinkers, and exponents of "modernity," men and women, condemned my biased preference for virtue.

They assured me that the girl who keeps her head and her honor in an emotional crisis is an "iceberg" whom no regular man ever could love. They informed me that I do not very well understand the increasing number of young people who follow their own code of sex ethics. They advised me that I've never stopped to think of the wide variety of moral ideas which have avieted in history. And they of moral ideas which have existed in history. And they asserted that all persons who agree with me must have been denied a normal, happy love life.

denied a normal, happy love life.

Doubtless, I should now feel only the smug satisfaction of a martyr in a losing cause, for all of these critics proudly averred that they spoke from a wide experience in petting.

However, they were not proud enough of their opinions to sign their names to them. And so, unfortunately, I cannot write to them and elaborate my reasons for believing with certain psychologists that "the first function of the intelligence is to rule the emotions." Now chastity, in the sense which our conventions put upon

the word, in the very strict sense which prohibits petting, seems to me a highly intelligent kind of behavior.

Except by dominating our senses, how have we risen from

WHAT editors call "the human interest story" is the vogue in journalism today. In the letters published here

you will find the truest as they do, the honest and men. Many thanks Still other human docu in miniature—are solicit a common-place life Let others read your that in it they will find problem in their own lives.

of true stories containing confessions of womenare due the writers. ments, real-life romances ed. Yours is not when you analyse it. story, for it may well be the answer to some pressing All letters will be published

anonymously. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine a 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

When civilized human beings return to a primitive indulgence of their instincts, what happens? Well, we have the history of Babylon and Rome to tell us.

Some of my critics were decidedly touchy. One girl who and the tell that recording the weekly (white the conditions to the condi

admits that according to my old-fashioned standard she is very much "tarnished goods," concludes her letter thus: "It hurts me to reflect that to most persons my experience

I had no idea I was throwing down a gauntlet when I said that there's a difference between the risk who includes

said that there's a difference between the girls who indulge and the girls who rule their emotions. Therefore am I grate-ful to those who agree with me and took the trouble to

To the consideration of mothers and others who are eply concerned in the arguments against petting, I recom-

Dear Winona Wilcox: I value among my friends a doctor of years of experience. Upon my mentioning the problem of a pet-ting generation, in an intimate group of friends, he shook his

"The boys and girls don't realize what it's doing to them, The boys and girls don't realize what it's doing to them,"
he said. "It's making mental and physical wrecks of them. You
can't tempt a healthy appetite without satisfying it and still
not entail harm. That's the physical angle. Mentally, petting
makes dullards of them with no regard for morals."

There was more he said, but the content of it would prove
only a repetition of remarks you and your many readers have
made many times over.

nade many times over.

It seems to me that aside from the resulting lowered moral standard, we should consider the actual physical ravages—slow,

but sure. ike one other item in the list of destructive failings, exces-

sive petting can cause a breakdown of all resisting forces.

What will it be, a generation judiciously ruling its baser emotions, or one indiscriminately surrendering to the grosser impulses?—Nevertheless Optimistic.

And now the letter of a girl who learned in the hard school

Dear Winona Wilcox: Because youth is interested in youth and because you, dear madam, will not withhold your sympathy,

and because you, dear madam, will not withhold your sympathy, come I to confession.

At sixteen I was happy and healthy and eager for life. At nineteen I am a decade older in experience.

When I was a high school student, I was positive that I knew more than my parents. Pretty and popular, I plunged into every pleasure and gayety our town provided. I drank, smoked and petted; and still no one could call me bad.

But slowly and surely, my health slipped. "No harm to pet!" some girl says. Well, all the popular girls, who are dated a month ahead, know what a fearful price must be paid in nerves for the dances which begin at ten o clock and last until breakfast, with petting ad infinitum.

with petting ad infinitum.

When the hostesses of our club no longer approved me I picked a different set where life moved faster. I was the young man's pal and the tired business man's little comfort, and tre-

mendously proud of my ability to beep all my men friends.

Then suddenly, my nerves went to pieces. There's no suffering so terrible as that caused by nerves which have snapped as

Today, girls, I'm much in love with a man who loves me but I am not well enough to marry and may not be for years. And so I tell my story for little girls who are eager for life and can-

not forsee the kind of living death which I found at the end of my petting path.

The wages of sin is not always sometimes it is infinitely worse.—B. P.

"The hostesses no longer approved me!" And their disapproval drove the girl to a faster crowd. Is the fear of driving a petter to greater speed any reason for tolerating the disturbances she creates? The following fairly presents a matron's angle of this far-reaching petting problem:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I'm an old-fash-ioned wife, not yet aged, just thirty-five. And I thought my husband was more old-fashioned than I because he is nearly fifty. For years we were devoted and consequently happy. But now he has changed. He has been un-

But now he has changed. He has been unable to meet certain modern petting opportunities without being upset by them.

A girl, the daughter of our neighbor, has been pursuing him. She is twenty-two. She regards herself as an "innocent" flapper. Her hind may be found in almost every club. She picks her prey, stalks it, whether the man is married or single, thinks herself very modern and therefore unable to do anything which is wrong.

While I was taking care of an invalid child, my husband escorted this girl to our country club dozens of times. She is engaged to a man who is now abroad, so it was my husband's neighborly duty to look after a girl we always have known and liked.

liked.

Of course I heartily approved and never worried, but now I perceive that this petting practice blinds young people to good manners; yes, more to common honesty.

We talk of "grafters" in politics, as if grafting had been invented by the men. It looks to me like an urge in the female of the species and I'm convinced that a great many of these trespassing petters need a good showing up.

Dear Mrs. Wilcox, do a little of it.—L.

It happens that I have a letter from a young girl who might have been the grafter above described. Her story is interesting as showing how deliberately she hunted her prey; doubly interesting as showing how human beings can suffer for passion's sake as cruelly as they suffer for the sake of ideal love. This-from a girl who found out

Dear Winona Wilcox: At twenty, I am beautiful and attractive and I love the attention of both married and single men. I have regarded petting as an art.

For six months I've met daily in business a handsome man, the father of a family, with the best of social connections.

I began, innocently I thought, to flirt. He responded, I threw him a kiss or two. Naturally he asked for a real one which I refused in such a way he knew I wanted it.

In a week, I sought him out and laid my head upon his shoulder. That's simple petting, you know. Thereafter we had our daily petting spells.

shoulder. That's simple petting, you know. Thereafter we had our daily petting spells.

The result is that I love him and if I am not deceived, he is desperately in love with me. But he wants to be true to his wife. And the situation tortures us. We are desperately jealous of each other. All the joy of our first experience is gone. I live in anguish of soul. We were both wrong. I neve should have begun this; he should not have succumbed. We are not criminals, but we cannot get out of this tangle. And we cannot be mere friends. Oh, I know all about petting! It's the most degrading and demoralizing practice a human being can be guilty of. It's not harmless, girls, in the beginning, because it never stays at that stage. You slip—and life is worthless, You stay good and petting turns to gall and wormwood. Don't delude yourselves. Your story may not read the same as mine but it will have the same wretched ending.—R. K.

This letter gives one man's view of the problem and per-haps there's more sense in the following than the girls who pet will be willing to admit. For it is quite probable that if girls spent more time in improving their intellects, instead of their appearances, that petting wouldn't be so popular.

Dear Winona Wilcox: I own I don't refuse a petting party with an accessible girl. But often it's because I'm so bored. The trouble now-a-days is that many girls I meet haven't ideas enough to fill out an evening. They laugh and chatter away about nothing at all, thinking that we men will fall in love with them sheerly for their ability to talk without taking a breath. I am interested in sports, politics, business, the drama, literature, music, science, etc. But many a modern girl is either unable or unwilling to talk of these things. So I abandon myself to her charms, dwell upon her beauty, administer the flattery she expects, and substitute kisses for conversation. If girls would wake up to a wider intellectual life, they wouldn't so often complain of petting.—T.

desicious!



JELL-O



1926

hich I death;

me!"
I to a
petter
erating
ollowof this

d-fashe. And hioned years py. en unoppor-

or, has o. She r. Her club. ied or lo do

She is band's on and

now lo good een inale of e tres-

who story d her gs can e sake

nd ate men. an, the threw hich I

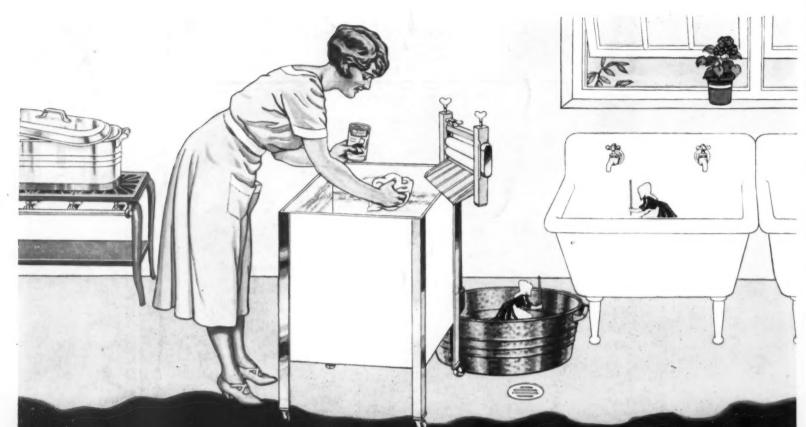
on his
ad our

he is bife.
but of I live I have crimnot be ost deguilty
never
u stay
delude
but it

d pers who that if nstead opular.

party

1. The
ideas
away
be with
breath.
literaer unmyself
flattery
would
often



Clean your

# Laundry Equipment

with Old Dutch



A little Old Dutch on a damp cloth will instantly remove that troublesome ring of scum the washing leaves at the water line in your washing machine, tubs or boiler. Nothing else will entirely remove it so easily and quickly. And it must be removed to prevent the annoyance of unsatisfactory results and spots on the clothes.

Clean your laundry equipment with Old Dutch after each using. It will be super-clean and you will have better results.

Old Dutch contains no hard, scratchy grit. Its efficiency is due to distinctive quality and character. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They make complete contact with the surface, erasing all impurities without leaving scratches which easily collect and hold dirt.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch for Healthful Cleanliness—thorough, safe, economical, use it every day, everywhere. Keep a can in the kitchen, bathroom and laundry.

Goes farther—lasts longer